

THE
T R I A L
O F
ELIZABETH CANNING, *Spinster,*
F O R
W I L F U L and C O R R U P T P E R J U R Y ;

At JUSTICE HALL in the OLD-BAILEY,

Held by Adjournment,

On MONDAY the 29th of APRIL, WEDNESDAY the 1st, FRIDAY the 3d,
SATURDAY the 4th, MONDAY the 6th, TUESDAY the 7th, and WEDNESDAY
the 8th of MAY, 1754.

BEFORE THE
Right Honourable *Thomas Rawlinson*, Esq;
LORD-MAYOR of the CITY of LONDON,

Sir EDWARD CLIVE, Knt. one of the Justices
of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas,

The Honourable HENEAGE LEGGE, Esq; one
of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer,

WILLIAM MORETON, Esq; Recorder, and others the Justices, &c.

Taken in Short-hand, by THOMAS GURNEY, SAMUEL RUDD and
ISAACHARMAN, all eminent short-hand Writers, appointed by the Court for
that Purpose, and after being carefully examined together, and FAITHFULLY transcribed
by the said THOMAS GURNEY, many years short-hand Writer at the said Court.

L O N D O N,

Printed by the Authority and Appointment of the Right Honourable THOMAS
RAWLINSON, Esq; Lord-Mayor, for JOHN CLARKE under the Royal
Exchange, and sold also by M. COOPER in Pater-noster Row.

THE
T R I A L

OF

ELIZABETH GANNING

FOR

WILFUL and CORRUPT FURNITURE

AT JUSTICE HELD BY THE LORDS

IN THE COURT OF COMMONS



IN THE YEAR

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORDS
BORDMAYOR of the City of London

STEWART AND OLIVER, the one of the
of the City of London

THE HONOURABLE LORDS
of the City of London

WILLIAM MORRISON, the one of the
of the City of London

THE HONOURABLE LORDS
of the City of London

THE HONOURABLE LORDS
of the City of London

T H E
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O F
ELIZABETH CANNING, *Spinster*;
F O R
W I L F U L and C O R R U P T P E R J U R Y.



AT the general session of oyer and terminer, holden for the city of London, at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey, within the parish of St. Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without, in London aforesaid; on Wednesday the 24th day of April, in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of our sovereign lord George the second, king of Great Britain, &c. Before Thomas Rawlinson, Esq; mayor of the city of London; Edward Clive, Esq; one of the justices of our lord the king, of the court of Common Pleas; Heneage Legge, Esq; one of the barons of the Exchequer of our said lord the king; William Moreton, Esq; recorder of the city of London; Robert Scott, Esq; Samuel Fludyer, Esq; Aldermen of the said city, and others their fellows justices of our said lord the king, assigned, &c. and continued by several mesne adjournments to Monday the 13th of May following.

On Monday, the 6th of May 1754, the court being opened, the prisoner Elizabeth Canning was set to the bar, in order to take her trial upon the following indictment, which had been preferred against her in the June session 1753, and to which she had appeared and pleaded not guilty, in the February session following.

Gentlemen of the Jury.

William Manning, - - - - sworn.
John Wilding, - - - - sworn.
William Webster, - - - - sworn.
John Langley, - - - - sworn.
James Waugh, challenged by crown.
Charles Moore, challenged by crown.
Richard Frome, - - - - sworn.
Robert Smith, challenged by defendant.
John Scott, - - - - sworn.
William Evered, - - - - sworn.
William Nash, challenged by crown.
John Carter, - - - - sworn.
John Potter, challenged by crown.
John Kent, challenged by crown.
John Rogers, challenged by crown.
William Martin, challenged by crown.
Richard Linch, challenged by crown.
Robert Rampshire, challenged by crown.
Joseph Russell, - - - - sworn.
Stephen Prew, challenged by crown.
John Nemes, challenged by defendant.

Wilkinson Braithwait, chall. by crown.
William Walker, - - - - sworn.
John Mitchell, challenged by crown.
Martin Newth, challenged by crown.
Benj. Glanville, chall. by defendant.
Edward Baxter, challenged by crown.
John Whipham, challenged by crown.
William Parsons - - - - sworn.
Thomas Stracey, challenged by crown.
Daniel Deftleu, challenged by crown.
Edward Dymoke, - - - - sworn.

Clerk of the Arraignment. Cryer, count these:
William Manning, John Wilding,
William Webster, John Langley,
Richard Frome, John Scott,
William Evered, John Carter,
Joseph Russell, William Walker,
William Parsons, Edward Dymoke.

Cl. of Ar. Cryer, make proclamation.

Cryer. Oyez, oyez, oyez; If any one can inform my lords the king's justices, the king's serjeant, the king's attorney, on this inquest to be taken, of any crimes, or misdemeanors, done or committed by the defendant at the bar, let them come forth, and they shall be heard.

God save the king.

Cl. of Ar. Gentlemen of the jury: The defendant at the bar stands indicted by the name of Elizabeth Canning, late of London, spinster; and the indictment sets forth, that at the general session of the peace holden for the county of Middlesex, at Hicks's hall in Saint John's Street, in the county aforesaid, on Monday the nineteenth day of February, in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of our present sovereign lord George the second, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and so forth; before Luke Robinson, Esquire, Sir John Cross, Baronet, Thomas Lane and Pierce Galliard, Esquires, and others their fellows justices of our said lord the king, assigned to keep the peace in the county aforesaid, and also to hear and determine divers felonies, trespasses, and other misdeeds committed in the same county, by the oath of Edmund Kane, Gent. John Jennings, George Fry, David Reynolds, Thomas Foreman, Arthur Hancock, Isaac George, Lewis Powell, William Meads,
B Henry

Henry Haines, John Greenhill, Thomas Hibbins, John Brooke, Thomas Bowman, Richard Westmerland, Elias Lock, Henry Coleman, John Knowles, Henry Carthrup, William Fort, Thomas Woorell, Job Blandford, and Robert Rewell; good and lawful men of the county afore said, then and there sworn and charged to enquire for our said lord the king, for the body of the said county. It was presented that Mary Squires, late of the parish of Enfield in the county of Middlesex, widow, on the second day of January, in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of our sovereign lord George the second, king of Great Britain, &c. with force and arms at the parish afore said, in the county afore said, in the dwelling house of one Susannah Wells, there situate, upon one Elizabeth Canning, spinster, in the peace of God and our said lord the king, then and there, being feloniously, did make an assault, and her the said Elizabeth in bodily fear and danger of her life, then and there feloniously did put; and one pair of stays of the value of ten shillings, of the goods and chattels of the said Elizabeth, from the person and against the will of the said Elizabeth, in the dwelling house afore said, then and there, violently and feloniously did steal, take, and carry away, against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity; and thereupon such proceedings were had, that afterwards (to wit) at the delivery of the goal of our said lord the king of Newgate, holden for the county of Middlesex, at Justice hall in the Old Bailey, in the suburbs of the city of London, on Wednesday the twenty-first of February, in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of our said lord the king, before Sir Crisp Gascoyne, knight, mayor of the city of London, Sir Martin Wright, knight, one of the justices of our said lord the king, assigned to hold pleas before the king himself; Nathaniel Gundry, esquire, one of the justices of our said lord the king of the court of Common Pleas, Sir Richard Adams, knight, one of the barons of the court of Exchequer of our said lord the king, and others their fellows, justices of our said lord the king, assigned to deliver his goal of Newgate of the prisoners therein then being; and before whom the indictment afore said, against the said Mary Squires, was then depending, came the same Mary Squires in the same indictment named, under the custody of Sir Charles Apgill, knight, and Sir Richard Glyn, knight, sheriff of the said county (into whose custody in the goal of Newgate afore said, she the said Mary Squires, for the cause afore said, had been before committed:) And the said Mary Squires being then brought to the bar, there in her proper person, and being then and there asked how she would be acquitted of the premises specified in the said indictment as afore said, she the said Mary Squires did then and there say, that she was not guilty thereof; and thereupon, for good and ill she put herself upon the country, whereupon such proceedings were had, that afterwards (to wit) at the same session of the delivery of the goal afore said, holden for the county afore said, at Justice hall afore said, on the said Wednesday the twenty-first day of February, in the twenty-sixth year afore said, and before the same justices of our said lord the king, in that behalf abovenamed, and others their fellows afore said, by a certain

jury of the county between our said lord the king and the said Mary Squires, in that behalf in due manner chosen, tried and sworn, the issue afore said was tried and the said present jurors for our said lord the king, now upon their oath afore said, do further present, that upon the said trial between our said lord the king and the said Mary Squires, at London afore said, that is to say at the parish of Saint Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without, in London afore said, to wit, at Justice hall afore said in open court afore said, the said Elizabeth Canning late of London, spinster, did appear as a witness for and on behalf of our said lord the king, against the said Mary Squires, and the said Elizabeth Canning then did and there, before the said justices last named, in open court afore said, take her corporal oath, and was duly sworn upon the holy gospel of God, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of and upon the premises so as afore said, put in issue between our said lord the king and the said Mary Squires; (the same justices then and there having a competent authority to administer an oath to the said Elizabeth Canning in that behalf;) and the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, and not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, and having no regard for the laws and statutes of this realm, nor fearing the punishments therein contained, and unlawfully, wickedly, maliciously, and deliberately, advising, contriving, and intending to pervert the due course of law and justice, and to cause and procure the said Mary Squires untruly to be convicted of the felony and robbery charged upon her in and by the indictment afore said afterwards; to wit, upon the twenty-first day of February in the twenty-sixth year afore said, before the justices of our said lord the king last above-named, at the same session of delivery of the goal afore said, at London afore said, (that is to say) at the parish of Saint Sepulchre afore said, in the ward of Farringdon without afore said, in London afore said; did falsely, wickedly, voluntarily, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, and of her own most wicked and corrupt mind upon her said oath, so by her taken as afore said, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence (among other things) to the jurors of the jury, who were then and there in due manner chosen, tried, and sworn to try the said issue, That she the said Elizabeth Canning had been at Salt Petre Bank to see an uncle and aunt, and stayed there till about nine at night, on the first day of January (meaning the month of January in the said indictment mentioned) That then her uncle and aunt came with her as far as Aldgate, when they parted; That she the said Elizabeth Canning was then alone, so came down Houndsditch and over Moorfields by Bedlam wall; that there two lusty men, both in great coats, laid hold of her, that they took her to the prisoner Wells's house (meaning the dwelling house of the said Susannah Wells in the said indictment mentioned, situate at Enfield afore said, in the county afore said.) And the said Elizabeth Canning being then and there at and upon the said trial, asked and examined upon her said oath, at what time she thought it might be that she was taken to the said Susannah Wells's house; she the said Elizabeth Canning then and there, in the said court, at that trial, falsely, wilfully,

fully, and corruptly, upon her said oath, said, deposed, answered, and gave evidence to the jurors of the said jury, so as aforesaid chosen, tried and sworn to try the said issue, That as near as she could think, it was about four o'clock in the morning (meaning the morning of the said second day of January.) The indictment, gentlemen, further sets forth, that the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn as aforesaid, did then and there upon the said trial, further falsely, voluntarily, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, and of her own most wicked and corrupt mind, upon her said oath, so by her taken as aforesaid, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence (among other things) to the jurors of the said jury so chosen, tried and sworn, to try the said issue, as aforesaid, that she the said Elizabeth Canning saw the gypsey woman Squires (meaning the above-named Mary Squires) sitting in a chair (meaning sitting in a chair in the said dwelling-house.) That as soon as she the said Elizabeth Canning was brought in (meaning into the said dwelling-house) the said Mary Squires took her by the hand, and asked her if she chose to go their way, saying, that if she did, she should have fine cloaths. That she the said Elizabeth Canning said no. That then she, the said Mary Squires, went and took a knife out of a dresser-drawer, and cut the lace of her the said Elizabeth Canning's stays, and took them (meaning the said Elizabeth Canning's stays) from her. That she the said Mary Squires gave her, the said Elizabeth Canning, a slap on the face: that she the said Mary Squires pushed her up stairs, meaning certain stairs leading from the kitchen of the said dwelling-house, into a certain room called the workshop, belonging to the said dwelling-house, from out of the kitchen (meaning the kitchen of the said dwelling-house) where they were. And the said Elizabeth Canning being then and there upon the said trial, asked and examined upon her said oath, concerning the name of the place she was put into; she the said Elizabeth Canning then and there at that trial, falsely, wilfully and corruptly upon her said oath, deposed, answered, and gave in evidence to the jurors of the said jury so as aforesaid chosen, tried and sworn to try the said issue: that they call it, (meaning the said room called the workshop) the hay loft, (meaning by such answer so given to such question, that she the said Elizabeth Canning had been pushed up the said stairs by the said Mary Squires into the said room called the workshop.) The indictment, gentlemen, further sets forth, that the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn as aforesaid, did then and there upon the said trial, further falsely, voluntarily and corruptly by her own proper act and consent, and of her own most wicked and corrupt mind, upon her said oath, so by her taken as aforesaid, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence (among other things) to the jurors of the said jury so chosen, tried, and sworn to try the said issue as aforesaid. That the room door was shut as soon as the said Elizabeth Canning was put up: that after she the said Mary Squires shut the door, she said that if ever she heard the said Elizabeth Canning stir or move, she would cut her the said Elizabeth Canning's throat. That when the day-light, (meaning the day-light of the second of January) appeared, she could, (meaning that she did) see about the

room (again meaning the said room called the workshop) that there (again meaning the said room called the workshop) was a fire-place and grate in it; that there (again meaning the said room called the workshop) was a black pitcher not quite full of water, and about twenty-four pieces of bread; and that a certain pitcher then and there produced to the said Elizabeth Canning at the time of her giving her evidence as aforesaid, was the pitcher, and that it was full (meaning full of water) to near the neck. And the said Elizabeth Canning being then and there at and upon the said trial, also asked and examined upon her said oath how long she continued in the said room called the workshop; she the said Elizabeth Canning then and there in the said court, at that trial, falsely, wilfully and corruptly, upon her said oath, said, deposed, answered, and gave in evidence to the jurors of the said jury so as aforesaid, chosen, tried and sworn to try the said issue, a month by the weeks, all but a few hours. The indictment, gentlemen, further sets forth, that the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn as aforesaid, did then and there upon the said trial, further falsely, wickedly, voluntarily and corruptly by her own proper act and consent, and of her own most wicked and corrupt mind, upon her said oath so taken as aforesaid, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence (amongst other things) to the jurors of the said jury so chosen, tried and sworn to try the said issue, as aforesaid. That on the Wednesday (meaning Wednesday the twenty-fourth day of the said month of January) before the said Elizabeth Canning came away, she saw somebody look through the crack of the door (again meaning the door of the said room called the workshop) that she the said Elizabeth Canning got out, (meaning out of the said room called the workshop) about four o'clock in the afternoon, on a Monday (meaning Monday the twenty-ninth day of the said month of January, after she the said Elizabeth Canning had been confined there four weeks, all but a few hours; that she the said Elizabeth Canning broke down a board that was nailed up at the inside of a window (meaning a window of and belonging to the said room called the workshop) and got out there, meaning out of the said window; that she the said Elizabeth Canning took an old sort of a bedgown and a handkerchief that were in the said hay-loft (again meaning the said room, called the workshop) and lay in a grate of the chimney (meaning the chimney of the said room called the workshop) and the said Elizabeth Canning being then and there at and upon the trial asked and examined upon her said oath, concerning the time she had drank all her water (meaning the water she so as aforesaid gave in evidence to have been in the said pitcher) she the said Elizabeth Canning then and there in the court at that trial falsely and corruptly upon her said oath said, deposed answered, and gave in evidence to the jurors of the said jury so as aforesaid chosen, tried and sworn, to try the said issue; that she drank all that (meaning all the water she so as aforesaid gave in evidence to have been in the said pitcher) about half an hour before she got out of the room (meaning the said room called the workshop) whereas in truth and in fact she the said Elizabeth Canning was not about four of the clock in the morning of the said second day of January taken

taken by two men, to the said dwelling house of the said Susannah Wells; and whereas in truth and in fact she the said Elizabeth Canning was not taken or brought into the said house, on the said second day of January; and whereas in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning was not on the said second day of January, or at any other time in the said month of January in the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not, on the said second day of January, see the said Mary Squires in the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not at any other time in the said month of January see the said Mary Squires in the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Mary Squires, on the said second day of January was at Abbotbury in the county of Dorset, and was not on that day in the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not take her the said Elizabeth Canning by the hand and ask her if she chose to go their way, saying, that if she did she should have fine cloaths; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not take her, the said Elizabeth Canning, by the hand and ask her if she chose to go their way; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not go and take a knife out of a dresser-drawer and cut the lace of her the said Elizabeth Canning's stays, and take them from her; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not cut the lace of her the said Elizabeth Canning's stays; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not take the said Elizabeth Canning's stays from her; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not give the said Elizabeth Canning a slap on the face; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not push the said Elizabeth Canning up the said stairs leading from the said kitchen into the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not push the said Elizabeth Canning upon the said stairs, into the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not push the said Elizabeth Canning up any stairs into the said room called the workshop, or hay-loft, or into any other room or place whatsoever: And whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not say, that if she ever heard the said Elizabeth Canning stir or move, she would cut her throat; and whereas, in truth and in fact, when the daylight of the said second day of January appeared, she the said Elizabeth Canning could not see about the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning did not on the said second day of January, see about the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning was not on the said second day of January, in the said room called the workshop, or in any room, or place belonging to the said dwelling-house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning was not at any other time between the said second day of January, and the said twenty-ninth day of January, in the said room called the workshop, or in any other room, or place, belonging to the said dwelling-house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was not on the said second day of

January, any black pitcher and about twenty-four pieces of bread, or any other number of pieces of bread, in the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the pitcher so produced to the said Elizabeth Canning, at the time of her giving evidence as aforesaid, was not on the said second day of January, in the said room called the workshop; and whereas, the said pitcher so produced to her the said Elizabeth Canning, as aforesaid, was not on the second day of January full of water, to near the neck; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning did not drink all the water in and by her said evidence pretended to have been in such pitcher about half an hour before the time she so as aforesaid gave in evidence, that she got out of the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not at any time on the said twenty-ninth day of January, or at any other time between the said second day of January and the said twenty-ninth day of January, drink any water out of the said pitcher, in the said room called the workshop, or in any other place or room belonging to the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning did not continue in the said room, called the workshop, a month by the weeks all but a few hours; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning was not at any time in the said month of January, confined in the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning was not in the said month of January confined in any other room of or belonging to the said house of the said Susannah Wells, for one month, by the weeks, all but a few hours, or for any other space of time; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not on the said Wednesday, the said twenty-fourth of January, see any person look through the crack of the door of the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning did not at any other time, in the said month of January, see any person look through the crack of the said door; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning did not break down any board that had been nailed up at the inside of any window of or belonging to the said room, called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not get out of the said room, called the workshop on Monday, the said twenty-ninth day of January; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not get out of the said window; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not get out of any window of or belonging to the said room called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Elizabeth Canning did not take an old sort of a bedgown and a handkerchief, that were in the said room, called the workshop, and lay in a grate of the chimney of the said room; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not take any bedgown or handkerchief out of a grate in the chimney in the said room; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was not any grate in the chimney of the said room on the second day of January; and whereas, there was not any grate in the chimney of the said room, or at any other time,

time, during the time she the said Elizabeth Canning so as aforesaid gave in evidence that she continued or had been confined in the said room, called the workshop; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was not on the said second day of January, or at any other time, between that day and the said twenty-ninth day of January, any grate in the fire-place of the said room, called the workshop, as she the said Elizabeth Canning by her false and corrupt testimony aforesaid, at and upon the said trial, did most falsely, voluntarily and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, upon her said oath, so taken as aforesaid, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, in manner aforesaid; and, then gentlemen, the indictment in this place concludes, that she the said Elizabeth Canning, at and upon the said trial, upon the said twenty-first day of February in the twenty-sixth year aforesaid, at London aforesaid, (that is to say) at the said parish of Saint Sepulchre, in the said ward of Farringdon without, in London aforesaid, before the said justices of our said lord the king, last above named, and others their fellows aforesaid, by her own proper act and consent, and of her own most wicked and corrupt mind, in manner and form aforesaid, did falsely, voluntarily, and corruptly, upon her said oath, so taken as aforesaid, commit wilful and corrupt perjury; to the great displeasure of Almighty God, in contempt of our said lord the king, and his laws; to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending, and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity; the indictment gentlemen, further charges, that at the session of the delivery of the goal of our said lord the king of Newgate, holden for the county of Middlesex, at Justice hall in the Old Bailey, in the suburbs of the city of London, on Wednesday the twenty-first day of February, in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of our said sovereign lord George the second, king of Great Britain, &c. before Sir Crisp Gascoyne, mayor of the city of London, Sir Martin Wright, knight, one of the justices of our said lord the king, assigned to hold pleas before the king himself; Nathaniel Gundry, esquire, one of the justices of our said lord the king, of the court of Common pleas; Sir Richard Adams, knight, one of the barons of the court of Exchequer of our said lord the king, and others their fellows justices of our said lord the king, assigned to deliver the said goal of Newgate of the prisoners therein being; one Mary Squires was, in due form of law, tried by a jury of the country, duly taken, between our said lord the king and the said Mary Squires, in that behalf upon another indictment, for the robbery of Elizabeth Canning, spinster, of a pair of stays of the value of ten shillings, of the goods and chattels of her the said Elizabeth, in the dwelling-house of one Susannah Wells, widow, situate in the parish of Enfield, in the said county of Middlesex, on the said second day of January in the twenty-sixth year aforesaid; and that upon the said last mentioned trial, Elizabeth Canning, late of London, spinster, did then and there appear as a witness for and in behalf of our said lord the king, against the said Mary Squires; and she the said Elizabeth Canning did then and there, before the said justices last mentioned, in open court

aforesaid, take her corporal oath, and was duly sworn upon the holy gospel of God, that the evidence which she should give for our said lord the king, against the said Mary Squires, should be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (the same last mentioned justices then and there having a competent authority to administer the said oath to her the said Elizabeth Canning in that behalf) and she the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, and not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, upon the said twenty-first day of February in the twenty-sixth year aforesaid, at London aforesaid, (to wit) the parish of Saint Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without aforesaid, in London aforesaid, before the said justices last named in the open court aforesaid, did falsely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following; I (meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) had been to Salt Petre Bank to see an uncle and aunt, his name is Thomas Colley; I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) set out from home about eleven in the forenoon, and stayed there till about nine at night on the first day of January (meaning the first day of January now last past) then my uncle and aunt came with me (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) as far as Aldgate, where we parted; I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) was then alone, so came down Houndsditch, and over Moorfields by Bedlam wall, there two lusty men, both in great coats, laid hold of me; and that the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, did then and there upon the said last mentioned trial, falsely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) they (meaning the said two men) took me (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) to the prisoner Wells's house (meaning the dwelling house of the said Susannah Wells, situate at Enfield aforesaid, in the county aforesaid;) and that she, the said Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the said trial, asked and examined upon her said oath, concerning the time of her being so taken to the said house of the said Susannah Wells, she the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, did then and there further falsely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, answer, and give in evidence, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) as near as I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) can think, it was about four o'clock in the morning (meaning the morning of the second day of the said month of January) and that she the said Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the said trial asked and examined, upon her oath, concerning what she saw at the said house of the said Susannah Wells, at the time that she as aforesaid gave in evidence that she was taken there, she the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, did then and there further falsely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, answer, and give in evidence, according

ing to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) saw the gipsy woman, Squires (meaning the said Mary Squires) who was sitting in a chair (meaning sitting in a chair in the said house;) and that she the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, did then and there upon the said last mentioned trial, falsely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) as soon as I, (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) was brought in (meaning into the said house) Mary Squires (again meaning the said Mary Squires) took me (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) by the hand, and asked me (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) if I, (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) chose to go their way, saying, if I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) did, I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) should have fine cloaths, I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) said no; and that she the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, did then and there upon the said last mentioned trial, falsely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) then she (again meaning the said Mary Squires) went and took a knife out of a dresser-drawer and cut the lace of my (meaning her the said Elizabeth Canning's) stays, and took them from me, (meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning;) and that she, the said Elizabeth Canning, being so sworn, did then and there upon the said last mentioned trial, falsely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) she, (meaning the said Mary Squires) pushed me (meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) up stairs, (meaning certain stairs leading out of the kitchen of the said house, up into a certain room adjoining and belonging to the said house) from out of the kitchen (meaning the kitchen of the said house) where we (meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning, and the said Mary Squires) were; and that she the said Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the said trial, asked and examined upon her said oath, concerning the name of the place she was put in, she the said Elizabeth Canning, being so sworn, did then and there further falsely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, answer, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) they call it the hay loft (meaning a certain room belonging, into which the said stairs lead;) and she the said Elizabeth Canning, being then and there upon the said trial, asked and examined upon her oath, how long she continued in that room; she the said Elizabeth Canning, being so sworn, did then and there further falsely, willingly, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, answer, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) a month by the weeks,

all but a few hours; and that she the said Elizabeth Canning, being so sworn, did then and there upon the said last mentioned trial, falsely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) got out (meaning out of the said room) about four o'clock in the afternoon, on a Monday, (meaning Monday the twenty-ninth day of the said month of January) after I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) had been confined there (meaning in the said room) four weeks all but a few hours; and that she the said Elizabeth Canning being so sworn, did then and there upon the said last mentioned trial, falsely, willingly and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, according to the purport and effect following, (that is to say) I (again meaning herself the said Elizabeth Canning) took an old sort of a bed-gown and a handkerchief, that were in the hay loft (meaning the said room) and lay in a grate in the chimney (meaning the chimney of the said room;) whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning was not taken by two men to the said house of the said Susannah Wells, about four o'clock in the morning of the said second day of January, or at any other time of that day; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning, did not at any time on the said second day of January, see the said Mary Squires, in the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires, on the said second day of January was at Abbotbury, in the county of Dorset, and was not at any time on that day in the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not on the said second day of January, take the said Elizabeth Canning by the hand, in the said house, and ask her if she chose to go their way, saying, if she did she should have fine cloaths; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Mary Squires did not, on the said second day of January, take the said Elizabeth Canning by the hand; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Mary Squires did not take a knife out of any dresser-drawer, or any other drawer, and cut the lace of her the said Elizabeth Canning's stays, and take them from her; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not cut the lace of her the said Elizabeth Canning's stays; and whereas, in truth and in fact, the said Mary Squires did not push the said Elizabeth Canning up any stairs belonging to the said house; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not continue, or was in any wise confined in the said room belonging to the said house, into which the said stairs lead, for a month by the weeks all but a few hours; and whereas, the said Elizabeth Canning did not continue or was any ways confined in the said room, or in any other room belonging to the said house, for a month by the weeks, all but a few hours, or for any other space of time; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not get out of the said room, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the said twenty-ninth day of January, or at any other time of that

that day; and whereas, in truth and in fact, she the said Elizabeth Canning did not take any bedgown or handkerchief, out of any grate in the chimney of the said room; and whereas, in truth and in fact, there was no grate in the chimney of the said room, on the said second day of January, or on the twenty-ninth day of January, or at any other time between the second and twenty-ninth days of January, as she the said Elizabeth Canning by her false and corrupt testimony aforesaid, at and upon the said last mentioned trial, did most falsely, voluntarily, and corruptly, by her own proper act and consent, upon her said oath, so taken as aforesaid, say, depose, swear, and give in evidence to the jurors of the said jury, in manner aforesaid; and so the jurors aforesaid, now here sworn upon their oath aforesaid, do say, that she the said Elizabeth Canning, at and upon the said trial, upon the said twenty-first day of February in the twenty-sixth year aforesaid, at London aforesaid, (that is to say) at the parish of Saint Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon without, in London aforesaid, before the said justices of our said lord the king, last above mentioned, and others their fellows aforesaid, by her own proper act and consent, and of her own most wicked and corrupt mind, in manner and form aforesaid, did falsely, voluntarily, and corruptly, upon her said oath, so taken as aforesaid, commit wilfull and corrupt perjury, to the great displeasure of Almighty God, in contempt of our said lord the king and his laws; to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending; and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity.

Mr. GASCOYNE,

May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury, I am council in this case for the king, against the prisoner at the bar, who stands before you indicted of wilfull and corrupt perjury; and the indictment sets forth, that, at the general session of the peace held for the county of Middlesex, on the 19th of February, in the 26th year of his present majesty's reign, an indictment was found against one Mary Squires, for having on the 2d day of January, in the same year, with force and arms, assaulted the prisoner at the bar, and having put her in fear of her life, feloniously and with force, took and stole from her person and against her will, in the dwelling-house of one Susannah Wells, in the parish of Enfield, in the county of Middlesex, a pair of stays of the value of 10 shillings, the property of the prisoner at the bar: and the indictment charges that at the goal delivery of Newgate, on the 21st day of February in the same year, which was the year 1753, Mary Squires was arraigned upon the indictment so found against her, and having pleaded not guilty, the prisoner at the bar appeared at the trial, and being duly sworn as a witness, did maliciously and deliberately, and in order to procure the said Mary Squires to be convicted of the felony and robbery charged on her, falsely and corruptly depose and give in evidence, that she the prisoner at the bar, on the 1st day of January 1753, had been at a place called Salt Petre Bank, to see an uncle and aunt; that she stayed there till about 9 at night; that her uncle

and aunt came with her from thence as far as Aldgate, where they parted; that she the prisoner at the bar, being then alone, and coming over Moorfields by Bedlam wall, two men laid hold of her, and took her by force from thence to the house of Susannah Wells at Enfield, and being there, that Mary Squires took her by the hand, asked her if she would go their way, saying, that if she did, she should have fine cloaths; that she refused, and that thereupon Mary Squires, with a case knife, cut the lace of her stays, and took them from her, gave her a slap on the face, and pushed her up stairs into another room, which they called the hay loft; that as soon as she was there the door of the room was shut upon her, and that she was threatened by Mary Squires, that if she heard her stir or move, she would cut her throat; and the indictment charges, that the prisoner at the bar being asked on the trial of Mary Squires, how long she had continued in that room, she falsely and wilfully swore, that she was kept there a month all but a few hours; and that upon the 29th of January she broke down a board that was nailed up at the inside of the window, and got out there; whereas in truth, as the indictment charges the prisoner at the bar, was never taken or carried to the house of Susannah Wells; and that in truth and in fact, Mary Squires was at that time at Abbotsbury, in the county of Dorset; and the indictment charges, that in truth and in fact, Mary Squires did not cut the lace of the prisoners stays and take them from her, or slap her on the face, or push her up stairs into another room, or say, that if she heard her stir or move she would cut her throat; and that in truth, the prisoner at the bar was not in any room or place belonging to the house of Susannah Wells; and therefore, that she was on the trial of the said Mary Squires guilty of wilfull and corrupt perjury; all which is said to be done, to the great displeasure of Almighty God, in contempt of the laws of this land, and to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending, and against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity: to this, gentlemen, the prisoner has pleaded not guilty; we shall call our witnesses, and if we prove her guilty, you will find her so.

Mr. D A V Y.

May it please your Lordship, and you Gentlemen of the Jury,

I am counsel for the prosecution against the defendant at the bar, who now comes before you to be tried for wilful and corrupt perjury; attended with so many circumstances of aggravation, and calculated to produce such fatal effects, that it is to be lamented the law has not made it capital.

For it was committed to support a groundless prosecution for felony, and under colour of justice, to take away the life of an innocent person.

Than which it is hard to conceive an offence more shocking to humanity, or more dreadful.

Gentlemen, the indictment sets forth, that the defendant maliciously and deliberately intending to pervert the due course of law and justice, and to procure one Mary Squires untruly

ly to be convicted of a robbery, did, upon the 21st of February 1753, in this court, give false testimony against her. It contains several particulars of the defendant's evidence upon that occasion; and avers, that in each particular she was guilty of perjury.

What could tempt one so young to such accumulated wickedness, though the prosecution is not concerned to account for it, may be easily conceived upon recollecting what had happened.

And, indeed, one would give way to any charitable suggestion, rather than suppose her heart so thoroughly polluted, as at first to design a sacrifice.

To preserve her character, it became necessary to frame an excuse for her absence from her master's service, during the space of a month, from the 1st to the 29th of January. To what such absence was really owing, I am not inclined to suggest, lest I should wrong her. But her flight was sudden, unexpected, and alarming.

An ill concerted story for this purpose, or the forgetting some material circumstances in one invented with a greater appearance of truth, was, in all likelihood, her first step to the crime she is now to answer for. And a too great forwardness in satisfying unexpected inquiries, the effects of distrust and curiosity, might lead her unwarily into a description of places and persons, unthought of before, from which, once fixed, she thought it dangerous to deviate.

But an additional temptation fell in her way, a temptation too strong to be resisted in the situation, to which she was reduced; and this was a scheme to raise money.

For those, who were weak enough to believe all the absurdities, to which their own credulity had given rise, were so affected with her unprecedented sufferings that they proposed a general subscription, as well to punish the infamous wretches, who, it was said, had endeavoured to starve her out of her chastity, as to reward her purity.

Here then she was under a necessity, either to renounce those golden hopes, by retracting what she had declared, and so to ruin her character, or to persist in it through perjury. And having by this time subdued all remains of virtue, she preferred the offer of money, tho' she must wade through innocent blood to attain it.

The project succeeded to the utmost of her wishes. For, by the help of prejudices most artfully, industriously, and (I may add) infamously inculcated, she made her way to the conviction of Mary Squires and Susannah Wells, (the former for robbing her of her Stays, and the other for being an accomplice in that robbery,) and so she became the object of almost universal compassion.

The unfair means made use of upon that occasion, by advertisements in the daily papers, and in printed bills, every where dispersed, with the names of six reputable tradesmen, attesting the truth of a story, of which they were not able to prove a single syllable; and all this for the sake of prejudging those unhappy women, who in consequence of it fell a sacrifice, would pass unnoticed in this trial, had not the same unjustifiable methods been continued to the present hour.

An appeal to the public concerning matters triable by juries, has a direct tendency to shut

up the avenues to conviction, and to enervate the arm of justice.

But it is the happiness of this prosecution to be brought before a jury of citizens, whose characters give the greatest room to hope for an impartial trial, notwithstanding all the arts, which have been practised to inflame their passions and corrupt their judgment.

And if I am not greatly mis-instructed, the prejudices must be strong *indeed*, that can resist the proofs of this woman's guilt.

Gentlemen, before I open the evidence we have to offer, I must beg leave to trouble you with repeating what the defendant swore upon the trial of Mary Squires, and with remarking some of the objections, to which it stands exposed, without any other proofs to contradict it.

She swore, "that on the 1st of January 1753, about 9 at night, two men seized her in Moorfields; and, without speaking, robbed her of half a guinea, and three shillings, and her gown, apron and hat, which they folded up, and put into a great coat pocket.

"That she screamed out, and then one of the men stopped her mouth with a handkerchief.

"That they then tied her hands behind her; after which one of them gave her a blow on the temple, which stunned her, and threw her directly into a fit.

"That this transaction in Moorfields lasted half an hour; but no body passed by in all that time.

"That she remained totally insensible for six hours after; when she found herself by a large road, with the two men who had robbed her.

"That they dragged her to the house of one Susannah Wells, (*who was at the same time tried as an accessory to Squires*) at Enfield Wash, (*which is between eleven and twelve miles from Moorfields*) where she arrived in half an hour after the recovery of her senses. And it was then about four o'clock in the morning.

"That she there saw Mary Squires, and two young women in the kitchen. And, as soon as she was brought in, Squires took her by the hand and asked her *if she chose to go their way*, saying, *if she did, she should have fine cloaths*.

"That upon her answering, *no*, Squires cut off her stays, and took them from her. And immediately the two men went away.

"That Squires then called her bitch, gave her a slap in the face, pushed her up stairs into a hay-loft (a few steps from the kitchen), and shutting the door upon her, threatened to cut her throat, if she heard her stir or move.

"That when day-light appeared, she saw about the room, in which there was a fireplace, and a grate in it, *no bed or bedstead*, nothing but hay to lye upon, a *pitcher* almost full of *water*, and about twenty-four pieces of bread, to the amount of a quartern loaf in the whole.

"That these pieces of bread, and this water, between three and four quarts, was all she had to subsist on, (except a penny mince pye which she had in her pocket) for the whole time she remained in that room; which was from Tuesday the 2d of January at 4 in the morning,

" morning, till Monday the 29th at 4 in the afternoon. And that she had no stool in all that time.

" That no one came to her, nor did she see a human creature, except once she saw somebody look through a crack of the door.

" That she had eat up all her bread on Friday the 26th, and had drank up all her water on Monday the 29th, at half an hour after three in the afternoon; and at 4 o'clock she made her escape, which she had never attempted (nor did it ever once come into her head to attempt) 'till that day.

" That the manner of her escape, was by breaking down a board which was nailed up at the inside of a window, about 8 or 10 feet from the ground; from which she jumped down, without the least hurt, it being soft clay ground.

" But, before she left the room, she took a bed-gown and a handkerchief, which she found in the chimney grate.

" That having never been on that road before, she inquired her way of people she met, and so walked on the great road to her mother's house (about 12 miles) without seeking refuge in any of the houses on the road, for fear she should meet with somebody belonging to the house she had escaped from.

" That she arrived at her mother's in Aldermanbury, at a quarter past ten at night; and she told her friends that her confinement was somewhere in the Hertfordshire road, which she had discovered, while she was under confinement, by seeing a coach go by, which she knew frequented that road.

" And being called upon by the court to particularize the *furniture* of the room she was confined in, she mentioned, a *barrel*, a *saddle*, a *bason*, and a *tobacco mould*."

This, gentlemen, was her evidence.

Now I would ask any reasonable unprejudiced man in the world, whether he ever heard a story so intirely destitute of all human probability.

Is it not a heap of monstrous absurdities, with falshood glaring in every circumstance?

What could induce the two ruffians in Moorfields to behave in this extraordinary manner?

Did they mean to rob, or kidnap her, or both?

If only to rob, why did they kidnap her? If only to kidnap, why rob her? If both, why lose half an hour in stripping her in so public a place, when multitudes of people were continually passing by; since they might have done it securely at the end of their journey?

Having robbed and stripped her, what temptation had they to take the pains and run the hazard of carrying her twelve miles, *in a fit*, (supposing it possible;) through several turnpikes and villages, where it was a thousand to one, that they would be discovered and apprehended?

The same difficulties occur at Enfield Wash. While she was in the house was any thing transacted, whereby one can trace the *motive* of her being brought, or confined there?

At first, indeed, she was asked *whether she would go their way; and if she would, she should have fine cloaths*.

Their meaning in this was left unexplained, and no further persuasions were used to tempt her!

Advantage taken of a concise refusal,—she was instantly locked up for a month upon bread and water!

Not the least enquiry in all that time, what effect this hard usage had upon her; or what was become of her!

Whether she was *dead*, which might have been expected, if she remained in the room; or had *escaped*, which it was more reasonable to suppose. For,

SEE HOW WONDERS MULTIPLY!

The means of escape were left open to her every moment of the time, at the hazard of *their* lives! Those means unemployed, and unthought of, for the preservation of *her own*!

Is it not amazing she should manage her allowance of bread and water (scarce sufficient for a week's subsistence) with such providence, that the former lasted till within three days, and the latter, (which she could less endure the want of,) tho' less in proportion, till within half an hour of her coming away!

And yet she had never received the least intimation, how long she was to remain in confinement, or whether she was to have any supplies!

That she should survive all this treatment, too hard for the best constitution, and find strength to walk twelve miles immediately afterwards, without the least refreshment or rest!

These are not all, nor the fiftieth part of the objections to which this unexampled tale is liable. It would be mispending time to enumerate them—they are obvious to every understanding.

Does there need much evidence to contradict this? Does not common sense, and the observation of all mankind upon the course of nature refute it in every instance?

Yet such arts have been practised to engage men to believe it, that there are, at this day, thousands who embrace it as zealously, as an article of religious faith.

Insisting upon the mere possibility of this romantic story; and having an implicit faith in the defendant's sincerity, because her character (they say) is clear of any other imputation, they have been drawn in to conclude upon the truth of all she has sworn.

Such are incapable of conviction; upon whom neither argument, nor evidence can have any effect.

Let me imagine a case, better authenticated than this before you, but in favour of which men have no prejudices; and see what reception it would meet with.

Suppose a pretender to the art of flying, (an art which some soaring geniuses of the last age thought practicable) should swear to have taken a month's tour round the extremity of the atmosphere, without breathing in all that time.

Were no arts used to mislead men's understanding; were they left to judge for themselves; no one would believe this even upon the faith of fifty witnesses.

For however unlikely it is that fifty disinterested men should concur in a falshood, it would be still more unlikely, that a man should be flying for a month without drawing breath.

But, gentlemen, this prosecution will not rest upon improbabilities. It was commenced upon

the clear proof of facts; sufficient to convince every man, whose judgment is not captivated by prejudice.

The evidence to be produced against the defendant is of several kinds.

First, to shew that Mary Squires was in another place, above 130 miles from Enfield Wash, at the time of the supposed robbery there.— But lest the believers in wonders should think this insufficient, and insist upon the possibility of Squires *being in two places at once*; we shall

In the next place, under various heads of proof, attack the whole of the defendant's evidence, and shew that in every part of it she is forsworn.

Gentlemen, because there may be no uncertainty in that part of the case, which relates to Squires; she will attend here in person, to be referred to by the witnesses. And you will observe (to use her own language to the defendant, when she first charged her with the robbery) that *the Almighty has not created her likeness*. So it is impossible, either for the witnesses, or the defendant to mistake her for another.

She is one of that tribe of people called *gypsies*, and strolls about the country as a hawker and pedlar. She is a widow, and has a son, *George*, a young man, and two daughters, *Lucy* and *Mary*, both young women.

It happened that in the latter end of the year 1752, this gypsie, with her son and her daughter *Lucy*, travelled on foot into the West of England with smuggled goods, such as they meet with in sea port towns, and sell again to people in the country.

The material questions with respect to these people, will be, *Where were they upon the 1st and 2d of January 1753? And when did they arrive at Enfield Wash?*

In order to give you the clearest satisfaction in this matter, it will be necessary to go a little farther back than the 1st of January, and trace them down to the time of their being apprehended on the 1st of February.

Gentlemen, it will be worth your observation with what degree of certainty the witnesses swear, not only with regard to the identity of the three persons (who will be all in court to be referred to) but also as to the precise times of seeing them.

And, if it should appear to you, that they can be under no mistake, either as to persons or times; it will only remain for your consideration, what credit should be given to their oaths.

They are forty in number; they are totally disinterested; and of unexceptionable characters.

Upon Friday the 29th of December 1752, in the evening, these three foot travellers, *Mary Squires*, *George* and *Lucy Squires*, came to lodge in a little inn at South Parrot in Dorsetshire; and went forward towards Abbotsbury the next morning. The landlady of the inn will tell you she is certain as to the time, from an accident of some guests leaving a reckoning to pay, which she entered in her book that evening. A book, wherein she had seldom occasion to make entries; but whenever she did, it was her custom to ascertain the time by her almanack. And she remembers to have referred to the almanack, while they were in the house.

You will find them the next morning, Saturday the 30th of December, between eight and nine o'clock, taking refreshment upon the road, at a place called Winyard's Gap, about a mile from South Parrot. The person who proves this, saw them the evening before as they were going to South Parrot, and was so struck with the old woman's hideous face, that she compared her to a picture then in her house of mother Shipton.

The same day at two in the afternoon they came to Litton about nine miles from Winyard's Gap, and three from Abbotsbury. There they lay at an alehouse, and stayed till Monday afternoon the 7th of January. This will be proved by five witnesses, who will give you a particular account of them during all that time.

Monday the 1st of January in the evening they came to Abbotsbury, a sea port town in Dorsetshire; where they were very well known by a great many people, having been often there before. There they stayed till Tuesday the 9th. This will be proved by no less than eleven witnesses. And as it is impossible these people should be under any mistake, as to their persons, it will be material to observe, that it is equally impossible, they should mistake as to the time. It happened, that the exciseman, stationed at Abbotsbury, was taken ill a few days before the coming of these people there; and another officer was placed in his stead, who lodged in the same house with them, at one Gibbons's, and came there on the very same day. You will find this not only by the exciseman himself, and several of the witnesses who remember his and their coming; but we shall also produce the books from the excise office, by which the time of this man's coming to Abbotsbury will appear with absolute certainty. There are, besides, several other circumstances, which lead the witnesses to exactness of time, as well here, as at the other places beforementioned.

Before we leave Abbotsbury it will be proper to let you know that *Lucy Squires*, though the daughter of such a deformed woman, is very far from disagreeable, and had an acquaintance there, who was dear to her. This was one *William Clarke*, a shoemaker of that place, who met them at Litton, and travelled on a day and half's journey with them from Abbotsbury. The reason of my taking notice of this circumstance, will appear hereafter, when you find them at Basingstoke.

With this *Clarke* they left Abbotsbury, on Tuesday the 9th of January, and went to Portersham, where they lay that night.

Wednesday the 10th they went to Ridgway; where *Clarke* took an unwilling leave of his *Lucy*, after obtaining her promise to send him a letter soon; they lay at Ridgway that night, and

The next day, Thursday the 11th, you will find them crossing the waters by Dorchester, which were very high after great rains.

They had received an account, that the other daughter *Mary* was ill, and so travelled faster from this time, to hasten home.

Friday the 12th they lay at Chettle.

Saturday the 13th at Martin, in a farmer's barn.

Sunday the 14th at Coombe. From whence they proceeded the next day in the road to London.

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The next account you will receive of them, will be Thursday the 18th at Basingstoke; which you will observe, according to their rate of travelling, to be four days journey from Coombe.

And here you will find a piece of evidence very material, and conclusive with regard both to persons and times, and which will confirm the rest of the evidence before it to the utmost degree of certainty.

I mentioned before, that *Lucy Squires* had promised her sweetheart, *William Clarke*, to send him a letter on the road. It was at this place she performed her promise.

But being an illiterate girl, she was obliged to have recourse to the landlady of the inn to write for her.

The letter is dated from Basingstoke the 18th of January 1753. The landlady, Mrs. Morris, will tell you it was wrote by her at the time it bears date. It will appear with the Basingstoke post mark upon it.

There being no direct post from Basingstoke to Dorchester, the letter was put into the London bag; and therefore the London post mark is also upon it, by which it will appear that it came into the general post office on the 19th of January.

It happens that this letter (which will be read to you in the course of the evidence) refers to the circumstance of *Clarke's* travelling with them from Abbotsbury.

Friday the 19th they went to Bagshot, and

Saturday the 20th to Brentford; where George left his mother the Sunday morning to go to his sister Mary, whom he found well enough recovered to go with him to Brentford the Monday to her mother.

Tuesday the 23d they lay at a house called the Seven Sisters at Page Green, by Tottenham. And the next day,

Wednesday the 24th of January, they went to *Enfield Wash*.

Here they were strangers; and, enquiring for lodging, had the ill luck to be recommended to *Susannah Wells*, whom they had never seen before.

Happy for *that* woman, that these unfortunate strangers came to her house! In all likelihood she owes her life to that accident. For,

Had there been no old woman in her house, beside herself; nay, had she not (another accident for which she is indebted to Providence!) changed seats with the old gipsy at the fire-side five minutes before the defendant's arrival there on the 1st of February — there is too much reason to believe, that *Wells* herself had been accused of this felony.

Had it so happened; the same evidence, which was applied to *Squires*, would have served for *her* conviction. And *she* had no *alibi* to save her life.

The defendant had then been prosperous in perjury; and the means of detecting her had been borne down by popular clamour.

Squires, her son and daughter, remained at *Wells's* from the 24th of January till the 1st of February; when they were apprehended.

What happened on that day will fall under another head of evidence.

I have now done with that part of the prosecutor's case, so far as it relates to the innocence of *Mary Squires*.

Upon which, I shall only observe; that, if the evidence brought to support it, is clear and convincing; it will be too late for the defendant to shelter herself under any pretence of a mistake.

For whether she was robbed by *Squires*, or not, was the most material question upon that woman's trial, and *her fate* depended upon the defendant's *positive* testimony.

And it is worthy observation, that there was not the least doubt suggested, when she was giving evidence against the most remarkable person in the world.

Gentlemen, the next head of evidence will be to shew, (what would of itself be sufficient to convince all mankind) that the defendant could give no account of the room she pretended to have been confined in for a whole month together; and that the place she afterwards fixed upon, and positively swore to, was not in any respect answerable to her first description of it; and that her description of the room upon the trial of *Squires* was in consequence of its being shewn to her some little time before. You will also find her evidence flatly contradicted, in a variety of material circumstances, by her own information upon oath at another time.

It has been urged in the defendant's behalf with much shew of reason, that her giving an exact description of the place of her confinement is a strong proof of her having been there.

But on the other hand, if her description of the place of her confinement was as unapplicable to the room she ventured afterwards to swear to, as it was to Saint Paul's cathedral, is it not an unanswerable proof, that she was not there?

For can it be imagined she should be alone in a room for twenty-eight days, without any obstruction of her senses, and at the end of that time as ignorant of it, as if she had never seen, or heard of such a place?

It was on Monday night the 29th of January, according to her account, that the defendant returned to her mother. On Wednesday the 31st she applied, with several of her friends, to Mr. Chitty, the sitting alderman, for a warrant against *Wells* upon suspicion of having robbed her. For at that time she did not pretend to certainty.

The alderman having heard her story then declared his doubts, and called upon her to authenticate it by a particular description of the place, she had been in.

She swore it was a *little square, dark room*, in which was *an old stool or two*, *an old table*, and *an old picture over the chimney*. And this was all the description she gave. No mention of any *bason*, *saddles*, *tobacco-mould*, or *barrel*; and so far from any pretence of *bay*, that she complained of *having been forced to lie every night upon the bare floor*.

She also swore, that her modicum of bread was in five or six pieces (*not four and twenty*) and that she left some of the water in the pitcher, when she came away. That she escaped by the help of a penthouse under the window, upon which she slid down, and from thence jumped upon a bank on the back-side of the house.

A warrant being obtained from the alderman, it was agreed upon by her friends who had heard

heard this, to go down to Wells's the next morning; and after securing all the people in the house, to inquire whether any room there was answerable to the account she gave. Resolving, if they found she spoke truth, to support her to the utmost of their power, if otherwise to drop her.

The next morning they all set out for Enfield Wash, and immediately secured all the people in Wells's house; there were Mrs. Wells, Mary Squires, her son and two daughters, Virtue Hall, and Fortune Natus, and his wife Judith Natus.

It will be proper here, to describe this house, and the several rooms in it.

At the entrance into the house there is a stair-case, the bottom of which is within two or three yards of the street door, this stair-case leads to three rooms on the first floor, in one of which lay the old gipsy and her two daughters, in another George Squires, and in the third Mrs. Wells and her daughter, and Virtue Hall.

Below stairs, on the left side of the little passage from the street door is a parlour, in which all the family were placed, as soon as they were seized.

On the right hand of the passage is the kitchen, from which a door opens to a little flight of seven or eight steps, leading into a sort of lumber-room or work-shop, where Natus and his wife lay upon a bed of hay. These steps or stairs are inclosed in the room, there being no door but at the foot of the steps, which separates it from the kitchen. And this place, which some call a work-shop, and others a hay-loft (on account of some hay usually kept there,) the defendant was pleased to fix upon, as the place of her confinement.

The arrival of the defendant's friends was above an hour before her; but no room could be found like what she had represented.

There were two persons, one called Adamson, the other Scarrat, who (for reasons best known to themselves) were extremely desirous of reconciling every difficulty; and they would have it, that this lumber-room must be the place of confinement.

But some obstacles were to be removed.

There was a quantity of hay, not less than half a load in the room; and not a word of hay had been mentioned. These two gentlemen imagined she might have forgot it, and proposed that one of them should ride back to meet the defendant upon the road, in order to ask her about it. They cast lots, who should go upon this honest errand, and it fell to Mr. Adamson.

In a little time Adamson returned brandishing his hat, and exulting, *We are all right; she says there is hay in the room!*

She had never said so before; and, if she forgot to mention it, she also forgot the use of it, for the whole month while it was before her eyes. For she lay upon the bare boards!

But this was not the only difficulty which required the skill of Adamson and Scarrat to solve.

The room is neither square, nor dark, nor little. It is thirty-five feet three inches and a half long, by nine feet eight inches wide; it is extremely light; not only from the windows (but one of which she pretended was boarded up) but also from the roof itself, which is of pantiles, raised

above the walls, so as to let in a great deal of light from the top.

There was no grate in the chimney, nor the least sign, that a grate had been there. For in the first place there was no hearth to it, and besides, the whole chimney, from the bottom upwards to the mantle-piece, was full of cobwebs and nastiness. It is impossible therefore that a grate or any thing else could have been there within three days before, or indeed, as many months.

There was a large chest of drawers by the side of the wall, which she had said nothing of. Did she forget this too?

Perhaps it had been put there since her escape the Monday before. Remove it, and see whether it has the marks of long standing. The experiment was made, and immediately fifty spiders ran out to give testimony of a long, undisturbed possession.

Instead of any pictures over the chimney, there was an old broken casement, which filled the whole place, and had the like vouchers for its long standing; the cobwebs uniting it to the wall.

Where was the stool and table she spoke of? nothing like either to be found.

Where was the penthouse, or shed of boards under the window, by which she escaped? The wall on both sides perpendicular; the windows but eight feet from the ground on the outside, and there never was either penthouse, or shed, or any thing else by the wall.

On the right hand-side coming into this nasty room was some hay made in the form of a bed, with a little bag of wool by way of bolster. And Natus's wife was seized just rising from this bed.

Near this bed's head was a hole, through which a jack line had formerly run from the kitchen. The hole was almost large enough to thrust her head through, and looked quite over the kitchen. This she never observed; for she saw no body, but once during the whole month, and then it was through a crack of the door.

Over this hole were the pulleys of the jack-line, which she also forgot to mention.

In short, she forgot almost all the things, that were there, and supplied her defect of memory, by naming several things, which had never been in the room.

By this time there was a great company of people in the house; some led by curiosity, some by justice, and some by motives, which must be left to themselves to assign.

At last the defendant arrived with her mother, in a coach. She was immediately conducted to the kitchen, and set on the dresser.

The door leading to the lumber-room was then open, on her left hand, and within three yards of her, so that she could then see all the stairs, and a considerable part of the room; yet she took no notice of it. Nor did she drop the least hint that the kitchen she was then in, was the place, where her stays were cut off; though she remained in the kitchen five or six minutes.

She was then placed on a chair, with the door of the lumber-room open on her right hand, where she could see up into other parts of the room. Still, not the least notice taken of it.

It was then proposed to carry her into the parlour, where all the family were prisoners, in order

order for her to fix upon the person, who cut off her stays.

In the mean while the prisoners were disposed in the room so, as she might have a distinct view of them all. Mother Wells was placed on the right side of the chimney, and the gipsy on the left. But, a few minutes before the defendant's coming into the parlour, the two old women had changed places, and the gipsy then sat on the right side of the chimney, leaning over the fire, almost double, and smoaking her pipe.

In this situation were they, when the defendant entered the room; and in a moment, without seeing her face, pointing to the gipsy, she said, *this is the woman who robbed me of my stays.*

The poor old woman, smoaking her pipe, was inattentive to what was said. But one of her daughters exclaimed, *Lord! mother, the young woman says you robbed her.*

Immediately the gipsy starting from her chair, and, looking in astonishment full at her, exposed her hideous face, which till then was almost covered with a clout. *I rob you! take care what you say; if you have once seen my face you can't mistake it, for God never made such another!* And being told, that this fact was committed on the first of January, the old woman immediately, without the least hesitation, declared she was then above one hundred miles off in Dorsetshire. And George Squires then said they were at Abbotbury on the 1st of January, and for several days after.

Protestations of innocence were to no purpose; the defendant remained positive, and Mary Squires must suffer for it.

The next thing to be done, was to fix upon the room.

In the first place, the defendant suffered herself to be led up the great stair-case from the street door, and so into all the rooms forward. But neither of these was the room.

Not the least notice taken that the place she was confined in was contiguous to the kitchen, and but a few steps from it; not at all like this stair-case.

At last she was conducted to the lumber-room; and after pausing for some time, she declared this was the place. But that there seemed to be more hay, than she had observed during her confinement there.

The witnesses, who had heard what she swore before Mr. Alderman Chitty, and had made their observations upon this room just before her coming down to Enfield Wash, were astonished.

She then recollected *one* of the three saddles, and the barrel, bason, and tobacco mould; neither of which she had mentioned before. But she remembered nothing of the chest of drawers, the broken casement over the chimney, the hay bed, the hole in the wall, nor the pulley.

One asked her, why she had not opened the window casement, and escaped *that* way, seeing she might have done it without the least difficulty. Her answer was, she took it for granted it was nailed, but had never tried it.

The effect, these observations had upon such of her friends, as did not go there with a resolution to assist her in all events, is easy to imagine. They were satisfied she was an impostress, and withdrew their assistance.

Their names are Mr. Gawen Nash, Mr.—Hague, and Mr.—Aldridge, citizens of esta-

blished reputation; who will give you a very faithful and circumstantial account of this whole transaction.

Though what has been already opened would be abundantly sufficient to maintain this indictment, yet this is not all.

For instead of relying upon circumstances, however satisfactory, we shall go further, and shew by *direct positive evidence*, that the defendant was not in this room in the month of January.

Natus, a poor labouring man, and his wife will tell you, that this bed of hay was their only lodging during that whole month, and for five or six weeks before. And that they lay in this very room every night; and this will be confirmed by the evidence of several other witnesses.

They will all tell you, that this room, being the repository of Mrs. Wells's hay, with which her horse was fed, and of pollard for the feeding her pig, was visited by some, or other of them every day.

That this black pitcher, which the defendant says was in the room for all the time she was there, was in constant use in the family, and filled with water from a neighbour's pump almost every day, during the time the defendant pretends to have been in the house.

That none of them ever saw the defendant, or heard of her, till she came down on the 1st of February with Mr. Alderman Chitty's warrant.

Ezra Whiffin, who keeps an inn in the neighbourhood, will be produced a witness to prove, that he bought of Mrs. Wells a sign, which formerly hung at her door, when she kept a public house; and on the 18th of January he took it out of this workshop, and Natus's wife was then lying there upon a hay-bed.

He will fix the precise day by a very particular circumstance, in which he will be confirmed by another witness.

John Whiffin, his son, went with him to bring away the sign; and stayed below in the parlour, while his father went up into the room for it.

Three witnesses will be produced to prove their *lopping trees* by the side of Mrs. Wells's house on the 8th of January, and at that very time they had some conversation with two women, Virtue Hall and Sarah Hewit, another witness, then looking out at the window of this very room, where the defendant is supposed to have been confined.

And the time of their lopping these trees will be fixed also by a fifth witness to this fact.

Such of these witnesses, as have been in the work-shop, will give you the same account of it, as you will find by the other witnesses to the former head of evidence.

After proving the defendant perjured, not only with regard to the person, whom she charged with having robbed her, but also as to the place, in which she swore she was confined; we shall need an apology for proceeding further.

But to cut off all pretence for excuse, we shall beg leave in another instance to shew the defendant's guilt, by her *own* testimony.

In her evidence at the Old Bailey, set forth in this indictment, she swore that she had drank up all the water in the pitcher, about half an hour before the time of her escape.

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Before Mr. Alderman Chitty she swore that she did not drink it all, but some of it remained in the pitcher, when she came away.

But in an information she made before Mr. Fielding, a justice of peace for Middlesex, (which we shall produce for this purpose) she swore that she had drank up all the water on the Friday, and so had not a drop to drink from that time, till the Monday, on which day she escaped.

The pain of thirst has been felt by almost every one at some time, or other; and whoever has endured it for three days and nights, will be sure to remember it, as long as he lives.

These self-contradictions therefore could not arise from mere mistake; except only it was forgetting at one time, what she had sworn at another.

A liar, says the proverb, should have a good memory. But he who is resolved to speak truth, needs take no pains to recollect, in what manner he had told his story before.

Gentlemen, to all this evidence we shall add, two circumstances, which you may possibly think worth your attention.

Soon after the defendant's supposed return to her mother, she was visited by a midwife, who was an old acquaintance; to whom the mother, in the daughter's presence related the whole story.

The midwife's curiosity took place of her pity, and she desired to see the shift, which the defendant was supposed to have worn for a month.

The observations made upon it will best become the witness herself to tell you. They lead to suspect strongly, that it had not been worn so long, as was pretended. On the contrary, it looked as clean, as if it had not been worn three days.

The other circumstance is a *striking* one. After the conviction of Squires there was a re-examination of the case before the late lord mayor, in order to pave the way to the throne for mercy, which proved effectual.

The defendant was present at that inquiry, and the bed-gown which she pretended to have taken out of the work-shop, as also the pitcher, were both produced.

She was very desirous of taking them with her, which my lord mayor objected to, and proposed that they should be deposited in some public place to be seen by any body, because they might possibly lead to a discovery.

What induced the defendant to be extremely anxious for the possession of this tattered bed-gown and broken pitcher, is hard to say; but she was so much bent upon it, that she unwarily claimed a property in the *bed-gown*, and said, *it was her mother's*.

If it was her mother's bed-gown, how did it get to Mrs. Wells's?

This, gentlemen, is the nature of the evidence we have to lay before you. Upon the weight of which there can be no doubt, but you will find the defendant guilty.

Mr. WILLES.

I am a Counsel in this case for the Crown, and tho' I cannot help feeling some concern for the unhappy situation of the Prisoner at the bar, yet I own I rejoice for the sake of Truth, and for the sake of the deluded Multitude, that this matter is at length to receive the most solemn and impartial Examination.

For in what light soever we consider the Prisoner's History of herself, either as a gross Imposition on the world, or as others would have it, a wonderful and miraculous Truth; most certainly, 'tis a Fact about which mankind have been much divided, which has been the cause of great uneasiness and distraction in this Country, and concerning which the minds of the People ought to be quieted.

Nor can we wonder at these dissensions among the Populace, when many able and great Magistrates have engaged in this dispute; some of whom have with great warmth and eagerness declared themselves implicit believers of this amazing story, whilst others have looked upon Elizabeth Canning as the most vile and abandoned Impostress.

I do not mention this with an intent to throw Reflections on the Patrons of either side of the Question; the wisest of men have been deceived, nor will it be any imputation on their character, that they have been so; unless there is any reason for conjecturing, that either through Partiality, Prejudice, or other still worse Motives, they have wilfully shut their eyes to the Truth.

Far is it from me to insinuate that any thing of this sort has happened in the present Instance: I verily believe that the Fountain of Justice in this kingdom, has flowed through all its Channels, unstained, uncorrupted and clear from all manner of Pollution. I hope that those who have sat under his Majesty's Commission of the peace, have acted *merely* and *singly* in that capacity, and have not descended from the Dignity of Magistracy, to become Advocates for either Party.

But be that as it will, it is not our Duty as Counsel for the Prosecution, to take notice of collateral circumstances or *extrajudicial behaviour*, in any one; 'tis our Business only to lay the particulars of the charge against the Prisoner before you, and if the weight of evidence appears clearly to be on the side of the Crown, I don't doubt but that the Truth will be irresistible, and that we shall have your Verdict for the conviction of the prisoner.

And Gentlemen, the prisoner stands indicted of one of the most heinous of crimes; an Endeavour by wilful and corrupt Forswearing herself, to take away the life of a guiltless person; and without aggravation, in the black catalogue of Offences, I know not one of a deeper dye. 'Tis a Perversion of the laws of her country to the worst of purposes; 'tis Wresting the sword out of the hands of Justice to shed innocent blood.

Let us reflect a moment on the sad Catastrophe which might have ensued. On her evidence Mary Squires was condemned to be executed, and had suffer'd the judgment of the law, but for the wisdom and clemency of his Majesty, ever careful, ever tender of the lives even of the meanest of his subjects. During the application that was made to the throne for mercy, did the prisoner abate ought of her resentment against the unhappy convict? No; her cruel heart never in the least relented; God forbid that the measure she has meted another, should this day be measured to her again.

When I think of the age of the prisoner at the bar, scarcely yet above nineteen years old, I can hardly

hardly persuade myself that human nature could so early attain to such a pitch of wickedness; but when I attend to the very strong and convincing proofs, we have to produce against her, I must give up my Reason to my Incredulity if I any longer doubted, whether she was guilty or not.

And Gentlemen, the whole we have to lay before you in support of this heavy charge, will naturally arise under one or other of these Considerations.

The numberless Inconsistencies, and even Contradictions of herself in her own evidence, as taken at different times before different Magistrates.

The Improbability of her story.

The Testimony of a Multitude of witnesses of credit and character, who contradict her *materially* in almost every circumstance she has related.

And Gentlemen, in order to make you sensible how frequently Canning has varied in her *own* account of these facts, it will be necessary to inform you that she has been examined on Oath four several times. On the 31st of January before alderman Chitty, when a warrant was granted for the apprehending Mrs. Wells; on the 1st of February before Justice Tashmaker, after she had been down at Enfield Wash; on the 7th of February before justice Fielding, and on the 21st of February at the trial of Squires; on which last examination we have assign'd the Perjuries mention'd in the Indictment.

In tracing her through these several Examinations, we shall have an opportunity of discovering what Variations from time to time there are in her story, what new Circumstances, Supplements or Embellishments were added to her first relation; and then we shall be able to judge impartially whether all these are reconcilable with Truth.

Before Alderman Chitty her evidence was simply this; that she was robb'd by two men in Moorfields of her money, hat, gown, and cap. That there she received a blow on her head, which stunned her, but did not so far deprive her of her senses, but that she remembers her being afterwards carried through Bishop's-Gate street. That she there was dragg'd to mother Wells's, and there stript of her stays, and because she would *not go their way* (as it is term'd,) confined in a little *square dark or darkish room*, which had nothing in it but an old grate, an old table, a stool or two, and some pictures over the chimney. That there were *four or five pieces of bread and some Water*, on which she lived till she made her escape, and that she lay all the time on the bare boards. That she got out of the window on a small shed of boards or penthouse, down which she slid, having clothed herself with an old bedgown and handkerchief which she took from the grate.

This is the short account she gave at first before the Alderman, for her story had not then receiv'd half its Decorations. The circumstance of her being subject to Fits was not then mentioned; No hint of any Gipsy's being concerned, much less any description of Mary Squires, the most remarkable woman in her person that ever perhaps existed; Not a word of any Hay being in the room; tho' it appeared on her coming down to Enfield that there was above half a load, which had been laid in the summer before. Let any one then believe if they can, that during her long Confinement, she could overlook such a quantity of Hay, and continue night after night to take up her hard lodging on the bare boards!

In her Examination before Justice Tashmaker, her story receives several new Improvements, she had seen Mrs. Wells's little Workhouse, so now drops the unfortunate circumstance of its being a *little square room*; Had she ever seen it before, she could not have so described it. She now recollects more particulars of what the gipsy said to her: That she promised her, *if she would go their way, she should have fine cloaths enough*. This Attack (if it deserves the name of an Attack) on the poor innocent girl's virtue, was a proper subject to excite the compassion of the public, and a pretty use was made of it in the several advertisements, which were printed at that time, to raise Subscriptions for her.

She now swears that after she came to Mrs. Wells's, a man unknown to her took away her cap. This expressly contradicts her former evidence, in which she says she was robb'd of her cap in Moorfields.

She now introduced, for the first time, the circumstance of the famous broken-mouthed black Pitcher, on the water in which, and some pieces of bread, she liv'd till the Wednesday before she made her escape, when the whole was consum'd. No wonder she could now describe the pitcher which was artfully conveyed into the workshop by her friend Adamson before her arrival at Enfield Wash.

As to the circumstance of her provision lasting her *only till Wednesday*, it neither agrees with what she afterwards swore before justice Fielding, nor with her evidence on the trial of Mary Squires. Truth is always consistent, but Falshood and Fiction must be judg'd by another Criterion.

We are now come to her Examination before Justice Fielding; I know not through what Medium they were conveyed; but she had certainly then received some new Lights, and is infinitely more learned and artful in the manner of her telling her story. The men she swears in Moorfields *feloniously and violently* took from her a shaving hat, &c. These words *feloniously and violently*, are not the expressions of a poor illiterate girl, perhaps they are the suggestion of her solicitor:

She now swears that the blow in Moorfields threw her into a Fit which deprived her of her senses, and that she was used to have Fits, which lasted six or seven hours. This was an useful and necessary Embellishment of her story, as a Fit accounted much more naturally for a six hour's insensibility, than a blow which only stunned her could do.

That on her recovery she found herself in a high road, but that she was so intimidated she durst not call out. 'Twas proper to give a reason, for not doing what any body in her circumstances naturally would have done. I own I always admire and suspect an Affidavit, which assigns a reason for every thing, which is sworn in it.

She then swears she was shoved into a back room without any *furniture* at all in it. I will not dwell on this trivial mistake in her account, and yet surely in the imagination of a girl who had had her education at an Alehouse, Stools, Tables and Pictures would be deemed *Furniture*.

But 'tis material to observe, she now says, that on Friday and not Wednesday, she had consumed all her bread and water. This alteration of her evidence from Wednesday to Friday must have its design; weak and ill as she was,

was, could she have been able to walk from Enfield to London in less than six hours, which is eleven miles, if she had received no sustenance for five days before? Whereas Shortning the time of her being without any Refreshment, took off a good deal from the Improbability of this part of her story.

In her Evidence on the trial of Mary Squires, she adds still some new circumstances, she says on her recovery from her fit, she found herself in a great road, where *there was water*. This addition was not without some view, and I think there is no difficulty in finding out what it was. It supplied the world with a reason, why she and her friends at first directed their enquiries towards Enfield Wash.

A barrel, faddle, bafon and tobacco mould, are now recollected to have been in the room; strange we should never hear any thing of them before.

She now swears, *she had not drank all the water till about a quarter of an hour before she escaped*. This amendment of her evidence was with the same intention as the former alteration from *Wednesday to Friday*. That is, to lessen the improbability of her being able to walk from Enfield to town, without once stopping to take the least refreshment.

These are some of the most glaring contradictions in her *own* evidence, which must strike every body who reflects, that these were particulars in which she could not err either through *forgetfulness or mistake*; I will not say more.

But to this we may add the Improbability of her whole story, which is as it were *felo de se*, at least 'tis such a tale as requires the strongest proof in the world to compel us to believe one Tittle of it.

The two Ruffians to continue with her half an hour in so public a place as Moorfields, and tho' it was so early in the evening (an holiday evening too) yet when she scream'd out for nobody to hear her! But why first rob her, and afterwards kidnap her? Was it their design to rob her only; or, to rob her and afterwards carry her where, (in the gipsy language) they hoped they should oblige her *to go their way*.

If a robbery only was designed, would they have carried with them the strongest evidence of their guilt? If their purpose was only to add this poor girl to the herd of wicked wretches at mother Wells's, what reason was there to begin their seducement with a robbery? At these kind of houses a young woman may be easily stripp'd of her money, and yet no robbery committed; Mother Wells might soon have made herself Canning's Cash-keeper, without the aid of a blow to stun her, or the Terrors of a case knife.

If her Murder was intended, why not have done it on the road, why not on her first arrival at Enfield Wash, why was she supplied with any bread and water at all?

Her fit likewise is of the marvellous kind; it continued on her near six hours, went away in an instant; and tho' she was used to have fits on any fright, yet she never had another during her long and terrifying confinement. How amazing this! what a girl used to fits on frights not have a fit for a month together, when she might naturally expect during all that time, every next minute would be her last?

But let us now follow this wonderful girl to Enfield, not forgetting one very extraordinary circumstance in her evidence before the Alderman, that tho' *she was stunned in Moorfields*;

yet she remembers afterwards her being carried through Bishop's Gate Street.

Is it credible on her coming thither that the Gipsy, an artful Procurefs, hackney'd in the ways of women, should only slightly ask her *to go their way*, and because she faintly said *No*, should give over all further attempts? Was this acting like the President or Lady Abbess of such a house as mother Wells's? Was this any proper trial of the prisoner's virtue? I hope, for the honour of the female sex, that there hardly ever was a young woman not above eighteen years of age, who did not say *No*, once at least, especially if solicited by an ugly old decrepit Hag. And yet this faint, this half consenting, no-Refusal, is the only reason given for her long and barbarous Confinement. Her confinement; to what purpose was it; what starve a young woman out of her virtue? Rich food and strong liquors may do much, but bread and water, cold and hunger, are not apt to inflame the passions.

This bread and water; a broken pitcher of water and just *twenty-four pieces of bread, about equal to a quartern loaf*; before alderman Chitty these *twenty-four pieces were not above four or five*. But be they more or less, when was the Pitcher of water and these conveyed into the room? Was there any expectation of such a Guest? No. Were they carried in after Canning came thither, and before she was shoved into the workshop? There was not time enough to make such a particular provision. As to the supposition that they might be conveyed into the room after Canning was there, she herself expressly swears that nobody came into the room from the time of her being shut up till she made her escape. Virtue Hall indeed in her Information says, that the pitcher of water was convey'd in there afterwards, but I shall lay her evidence out of the case, especially as she is in this circumstance absolutely contradicted by the Prisoner.

But having mentioned Virtue Hall's name, I cannot help taking notice of an argument I have heard in favour of the prisoner's Innocence, which is this, *That Canning and Virtue Hall were never together before Virtue Hall's examination, and yet they agree in almost every circumstance of the story, and therefore Canning's evidence must be true*. But the answer to this is a very easy and obvious one. It does not at all appear, but that Canning and Virtue Hall were together before Virtue Hall's Examination; at least, 'tis certain they might have found out some means of communicating their sentiments to each other, which would answer the same end. 'Tis very remarkable that Virtue Hall's confession was not taken at first (for what reason I know not) *vivâ voce* before justice Fielding. She was sent out of the room to retire with her Solicitor, who was also Canning's solicitor; her information was reduced into writing, and was two hours in preparing. After this what mighty wonder is there, that when she came into the Justice's presence again, she should repeat her lesson without the least Hesitation?

But to pursue the train of improbabilities; Was it not strange that Canning should subsist so long on so small a quantity of bread and water; four weeks wanting only a few hours? Stranger that she should husband her store so well as to have some of her bread left, according to her first account, till the Wednesday; according to her last, till the Friday before she made her escape, and that she should save some of her miraculous pitcher till the last day. Was the twenty-fourth part of a six-penny loaf a

day sufficient to satisfy her hunger? If not, why should she defer the immediate Gratification of her appetite in order to make provision for a precarious uncertain Futurity? Shall we suppose some Revelation from above in favour of one of the *Faithful*? Perhaps an Angel from Heaven appeared to this *Mirror of Modern Virtue*, and informed her, if she eat above one piece of bread a day, her small Pittance would not last her till the time she was to make her escape. Her mother, we know, is a very Enthusiastical woman; a Consulter of Conjurers; a Dreamer of Dreams; perhaps the Daughter dream'd also what was to happen, and so in obedience to her Vision would not eat when she was hungry, nor drink when she was thirsty. However that was; I would risk the event of the prosecution on this single circumstance, that without the interposition of some præternatural cause, this conduct of the prisoner's must appear to exceed all bounds of human probability.

That she should have no Evacuations except by Urine, is another strange circumstance which decorates this romantic girl's story.

But another thing; how came she to make her Escape so easily at last, and yet never before once attempt it? Were these Dragons always on the watch? Surely if they sat up all night, they must sleep in the day time, and the prisoner tells you the house was then very quiet. Even the evening she made her escape it must astonish us to find that a girl who had been kept so long without her proper nourishment, should stop no where on the road to take the least refreshment, though she passed by several houses and met several persons.

But these Wonders, if possible, will grow more and more wonderful when we come next to examine the place of her supposed Imprisonment. This room, what was it but a weak Erection of lath and plaister? Cracks and Crannies innumerable in the sides of it, and the whole building so slight, that a boy of ten years old might in an hour's time have demolished any part of it. The Window towards the East neither boarded nor fastened; but three feet from the floor, and but nine from the ground. The Casement so large that a very fat man might have got out of it; so little a way from the ground, that a child might have slipped down without hurting himself. And yet in this Cage with the door open, was this extraordinary girl confined for a month, without once trying to get out. The story indeed is all of a piece, 'tis all Witchcraft and Enchantment.

But if she was afraid of breaking out, why should she not call out of the window for assistance? It was near at hand; the Hertfordshire road was not above sixty yards from the North window, and she frequently saw the Coachman pass by, who used to drive her former Mistress. Besides this there is a little Lane directly under that window, which was used every morning and night by the farmers and their servants, who went that way with their cattle to the Marshes. There is likewise a pond not above seven or eight yards from the window; where the Townsmen watered their horses, and in frosty weather it was a sliding place for all the Boys and Girls in the village. Had she made the least Alarm, there were many ready to have come to her assistance; but we hear of no endeavours of this kind; may be the Gipsy had put a Spell upon her.

But perhaps I am talking of impossibilities to

persons, whose Credulity is great enough to believe whatever is artfully told them, how monstrous and absurd soever it may be in reality. I know the present age to be, in some respects, a very credulous one. Mr. Davy's story of a flying man might now, for ought I know, be credited; 'tis not long since the Bottle Hero drew after him a numerous Attendance; this Heroine likewise has had her Admirers and Protectors; but for my own part I would as soon believe either of those stories, as hers, which is equally incredible.

But should these Improbabilities, I might almost say Impossibilities, find credit with you, yet surely, gentlemen, you cannot be totally inattentive to the testimony of several persons of credit and character, who contradict the prisoner in almost every circumstance of her Narrative.

As to her Description of the room, what say Mr. Nash, Hague, Aldridge, and Mr. White the sheriff's officer. They will give you such an account of it as must amaze you. The three first were her friends, who went down to Enfield Wash on the 1st of February with her master Mr. Lyon, to assist in this notable Discovery; they will give you the reasons why they have not continued to be her Friends. That the room Canning fixed upon as the place of her confinement was a long light room, not a little dark square one; that the dimensions of it were above thirty long and only about nine feet broad; That there was a large quantity of hay there, and an old rusty Hay-bed; That there was no Grate in the room, and the Chimney so overspread with Cobwebs, that it was impossible there should have been a grate there for some months before; No Pictures over the chimney, nor any marks that there ever had been any, but in their place an old Casement joined to the wall by Cobwebs; That there were in different parts of the room three old saddles, a Nest of old fashioned drawers, and a tub of pollard; That on removing the chest of drawers from the side of the wall they found it so affixed to it by filth and nastiness, that they are certain it could not be lately brought there; That they observed under the pulley of an old jack line, a large hole in the wall, which had communication with the kitchen, and commanded a view of every thing that was done there. This Hole likewise had escaped Canning's notice, though it will be proved to have been in the same condition for many years last past; That on the most careful examination they could not find that there either was or ever had been any Shed or pent-house under the north window, or any thing which could possibly be mistaken for it; That the room had a light casement in it large enough for a person to get out, and that Canning being asked, why she did not make her escape this way, said she *believed it was fastened, but that she had never tried.*

These were the circumstances that staggered their belief, nor could they account for the prisoner's remembering none of these things, though during her long continuance there, she had leisure enough to have marked every Cranny in the room, and to have counted every Nail in the floor.

These witnesses and others will inform you that on her coming down to Enfield, she was first carried into the kitchen and set on the dresser, and though the door was open which led to the hay-loft, yet she never once intimated that this was the place where her

stays were cut off, but suffered herself afterwards to be carried over the rest of the house in search of the place of her imprisonment. These witnesses, and particularly White, will speak to the busy officiousness of Scarrat and Adamson in pulling down the boards of the North window, and in conveying the pitcher into this room before Canning came there, and that one of them was then dispatched to meet her on the road, with what view one may easily guess.

But in order to give you more convincing proofs that Canning never was at mother Wells's in the month of January, Fortune Natus and Judith his wife will assure you that they lay in this very room at the time the prisoner pretends she was there. This fact they both asserted on the first of February, and this they would have given in evidence on Squires's trial, if the furious temper of the times would have permitted them, without the hazard of their lives, to have come into court and given their testimony. I will not say what are the usual Attendants of Fraud and Imposture, but thus much is certain; Truth wants not a Party mob to support it.

Another very remarkable piece of evidence to this purpose, is the Attestation of three honest day-labouring men, who on the 8th of January were lopping a tree just over-against the East window of this room, and saw Virtue Hall and Sarah Hewlet looking out of the Casement; they had a deal of chat with these girls, and in sport threw dirt at them; Sarah Hewlet will confirm this, who is one of mother Wells's daughters. The time will be fixed by John Cantrel a Publican, who used at that season of the year to give his neighbours and customers a cold entertainment.

One Ezra Whiffin will tell you he went into this work-shop with mother Wells herself on the 17th of January, to fetch out the Irons of a sign arm he had bought of her, and that he then observed Fortune Natus's hay-bed at the feet of which lay this sign arm. His evidence will be supported likewise by his sons', and the time will be ascertained by a note of hand which was just then become payable, and for the discharge of which he was going to Wormleigh to borrow some money. E. Whiffin will acquaint you how he came not to be examined at Mary Squires's trial; I am sorry he has so good a reason for his absence. If the Avenues which lead to the seat of justice are to be surrounded and guarded by an inflamed mob, what security is there for our lives and properties; where is all our boasted liberty?

Robert White a poor labouring man will prove that in the month of January he was at mother Wells's almost every night in the week, and that he frequently saw the people of the family go in and out of this room, though 'tis true he was never in it himself.

John Howlet, and indeed all the people who were at the house will affirm that mother Wells kept hay in this room for her horse, and pollard for her poultry, and that some one or other of them went in there every day. If all this last set of witnesses are not forsworn, if but one of them speaks the truth, what must we think of Canning's assertion, *That there was no body in the room during the whole time she was kept there.*

As to the taking of the bed-gown out of the grate, two gentlemen of figure and reputation will

acquaint you, that the prisoner on her examination at the Mansion House, insisted upon taking away the bed-gown with her, and said, *it was her mother's.* If her mother's, how could it be found at Mrs. Wells's, or taken out of the grate, when there was no grate in the chimney?

Old Mrs. Canning's midwife will inform you that the daughter's shift, which she pretended she had worn a month in that nasty place, was not dirty enough to have been worn by a cleanly person a week, that it was not draggled in the least, nor had any spots of dirt on it. Some other particulars you will hear from her own mouth, which perhaps may lead you to guess what was the prisoner's Employment during this long recess from the world and her friends.

But if to all these circumstances, we add the incontestable proof we have to produce of Mary Squires, and her son George and daughter Lucy being at Abbotsbury on the 1st of January, what opinion ought we to have of the prisoner's veracity? Let it be remembered likewise that this is no new invented story; for at Enfield Wash, as soon as the gipsy was charged by Canning with having cut off her stays on the 1st of January, she immediately answered, *That can't be, for I was at that time above a hundred miles off at Abbotsbury.* This fact of the gipsy's being then at Abbotsbury will be attested by above thirty witnesses. The Unexceptionableness of their characters, the amazing Consistency of their evidence, their Remoteness of habitation and Ignorance of each other, as well as their having no Inducement to swear falsely, will, I am certain, not escape your particular observation.

These witnesses speak not only as to the person of Mary Squires, but also to the persons of the son and daughter, who travelled with her; they conversed with them, and several of them have known the old woman for many years last past, which removes all possibility of imagining they are mistaken.

These witnesses take up the gypsies at South Parrot on the 29th of December, about eight or ten miles beyond Abbotsbury, and from thence from place to place, step by step, bring them to Enfield Wash, but not till the 24th of January.

At Abbotsbury they stayed from the 1st of January till the 9th, appeared publicly, and were present at several dancing matches; Lucy had a sweetheart there, who accompanied her part of her journey, and was an evidence for the old woman on her trial. The time will be fixed to a degree of demonstration, by the Excise books, to which Gibbons, who keeps the ship alehouse there, referred himself on his former examination. The young man who officiated for the exciseman lay in the same room with George Squires, and is now attending to be examined. A number of little circumstances will confirm their testimony, and leave the truth of it incontestable. A piece of Nankeen left at one place, a dead Horse seen at another, a letter wrote by Lucy's direction at Basingstoke, and which will be produced with the post mark on it, are some of those unerring tokens, by which truth is always to be distinguished from falsehood.

If the gipsy was at Abbotsbury on the 1st of January, God I hope will forgive the prisoner, for she has sworn that both the mother and daughter were then at Enfield Wash.

After

After all these contradictions, absurdities and glaring falshoods, need I remark that the prisoner (conscious of her guilt) did not surrender herself till she was in danger of an Out-lawry. The *fugam fecit* is by our law considered always as a strong proof of guilt, and is allowed as evidence in all criminal prosecutions. And now a question may be asked, What could be the prisoner's inducement to all this? Mr. Davy has suggested *Gain*; and doubtless she and her associates have had a plentiful harvest. Perhaps this was only a Secondary motive; the Primary one might be the Concealment of some things from the world, which would have placed her conduct in no very advantageous light. But another question may be asked; Where was she all this time? Certainly it will appear she was not at mother Wells's, which is all that is necessary for us to shew in order for the conviction of the prisoner.

It was agreed upon by the council on both sides that the witnesses should be examined apart, and when examined not to return to the others. And gave each other a list of their witnesses names.

William Cbetbam. (He produced the copy of the record of the conviction of Mary Squires) This I examined at the Office at Hicks's Hall, it is a true copy.

Cross-Examined.

Mr. Williams. How did you examine it?

Cbetbam. I examined it with the Clerk of the peace. I read this and the other was read to me.

Mr. Williams. Did you read the record?

Cbetbam. I looked upon it when the copy was read over and saw that it was right.

The copy read in court. The purport of which was, that Mary Squires had a bill of indictment found against her at Hicks's-hall before the grand jury for the County of Middlesex for putting Eliz. Canning, spinster, in bodily fear in the house of Susannah Wells, widow, at Enfield-wash, and stealing a pair of stays, val. 10s. on the 2d of January, 1752. And that she was tried for the same at the Old-Bailey in the February sessions 1753, and found guilty of the indictment.

When he was asked if he saw Elizabeth Canning sworn upon that trial Mr. Davy answered, that was admitted.

Thomas Gurney, sworn.

Mr. Davy. You are the short-hand-writer, I believe, that took the evidence here at the Old-Bailey, upon the trial of Mary Squires for the robbery of Elizabeth Canning?

Gurney. Yes.

Mr. Davy. I suppose you have got the minutes you took at that time?

Gurney. I have.

Mr. Davy. Please to mention the evidence she gave?

Gurney. The contents are in the Sessions-paper.

Mr. Davy. You are to give an account of all the evidence she gave at that time; you may refresh your memory by looking on your minutes.

Gurney. She said she had been at Salt-petre-bank to see her uncle and aunt there; her un-

cle's name was Thomas Colley. She went from home about eleven o'clock and staid there till about nine at night, on the 1st of January; then came homewards, her uncle and aunt came with her as far as Aldgate; there they parted with her; and she had no-body in company with her: she came down Houndditch, over Moorfields by Bedlam-Wall; two men came to her by Bedlam-gate, better than a quarter after nine o'clock, they took hold on her and said nothing. Then she was asked, what sort of men they were? she said they were lusty men; she was asked, if she lost any thing? she said, half a guinea in a little box and 3s. she said, the man that stood on the right hand took it, and took her gown, apron, and hat, folded them up, and put them into a great coat pocket; she screamed out, then one of them put a handkerchief, or some such thing, in her mouth; it was the man who took her gown that did that, and that she saw no other persons by at that time; they then tied her hands behind her; after that one gave her a blow on the temple, and said, d—n you, you b—h, we will do for you by and by. Then she was asked about her having fits; she said, she had been troubled with fits four years, that they were convulsive fits: she gave an account that the blow stunned her and flung her into a fit; she was asked, whether those fits were attended with struggling? she said, she could not tell. The next account she gave was, she found herself by a large road where there was some water, and the two men that robbed her were with her: she said they lugged her along, and said, you b—h, why don't you walk faster? that one held her by one arm, and the other by the other; while they pulled her along, and took her to the house of Susannah Wells, which was about four o'clock in the morning: When she was asked, if she could form any judgment of the manner in which she was carried to the place? she said, they dragged her along by the petticoats, she thought, they being so dirty: that when she came there it was not daylight, that it was daylight about three hours after, that she believed it was then about four o'clock, and that she then saw the gypsy woman; she was then asked the woman's name; and she said, Mary Squires.

Mr. Davy. Was Mary Squires then at the bar?

Gurney. She was. She then went on and said, there were two young women there, but she did not see the prisoner Wells then; that the young women were standing up, and the gypsy woman was sitting in a chair: that when she was brought in she took her by the hand and said, if she chose to go their way she should have fine cloaths; that she said no: She was then asked, if she explained their words, go their way; she said, she did not: that then the gypsy took a knife out of the dresser drawer and cut the lacing of her stays, and took them from her: she was then asked, if she was under apprehensions of danger at that time; she said, she thought they were going to cut her throat: she was asked, if she saw Wells there; she said no; and that Mary Squires looked at her petticoat, and said, here you b—h take that, or I will give you that, and gave her a slap on the face; she was asked, if she had the petticoat in her hand; she said, no, it was on me: afterwards, she said, she

she pushed her up stairs: she was asked to describe the kitchen, she said, it was on the right hand, going in, and the stairs by the fire side: she was asked, what they called the place where she was? she said, the hay-loft, and that it was not then day-light: she gave an account that the room door was shut, but she did not know whether it was fast or no; that the door was at the bottom the steps of in the kitchen; she said, that if she (the gypsy woman) heard her stir or molest, or words to that purpose, she said she would cut her throat: she was asked, if she saw any thing brought up to eat or drink; she said no; that when day-light appeared she could see about the room: she was asked, what sort of a room it was; she said, a long room, with a fire-place and a grate, that there was no bed nor bedstead, only hay to lie upon; that she saw a black pitcher, which was produced in court; then she said, this is the pitcher; it was full up to near the neck with water, and about twenty-four pieces of bread: she was then asked how great a quantity of bread there was; she said about a quartern loaf; and a penny mince pye in her pocket, that she bought to carry home to her brother; then she gave an account that she was confined there a month by the weeks, all but a few hours; and that she saw nobody in the room all that time, only she once saw a person look through the crack of the door, but did not know who it was: then she was asked, if she had made any attempt to get out before; she said, no: then she was asked, what time she got out; she said, about four o'clock in the afternoon on a Monday; then she was asked again, how long she had been confined there; she said, four weeks all but a few hours; she said, she broke down a board from the window and got out: she was then asked, how high that window was from the ground; she then pointed to a place in the court, which was about eight or ten feet high: she gave an account that she first put her head out, and got fast hold on the wall, then got her body out, and then jumped into a little narrow place by a lane; she was asked, if she did not hurt herself; she said, there was some soft clay; then she gave an account that it was daylight; she was asked, what she had for cloathing; she said, she took a bed-gown and handkerchief which lay in the grate in the chimney: then she was asked, if she saw any body when she got out; she said, she did not; then she went up the back of the house, crossed a little brook over two fields as she thought, and there got into the road way, then she went straight up the road to London: she gives an account that she did not know the way, therefore asked her way to London: then she was asked, if she called by the way; she said she did not call at any house; but coming over Moorfields the clock struck ten: she was asked if she acquainted any body with it; she said no, she got to her mother's in Aldermanbury a quarter after ten o'clock, the first person she met with was the apprentice, then she saw her mother and the children; her mother, she says, went into fits directly.

Mr. Davy. As far as you have mentioned, are you able to say upon your oath, that that was the evidence that the girl upon her oath then gave in court?

Gurney. The substance of it is the evidence she gave in court.

Cross-Examined.

Mr. Moreton. What day did she say she was robbed?

Gurney. I have it in my minutes that it was the 1st of Jan. which was the day she went to see her uncle.

Mr. Davy. Now describe what she observed in the hay-loft?

Gurney. There was a barrel, a saddle, a bason, and a tobacco mold in the room where she was; she was asked what she meant by a tobacco mold; she said, what people do up papers of tobacco in.

Mr. Davy. Now please to go on where you left off.

Gurney. She was then asked, if she had given the account to any body at that time; she said, yes, to Mrs. Woodward who came to see her, she told her she had lived upon bread and water.

Mr. Davy. Did she say Mrs. Woodward was so frightened she could not ask her any questions?

Gurney. She said, she did not ask her any more questions then; then she says Mr. Wintlebury came in, with whom she had lived servant, he took her by the hand and asked where she had been; she said, on the Hertfordshire road; he said *Bet*, how do you know that? she said, because I have seen my mistress's coachman go by, knowing them to go to Hertfordshire; she said, she knew it for she used to carry things to the coach and fetch them back again; then she was asked, if she was asked any questions that night about the room or jug; she said, she had told them there was a jug not quite full, that they asked her, how much; she said, better than a gallon; she was asked how she got out of the window; then gave an account how she tore her ear in getting out.

Upon her cross-examination she gave an account that the two men were with her about half an hour in Moorfields, and that nobody else was by, and there was a box taken out of her pocket; then she gave an account that she had a handkerchief which she did not lose: she was asked, if there was any light near the place where she was first attacked; she said, there was a lamp; she was asked how long it was before she came to herself; she could not be sure, but she came to herself half an hour before she came to the house of Wells, she was then asked, if she had any degree of sense; she said as before, she had none, only about half an hour before she got to Mrs. Wells's house; then she was asked the question again, to which she answered as before; then she was asked if she had sense enough of any sort to know by what means she was conducted there; she said, she thought they dragged her along by the petticoats for they were dirty; then she gave an account that she was in a great surprise and all of a tremble, and the terror made her sensible: then gave an account that the two men staid there no longer than till they saw her stays cut off, then they went away before she was put in the hay-loft; she said, she did not attempt to get out of the hayloft till Monday; she was asked why she did not; she said, she thought they might let her out, and that it never came into her head till that morning: then she was asked, where she was sitting when she saw somebody peeping

peeping through the door; she said, she was walking along the room; she said, there were four or five steps up, and that she did not in all the time perceive where she was till about a week after she was there, and that was by looking out of the window and seeing the coach: she was asked, if she was not extremely weak; she said, she was; her words were, *I was pretty weak*: then she was asked, whether she was that way before; she said, she was not: she gives an account of passing by many houses and asking the way of people on the road: then she was asked, why she did not go into any house; she said, she thought she might meet somebody belonging to that house that might know her and take her back again: then she was asked over again, the first time of her making the discovery; she said, it was in her mother's house; then she gave an account where her mother's house is, the corner of Aldermanbury. Then she gives an account to questions asked before, whether she saw Mrs. Wells at the time she was there; she then said she saw her afterwards when she went down to the house: she was asked again about it, whether she is certain to the prisoner Squires; and she says, she is sure she is the person who cut her stays off, and she was sitting in a gown and a white handkerchief about her head; she was asked, during her whole confinement whether she tried to see if the door was fast; she said she had pushed against it and found it fast; she was asked whether she heard any noise in the kitchen; she said, she heard blowing the fire, and passing in and out; and there was another room she heard a noise in of nights, but that it was very quiet of days, being a house of entertainment in the night: she said that she eat all her bread on the Friday before she got out. Then she was asked how she eat it; she said it was quite hard, that she was forced to soak it in the water, and that she drank all her water about half an hour before she got out; then she was asked where she did her occasions, she said she had never a stool during the time she was there, only made water.

Mr. Davy. Was the apprentice she says she saw, first examined as a witness on that trial?

Gurney. No.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. Was Mr. Nash, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Aldridge, examined as witnesses?

Gurney. They were not.

Esther Hopkins sworn.

I live in Dorsetshire, at South Parrot.

Mr. Willes. How far is that from Abbotsbury.

Esther Hopkins. I don't know, it is the lowest parts of Dorsetshire; it is about a mile from Vineyard's Gap. I keep a house of entertainment for travellers of all sorts.

Mr. Willes. Look at that old woman sitting there, do you know her?

E. Hopkins. I really believe, in my conscience, this is the old woman that was at my house, on the 29th of December 1752, with her son. I remember the son particularly well, they lodged there one night, and went away the next morning.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember what day of the week it was?

E. Hopkins. I cannot say that I can.

Mr. Willes. How do you remember the day of the month?

E. Hopkins. Because there were several gentlemen there in company at that time, and two of them left the reckoning to pay, and I put down the day of the month, and I keep my book by the almanack.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember any thing of her daughter being there?

E. Hopkins. I don't remember whether it was the daughter or not, I remember the old woman; I think I never saw a woman more particular in my life; she told me the young woman was her daughter, and the other was her son.

Mr. Willes. Did they tell you where they were going next morning?

E. Hopkins. No they did not.

Mr. Willes. Look at the young man and young woman behind her, do you know them or either of them?

E. Hopkins. That is the man to the best of my knowledge. *[pointing to George Squires.]*

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. I think you did not seem to speak positively to the old woman.

E. Hopkins. I never saw a woman more like her all the days of my life, and I really believe she is the woman.

Mr. Moreton. Have you not many passengers lie at your house?

E. Hopkins. Some or other lie at my house every night.

Mr. Moreton. What was her business, did she sell any thing?

E. Hopkins. I asked them what they sold, they told me hard ware.

Mr. Moreton. Did they sell any thing in your house?

E. Hopkins. No.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see any thing they had to sell?

E. Hopkins. The man carried a bundle or bag, not very large, under his arm.

Mr. Moreton. Had they a horse.

E. Hopkins. I suppose they had not.

Mr. Moreton. Had you ever seen the old woman before?

E. Hopkins. No, I had not.

Alice Farnham sworn.

I live at Vineyard's Gap, it is a mile south from South Parrot, in the lower part of Dorsetshire, about ten from Abbotsbury, it lies between them.

Mr. Gascoyne. How far is it from Litton?

A. Farnham. I don't justly know, I believe it is about ten or eleven miles.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at that old woman, do you know her?

A. Farnham. I remember I saw her once, on a Saturday morning between eight and nine o'clock, a little after new Christmas 1752, she came in at my house for refreshment: I keep a publick house, I took particular notice of her, and compared her to a picture that I had in the room of old mother Shipton; there was a young man and woman with her.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at that man.

A. Farnham. I see him, I know him perfectly well, it is her son.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at the young woman near him.

A. Farnham. I think, to my knowledge, she is the same person; they staid with me almost an hour that morning, I never saw them before

or since; they had one quart of beer and some bread and cheese, and told me they would come to see me again in old Christmas holidays; they asked me how far it was to Litton, and went up the road all three of them together towards it; I am certain I know the old woman and her son.

Mr. Gascoyne. How far is Litton from your house?

A. Farnham. It is ten or eleven miles.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you seen them before they came to your house?

A. Farnham. I was coming out of South Parrot on the Friday night, and met them as they were going in, and the next morning they came to my house; I told my mother, as we were laughing and talking, that I had met three gypsies, and she asked me if I was not affrighted.

Mr. Gascoyne. How do you know that this was before old-Christmas?

A. Farnham. My mother was a brewing, and I went and asked her if she would let me go to Crookhorne market, which is on a Saturday: she told me she could not spare me, and said it would be rare enough to go on Monday to buy some things against old Christmas; and this was just as those people went out at the door.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw them?

A. Farnham. It was on the Friday night.

Mr. Nares. Do you know where they lay that night?

A. Farnham. No, I cannot tell, when they came into my house they asked me how far it was from South Parrot, and I said one mile.

Mr. Nares. What sign is yours you keep?

A. Farnham. I keep the sign of the three horse-shoes, it is a public house.

Mr. Nares. What made you think they were gypsies?

A. Farnham. Because they were all three together, one had a little bag in his hand, not a large one nor a small one, it was about as much as I could carry under my arm, it was a little fardle.

Mr. Nares. Which had that?

A. Farnham. To the best of my knowledge, the man had the bag.

Mr. Nares. How was this old woman dressed?

A. Farnham. She had a sort of a drab-coloured cloak on, and a sort of a serge gown.

Mr. Nares. Was it whole or ragged?

A. Farnham. It was not rags.

Mr. Nares. How was the daughter dressed?

A. Farnham. She had a white gown on and a red cloak; it was a sort of a holland gown, very clean and neat.

Mr. Nares. Then she did not look like a traveller or gipsy by her dress?

A. Farnham. No, she did not.

Mr. Nares. Did you enquire of them what business they were of?

A. Farnham. No, I did not enquire that, they asked me for one mug of beer, and I drew it them, they staid almost an hour.

Mr. Nares. Was you with them all the time they staid?

A. Farnham. Yes, I was.

Mr. Nares. Look at them, and tell us from the dress they are in now, and the dress they

were in then, whether you are certain they are the same persons?

A. Farnham. To the best of my knowledge, they are the same persons.

Mr. Moreton. I think it is opened that the young man and young woman [meaning George and Lucy Squires] are to be examined, if so, they ought not to be in court to hear the other witnesses examined.

Mr. Davy. Then I'll either call them next, or not at all, which you chuse.

Mr. Moreton. Then call them next.

Mr. Nairs. Did they make the same appearance they do now, or a different one?

A. Farnham. They were very well dressed, as they are now; they were clean and fitty.

Mr. Nairs. Did the old woman appear to be as weak as she is now?

A. Farnham. She was very unhealthy, seemingly coming up against the hill.

Mr. Nairs. Could she walk without assistance?

A. Farnham. She did not hold by them, they walked before her.

Mr. Nairs. Can you take upon you to swear to the identity of her person?

A. Farnham. I do think she is, I took a true observation of her, she had a great nose and lips.

Mr. Nairs. Did you take observation of her daughter?

A. Farnham. I did, she seem'd to be a very clean sort of a body, and of a black complexion.

Mr. Nairs. What did you think them to be?

A. Farnham. I took them to be travellers, I did not know whether they sold any thing for a livelihood, they offered me nothing, and I asked them for nothing, they paid for what they had.

Mr. Davy. Lucy must go out while George is examined. *[She goes out of the court.]*

George Squires sworn.

Mr. Davy. What relation is that old woman to you?

G. Squires. My own mother, and the young woman that is turned out is my sister Lucy?

Mr. Davy. Where was you on the Christmas before your mother was taken up?

G. Squires. Really I cannot tell you.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever in Devonshire?

G. Squires. I am not acquainted there, I was in Somersetshire in Queen Camneal.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever in South Parrot?

G. Squires. I was.

Mr. Davy. Can you remember the time?

G. Squires. I came there on a Friday night.

Mr. Davy. What day of the month was it?

G. Squires. It was on the 29th of December, my mother and sister Lucy were there with me.

Mr. Davy. What makes you certain as to the time?

G. Squires. It was after new Christmas that made me take an account of it.

Mr. Davy. At whose house was you?

G. Squires. I put up at the sign of the Red Lion, to the best of my knowledge, her name is Hopkins, I have been there since, we staid there but one night.

Mr. Davy. From whence did you come to that place?

G. Squires. We came from it by Yeovil.

Mr. Davy. What was the last village you came from when you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires.

G. Squires. I can't recollect it.

Mr. Davy. Where did you lie the night before you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires. I cannot tell the place's name.

Mr. Davy. How long had your mother, sister, and you been travelling together?

G. Squires. I came from home at Newington Butts in Southwark, and I went from thence as near as I can guess about seven or eight weeks before Michaelmas.

Mr. Davy. Can't you recollect the place you lay at before you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires. It was a pretty large village.

Mr. Davy. How many miles had you travelled that day?

G. Squires. We had travelled about seven or eight miles.

Mr. Davy. Where did you go the next day, that is the Saturday?

G. Squires. I went to Litton.

Mr. Davy. Is not there a town between South Parrot and Litton?

G. Squires. There is Vineyard's Gap.

Mr. Davy. How far is South Parrot from Litton?

G. Squires. It is ten or twelve miles to the best of my knowledge; I lay at Litton on the Saturday, and left my sister and mother there on the Sunday morning, and went to Abbotsbury.

Mr. Davy. What day of the month was the Sunday?

G. Squires. It was the 31st day of the month, my mother staid there one night after me, Mr. Clark had then a good regard for my sister Lucy, he was a sweetheart of hers and she of his; I went to him at Abbotsbury and lay at Gibbons's house one night, then in the morning, which was on a Monday the 1st of January, Clark and I went to Litton, there we dined upon two fowls which I bought: my mother was surpris'd at my staying all night at Abbotsbury, and she went in pretence to see what was the matter with me, thinking I was sick; there she heard I was gone with Clark to Litton, and she came back again to Litton before we had dined.

Mr. Davy. How far is Litton from Abbotsbury?

G. Squires. It is three or four miles.

Mr. Davy. Who walked with your mother to Abbotsbury?

G. Squires. No body that I know of; after dinner my mother, sister, Clark, and I walked to Abbotsbury, and we danced there that night in Mr. Gibbons's parlour, he keeps the sign of the Ship.

Mr. Davy. What company had you there?

G. Squires. There were a great many of my acquaintance, I can't call them all to mind, there was Mr. Wallace a shopkeeper, and Mr. Bond a schoolmaster, he got fuddled that night; Mr. Wallace generally drinks cyder, he came in for a penny pot of cyder.

Mr. Davy. Who was your partner?

G. Squires. I danced with Gibbons's sister, and Mr. Clark with my sister Lucy; I can't mention all the company, it is impossible; we danced country dances, till about eleven or twelve at night; we danced several nights there after the first night.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever been at Abbotsbury before?

G. Squires. Yes, I had several times; and know several people in the town.

Mr. Davy. How long did you continue at Abbotsbury?

G. Squires. We came there on the 1st of January, and went away on the 9th.

Mr. Davy. Did your mother stay with you there all the time?

G. Squires. She did, and when we went away Mr. Clark went with us to a little village, they call Potersham, about a mile or a mile and half from thence; this was on a Tuesday.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember one Andrew Wake an exciseman, at Abbotsbury?

G. Squires. I do, he borrowed a great coat of me one day in order to survey in it, being a very wet day.

Mr. Davy. What day was that?

G. Squires. I cannot take upon me to say that, it was one day while we were there.

Mr. Davy. What house did you go to at Potersham?

G. Squires. To the best of my knowledge, it was the Checker, an alehouse; it is on the left hand going down the village, we lay there, Mr. Clark lay with me, and we all went the next day to Redgway, which was Wednesday the 10th, which is about five or six miles from Abbotsbury, we breakfasted there the next morning, and to the best of my knowledge went from thence about eight or nine o'clock.

Mr. Davy. At what house did you lie at Redgway?

G. Squires. At the house of Mr. Bewley the sign of the Ship, his son and he and a maid servant keep the house.

Mr. Davy. Did any thing happen remarkable at Redgway while you was there?

G. Squires. There was a dead horse and a man skinning him as we came by, and I left a piece of nankeen, about three yards and a quarter, for my reckoning with my landlord. I was afraid that silver would fall short, so I went to his bed-side and told him I was afraid money would fall short before I came home, and desired he would take that till I fetched it. My mother, sister, and I went from Redgway to Dorchester on Thursday the 11th, which is about three miles distance, we did not lie there, but went forward almost all night; for we had received a letter from my sister Mary, who was at London, that she was extremely ill and desired us to come home as soon as possible; there was a very great water out at Dorchester, and the miller's man carried my sister Lucy over it on horseback, behind him; for which I told him I'd give him a pint of beer, and I took my mother and carried her on my back through the water; there is a mill just by the place, my sister staid till we came to her, then we all three walked on together.

Mr. Davy. Where did you stop?

G. Squires. The next day we got to a place called Tawney Down, and we went into a little alehouse on the road and had some bread and cheese, and a pint of beer: we lay at a place called Chattle that night, which was the Friday.

Mr. Davy. How many miles is Chattle from Dorchester?

G. Squires. I cannot tell, because we went through Blandford.

Mr. Davy. What time did you get to Chattle on the Friday?

G. Squires. We got there in the evening, my mother

mother was very weary, and I asked a shepherd on the downs for an alehouse, and he said there was never a one to Chattle; on the Saturday we went from thence to Martin, there I asked at an alehouse for lodging, and could get none; so a gentleman let us lie in his barn.

Mr. Davy. Do you know his name?

G. Squires. I do not recollect it.

Mr. Davy. Was it farmer Thanet?

G. Squires. It was, we lay there, my mother and sister were with me, we never was a minute from each other all the time to London.

Mr. Davy. Where did you go when you went from Martin?

G. Squires. We went from thence to Coome, on the Sunday night, to the house of widow Grevil; her son Thomas Grevil is dead of the small pox.

Mr. Davy. When did you leave Coome?

G. Squires. We left that on the Monday, but can't recollect where we lay.

Mr. Davy. Where did you lie on the 15th?

G. Squires. I cannot tell, I went to Basingstoke on the Tuesday, I think.

Mr. Davy. Recollect again.

G. Squires. I cannot recollect it.

Mr. Davy. How many places did you lie at, or how many days were you in going from Coome to Basingstoke?

G. Squires. I cannot tell.

Mr. Davy. What day of the week did you get to Basingstoke?

G. Squires. I cannot tell.

Mr. Davy. Where did you put up at Basingstoke?

G. Squires. At the Spread Eagle, a widow woman keeps it, she wrote a letter for my sister Lucy to Mr. Clark; Mr. Clark and we had parted a long time, and he desired Lucy to send a letter to him.

Mr. Davy. Where did Clark and you part?

G. Squires. We parted at Redgeyway.

Mr. Davy. What is the landlady's name who wrote this letter?

G. Squires. I don't know her name; the letter was sent to the post office at Dorchester, directed to Mr. William Clark at Abbotbury; we did not lie at the Spread Eagle, we could not have lodging there, but she directed us about a mile or mile and half farther on our way to London.

Mr. Davy. What is the name of the place you lay at?

G. Squires. It is called Old Bayfing, it is a little out of the way.

Mr. Davy. Where did you go the next day?

G. Squires. We went, I believe, to Bagshot, and lay at the Greyhound there; and on the Saturday we went to Brentford, from thence to the house of Mrs. Edwards, I lay there one night, and on Sunday I went to London to look after sister Mary; I staid there one night, and the next day, which was on a Monday, I brought my sister Mary to Lucy and my mother at Brentford; we all stayed there till Tuesday.

Mr. Davy. What sign does Mrs. Edwards keep?

G. Squires. She keeps no sign, but there is the sign of the Drum just by it; there we were all four together, and to the best of my knowledge, we all left Brentford on the Tuesday, and went to the Seven Sisters by Tottenham, to the sign of the Two Brewers.

Mr. Davy. Is not there another name to that place?

G. Squires. I don't know, there is a green, they call it by some name, but I don't know it.

Mr. Davy. What day of the week was this?

G. Squires. It was on a Tuesday.

Mr. Davy. Where did you go the next day?

G. Squires. Then we went to Mrs. Wells's house, this was on a Wednesday.

Mr. Davy. How came you to go there?

G. Squires. I was recommended to her house for lodging, they said she was a very civil woman: I never saw her in my life before this time if I was to be wrecked to death. There is an acquaintance of mine that owed me 7 l. 15 s. in London, and I went there to stay till I could receive it, to Mrs. Wells's house: we went to a woman's house who sells pease-soup at Edmon-ton; we would have lodged there, but my mother wanted to wash, and the woman said that was not customary, so she recommended us farther, to a place called Chessunt; upon that we went to Mrs. Wells's house, being recommended there by Mrs. Long's daughter; I left my mother and two sisters at Mrs. Wells's house, and went to London to receive my money about two or three days after we got there; I lay in London one night, and came back the next day, and we all remained there till we were taken up.

Mr. Davy. Describe particularly the rooms you lay in at Mrs. Wells's house.

G. Squires. The room my mother and two sisters lay in, is as you go by the kitchen door up a pair of stairs and turn short on the right hand; it is a large room, with one bed in it, in which they all three lay, it is the handsomest room they have in the house.

Mr. Davy. What room was under that?

G. Squires. There is a parlour under it, I lay in a little room facing the stair head.

Mr. Davy. Where did mother Wells lie?

G. Squires. She lay in a room on the left hand of mine, as you go up stairs.

Mr. Davy. Who lay in that room with her?

G. Squires. There was a daughter of hers and Virtue Hall.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember any body else that lay in the house?

G. Squires. There was Fortune Natus and his wife, lay in a place where there is a vast deal of hay.

Mr. Davy. What do you call that room?

G. Squires. It was a shuffle board room, as they say: you go up two or three steps to it out of the kitchen, they had a bed made of hay on the right hand going up.

Mr. Davy. At the time you was at Enfield Wash, how did you supply yourselves with provision?

G. Squires. I bought my own victuals myself, there is a little chandler's shop over the way, the man's name is Larney, he is a bricklayer, they sell butter, tea and coffee, soap and candles, I went there several times for tea.

Mr. Davy. Where did you buy your butchers meat?

G. Squires. It was in herring time, we liv'd on fish, and did not buy meat there; there was an old man came to the door, Mrs. Wells bought fish of him, and so did I.

Mr. Davy. Did you see this young woman at the bar when you was there?

G. Squires. No, I did not, I never saw her before we were taken up in my life, if I was to be wrecked to death, I'll stand with a sword put to my

my heart if ever I saw her till she came in the chaise; we came there on a Wednesday, and at the end of a week and a day my mother was taken up.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. At setting out on your examination, you said you could not tell where you was at Christmas.

G. Squires. Not the new Christmas.

Mr. Moreton. You said you was not at London before.

G. Squires. I mean not before six or seven weeks before Michaelmas.

Mr. Moreton. From what place did you set out?

G. Squires. I went down into Hampshire.

Mr. Moreton. When did you set out on your journey, and where is your home?

G. Squires. We set out from Newington to Somersetshire and Dorsetshire.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you leave your sister Mary when you set out?

G. Squires. She was with a particular acquaintance, with Mrs. Squires's brother in law, I left her in Kent, Mrs. Squires in the borough has a brother, and his wife was very ill, and I left my sister Mary with her, in order to do what was in her power for her; they sell goods in the country and travel about as we do.

Mr. Moreton. At what house, or in what town did you leave her?

G. Squires. I had not a thought of being call'd to such questions as these.

Mr. Moreton. I shall ask you a great many questions you have not heard yet, can you give me any answer, at what house, or what town you left your sister Mary?

G. Squires. It was in Kent.

Mr. Moreton. Was your mother and sister with you when you parted with her?

G. Squires. We were all three, I don't know at what town or whose house; when I left my lodgings I went into Kent, and happened to meet with them, I went into the Wild of Kent.

Mr. Moreton. Did you come back again then to Newington?

G. Squires. I went from Kent into Sussex.

Mr. Moreton. Name a town there.

G. Squires. Lewis, Battle.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go through either of them?

G. Squires. No I did not.

Mr. Moreton. Name the first great town that you went through in Kent.

G. Squires. I don't know which I went through first, I went through Lewis, I made the best of my way into the West.

Mr. Moreton. After you left Lewis, what is the first town you came to that you did know?

G. Squires. Really I do not know, it is so long ago I can't tell you.

Mr. Moreton. You without an almanack, have given a long and seeming fair account of a long journey, pray trace your self down into Dorsetshire; I don't ask you the first town from Lewis, but the first town you do remember after you left Lewis.

G. Squires. No answer.

Mr. Moreton. It was not South Parrot was it?

G. Squires. No, it is not possible I can tell you, I went from thence into Hampshire, and Wiltshire, I went through Salisbury.

Mr. Moreton. Is that the first town you can remember, after you left Lewis, you came at.

G. Squires. No, I went through several, but don't remember their names: I must have went through some: I hope you will excuse me, I hope you will not ask me any more.

Mr. Moreton. Can you tell the name of any town you went through between Lewis and Salisbury?

G. Squires. No I cannot.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you go when you went from Salisbury?

G. Squires. I went to Hendon.

Mr. Moreton. What county is that in?

G. Squires. That is in Wiltshire.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you go when you went from Hendon?

G. Squires. I went partly by Mear.

Mr. Moreton. What was the next town when you left Mear?

G. Squires. Really Sir, I hope you will excuse me, be pleased to excuse me, I cannot tell indeed, please to excuse me.

Mr. Moreton. You gave so clear an evidence on that part of your return, that if you do not go on, it must be left to my Lord who tries you: tell me where you went when you left Mear?

G. Squires. From Mear we went towards Shaftsbury.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go to it?

G. Squires. I went partly by it.

Mr. Moreton. Tell me some town you lay at. No answer.

Mr. Moreton. Did you lie at Lewis?

G. Squires. I did, I cannot tell the house, it was an alehouse, but I don't know the sign.

Mr. Moreton. Tell us another town you lay at.

G. Squires. I know Mear very well, I lay there, but had never lain at that house before.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you use to lie there? No answer.

Mr. Moreton. Did you lie at Shaftsbury?

G. Squires. I cannot tell whether I did or not.

Mr. Moreton. Where was you going to in the West?

G. Squires. I sell goods.

Mr. Moreton. What goods?

G. Squires. I had white waistcoats, and worked gowns, and hollands, and such things, and where my business led me there I went.

Mr. Moreton. What quantity of goods might you have when you went out of Kent?

G. Squires. I had not dealt largely, I believe I had then about twenty pounds worth of goods consisting in aprons, worked gowns, nankeens and such things.

Mr. Moreton. How long was you before you came to South Parrot?

G. Squires. I cannot tell, I never was at South Parrot before the 29th of December; I went down with a gentleman once since.

Mr. Moreton. Is Yeovil farther from London than South Parrot?

G. Squires. No Sir.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go through that?

G. Squires. No, I came partly by it, but they said they had got the small pox in the town, and I had never had it, so I did not come through it.

Mr. Moreton. Was you at Crock Horne?

G. Squires. No, I was not there at all.

H

Mr. Moreton.

Mr. Moreton. Tell me a great town after you left Shaftsbury?

G. Squires. I went away from Shaftsbury to Abbotsbury.

Mr. Moreton. Tell me the name of one town you lay at in Somersetshire.

G. Squires. I did not go very far in Somersetshire.

Mr. Moreton. Name one town betwixt Yeovil and South Parrot, that you lay at.

G. Squires. I don't know a town betwixt them, there are several villages, but I can't tell the name of one.

Mr. Moreton. Tell me the sign of an Inn where you lay at beyond Shaftsbury, whether it was a fox, a goose, a dog, or a pair of compasses.

G. Squires. I don't know the sign of any place where I lay at, because it is so long ago.

Mr. Moreton. You remember the other places very well.

G. Squires. That is because I have been there since.

Mr. Moreton. Then you remember it by the last journey you took.

G. Squires. Yes, Sir, and by the other too.

Mr. Moreton. Then you cannot remember, neither a town, an alehouse, or a sign where you lay at after you left Shaftsbury?

G. Squires. No, I cannot.

Mr. Moreton. Now we shall be a little better acquainted; we bring you now to South Parrot, you say you had travelled seven or eight weeks before Michaelmas till the 29th of December.

G. Squires. But I did not travel all that time, I came home to my house at Newington before that.

Mr. Moreton. Did you return home after you set out for Kent, and so into the West, before you got to South Parrot?

G. Squires. Before the time of my coming home I could not.

Mr. Moreton. Let me understand you, did you return back to Newington before Christmas?

G. Squires. No Sir. Not till after Christmas.

Mr. Moreton. Then from the time you set out, seven or eight weeks before Michaelmas, you was travelling about the country with your goods?

G. Squires. Yes Sir.

Mr. Moreton. Can you tell the exact time you set out from Newington Butts?

G. Squires. It was harvest time, or near it, I can't tell whether it was in July or August.

Mr. Moreton. Well, we are come to South Parrot, you say you came there the 29th of December; you say you met with Mr. Clark on a Sunday, at Abbotsbury, and lay there that night, and set out with him on the Monday, and went to Litton, and your mother went after you to Abbotsbury; now I'll ask you this question, when your mother went after you there, did you meet her on the road?

G. Squires. No, I did not.

Mr. Moreton. Then did your sister come with your mother there on the Monday morning?

G. Squires. No, she staid in the house at Litton.

Mr. Moreton. Then your mother walked on the Monday morning, December the 31st, from Litton to Abbotsbury by her self, and back again, and dined on two fowls, then went with you to Abbotsbury again.

G. Squires. Yes Sir.

Mr. Moreton. What time did she come back to Litton?

G. Squires. Betwixt two and three o'clock, and din'd with us, and walked with us to Abbotsbury that night.

Mr. Moreton. What time did you all set out from Litton to go to Abbotsbury?

G. Squires. We set out between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Moreton. Was it dark?

G. Squires. It was quite dark.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you buy the two fowls?

G. Squires. I bought them of one Mrs. Turner, I made a cludation for the feathers, she said she would have the feathers.

Mr. Moreton. You lived well, I should think two fowls a very remarkable dinner for three gypsies.

G. Squires. Fowls are bought there for sixpence per piece, it is cheaper than beef or mutton; that I have very often.

Mr. Moreton. I hope you always buy them.

G. Squires. I do.

Mr. Moreton. Were they boiled or roasted?

G. Squires. They were both boiled, I was not at home to see them boiled, but I eat part of them.

Mr. Moreton. What day was it you lent the exciseman your coat?

G. Squires. I don't know the day.

Mr. Moreton. How many of your goods might you have disposed of at that time?

G. Squires. I had disposed of them all except a piece of check and two waistcoats.

Mr. Moreton. Then you had taken a little money.

G. Squires. I had, and owed some, and returned it to London.

Mr. Moreton. To whom?

G. Squires. To an acquaintance of mine, Mr. Norman; he is since dead, he was a tide waiter.

Mr. Moreton. From what place did you return the money?

G. Squires. I cannot name the place.

Mr. Davy. I beg leave to ask one question I forgot; what happened at Ridgway when you were there?

G. Squires. A young man that lives at Abbotsbury, who sells turnips, had two horses, and Mr. Clark after he had dined with us, designed to return home; he knowing the man desired him to come in, we had got some beef stakes; this man dined with us, and Mr. Clark rode on one of his horses home, he is here.

Mr. Moreton. Tell me his name.

G. Squires. I don't know his name.

Mr. Moreton. Is that the house you left a piece of nankeen at?

G. Squires. Yes Sir.

Mr. Moreton. Do you call nankeen check?

G. Squires. No Sir.

Mr. Moreton. When you left this piece of nankeen in pawn, because you was afraid you should want money, pray how much money had you then?

G. Squires. I had borrowed some of Mr. Clark, and had some of my own.

Mr. Moreton. Tell us this one thing, that as Mr. Clark was so much your friend, and your sister's friend, why did he not pay your reckoning, and

and save your nankeen that you might make your money of it?

G. Squires. He offered it, but I was so kind I would not let him.

Mr. Moreton. What money did you borrow of Clark?

G. Squires. I borrowed six shillings of him.

Mr. Moreton. Have you had your nankeen since?

G. Squires. No, he has got it in custody since.

Mr. Moreton. What was your reckoning?

G. Squires. It was about three shillings and sixpence.

Mr. Moreton. What is nankeen worth a yard?

G. Squires. It is worth, or I generally sell it for two shillings a yard.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you receive the news of your sister Mary's illness?

G. Squires. It was in the country, I cannot tell the town where.

Mr. Moreton. How did you receive the account of it?

G. Squires. It came by the post, sure it must.

Mr. Moreton. Upon your oath did you leave any directions with her to write to you in the country?

G. Squires. Yes, and I had a letter she was ill, I had it first by a letter.

Mr. Moreton. Can your sister Mary write?

G. Squires. No, she cannot.

Mr. Moreton. Was the letter directed to you, or your mother? was it after you left Abbotbury you received the letter?

G. Squires. I cannot say that.

Mr. Moreton. Then if you received it before you came there, or at the place, it is strange you should stay dancing there?

G. Squires. I will not swear I received it before we came there or not.

Mr. Moreton. You say at Dorchester the miller carried your sister over the water on horseback, how did you and your mother get over?

G. Squires. I asked him to carry my mother over, he said he could not stay.

Mr. Moreton. Did he come back again by you, or go on?

G. Squires. No, he went another way.

Mr. Moreton. How far after you set out from Ridgway, where the dead horse was, might you walk with that old woman, that day and night after you had received an account of your sister Mary's illness.

G. Squires. She got no farther than Chattle.

Mr. Moreton. How far is Ridgway from Dorchester?

G. Squires. It is about three or four miles.

Mr. Moreton. How far is it from Chattle to Blandford?

G. Squires. I can't tell how many miles.

Mr. Moreton. What did you lie upon in that barn you mentioned?

G. Squires. We all three lay upon straw, we don't carry sheets or blankets with us, we all set up in our clothes.

Mr. Moreton. Whereabouts does Chattle lie?

G. Squires. It is on the left hand, and Martin on the right.

Mr. Moreton. Which was you at first?

G. Squires. At Chattle, and then to Martin, and from thence to Coome.

Mr. Moreton. Is not Martin in the direct road from Chattle to London?

G. Squires. No it is not, it is the bottom way, we came there because it was night.

Mr. Moreton. How long did you stay at that house where the letter was wrote?

G. Squires. About an hour and half, we came there about three o'clock to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you go to find your sister Mary?

G. Squires. To a relation's of mine, he belongs to the customs, named Samuel Squires, he lives down in White Hart Yard.

Mr. Moreton. Did she ask you whether you had received a letter from her or not?

G. Squires. I told her I had.

Mr. Moreton. Did you tell her where you received it?

G. Squires. No.

Mr. Moreton. Which way did you go from Brentford to Tottenham High Cross?

G. Squires. I went through the City, along by Covent Garden.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go to your house at Newington?

G. Squires. No.

Mr. Moreton. Nor your sister nor mother?

G. Squires. No.

Mr. Moreton. On which side the Park wall did you come from Kensington?

G. Squires. Through Knightsbridge, and all along the great road.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know this town of London?

G. Squires. I can find my way in any part of the city, but I am not acquainted with the streets names.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go through the city?

G. Squires. I went clear quite through the city.

Mr. Moreton. Which way did you go out of town to Tottenham?

G. Squires. By Shoreditch.

Mr. Moreton. Had you or had you not a lodging at Newington at that time?

G. Squires. Yes, I had, and my household goods were there at the time.

Mr. Moreton. Then how came you to go through London, and not to your lodgings?

G. Squires. Because I owed a sum of money, and was afraid of being arrested, and wanted to see Mr. Squires who liv'd in the neighbourhood to make it up for me.

Mr. Moreton. What day of the week did you pass through London?

G. Squires. I left Mrs. Edwards's house of a Wednesday, and the same day I came through London.

Mr. Moreton. Where did you meet the person that recommended you to this house of Wells's?

G. Squires. Before I came to Enfield, the woman's name is Long.

Mr. Moreton. How many beds are there in the room at Wells's where your mother lay?

G. Squires. There is but one bed.

Mr. Moreton. If you ever did go this journey be positive with your self whether it was in the year 52.

G. Squires. Yes Sir; I am sure it was then, and not at any other time.

Mr. Moreton. Did your mother and sister help you in your trading?

G. Squires. My mother buys old clothes and silver lace.

Mr. Moreton.

Mr. Moreton. Who bought these goods of yours?

G. Squires. I did my self.

Mr. Moreton. Did your mother and sister know of your trading?

G. Squires. They did.

Mr. Moreton. Did they know what quantity of goods you had?

G. Squires. I don't know whether they did or not.

Mr. Davy. We will not call Lucy the sister, she is rather more stupid than her brother, and has not been on that road since their coming to Enfield Wash; and so can give but a very imperfect account either of times or places. But we will call Mr. Willis, who went with George Squires about the country since the commencement of this prosecution, in order to ascertain the particular places where Mary Squires and her family have travelled through: and Mr. Willis will assign the reason of this man's remembering the times and places of their return from the west, with such exactness; when he can recollect so little of the journey of going down.

Robert Willis sworn.

I set out some time in last June from Dorchester.

Mr. Nares. Whether this gentleman is called to prove any thing else than what Squires has related to him, and what he has heard from others since the fact. I object to his evidence.

Mr. Gascoyne. Mr. Willis went into the country with George Squires, in order to ascertain the places, he being a person of reputation, at houses where these three people lodged, and has found them to be facts.

Mr. Moreton. You have shewn there was a person with them in court, (that is Lucy) and you refuse calling her, and now call this man to give an evidence of hearsay only, after a person has been examined an hour and half, and told you of a person within your lordship's power to call, who he says has been with him all the journey, will your lordship suffer a third person, that can only tell what this or that man told him upon his making inquiry? we are willing to risque the issue of this trial singly upon the evidence of George and Lucy, examined separately.

Mr. Baron Legge. If they don't call the sister you'll make what observations you please upon it. That evidence has laid upon his oath that his sister went this whole journey with him, and in order to confirm him in what he said was truth, they will not call her but this attorney.

Mr. J. Clive. This is but hearsay evidence, and that is not evidence, but if you go to discredit this man, surely they may produce evidence to show the conformity of his evidence that he was always in one story.

Mr. Nares. This must be proved by a person that was present at the fact, if the case was otherwise, I could call a hundred witnesses in order to confirm my own evidence.

Baron Legge. The several people that lived at the houses where he says he called, are the evidences to call to prove that.

Mr. Moreton. Here is a man goes and tells his case to his attorney, and he comes here as a witness.

George and Lucy Squires were again placed by their mother in the court.

John Fry sworn.

I live at a place called Litton, in Dorsetshire,

I am a tyler and plaisterer, I came to town on Wednesday last.

Mr. Willes. Do you know that old woman that sits there? [meaning Mary Squires.]

J. Fry. I have seen the old gipsy several times, I remember seeing her on the 30th of December 52, at Litton, it was on a Saturday, at the house of James Hawkins, I was at work there at the same time.

Mr. Willes. Pray how can you remember the particular time?

J. Fry. Because it was in the new Christmas time, and the Monday following was the new year's day, this is the very old woman.

Mr. Willes. Look at the man and woman with her.

J. Fry. They are the two persons that were with her on that Saturday evening.

Mr. Willes. Was you in company with them?

J. Fry. I was not at all, but I saw them by the kitchen fire.

Mr. Willes. How can you be certain these are the people?

Mr. J. Fry. I have known the old woman 30 years, she has been in that part many times, I have seen her face often before.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Is this Mr. Hawkins living?

Mr. J. Fry. He is, and is now here.

Francis Gladman sworn.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know Mary Squires?

Francis Gladman. Yes Sir; that is the woman. [pointing to her.]

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know these two people that stand by her?

Fr. Gladman. I do, they are her son and daughter; I keep a house at Litton, and am a gardiner, I remember seeing these people there on Monday the 1st of January 53, in the house of James Hawkins, there is no sign, it used to be the Three Horseshoes; I shaved George the Sunday, being the day before, at my house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you ever seen the old woman before?

Fr. Gladman. To the best of my knowledge, I never did, but I am positive sure to them.

Mr. Gascoyne. What is the reason you know it to be the 1st of January?

Fr. Gladman. The reason is, we generally ring in the new year, I went to ring a peal, and the people of the parish gave us some liquor; that is, some ale and some cyder, to drink; we concluded to go to the alehouse with our jug of cyder, that was given us, to have something put into it; we went to Hawkins's, the old woman sat there, I sat down close by her, and asked her if she could tell fortunes; she said no, she was no fortune-teller; I asked her if she could talk Spanish, and said, I thought I had seen her abroad somewhere or other; she said she could not; I asked her if she could talk Portuguese, she said no; I said, nor French, she said no; nor Dutch, no; she said she knew what I said, but could not answer me; upon this an old gentleman said, you must cant to her, talk gipsy to her, and she'll answer you; then I said, you are one of the family of the Scamps; she said no, I am no Scamp, and a young man in the room said her name was Squires.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Did she tell any thing?

Fr. Gladman.

Fr. Gladman. She did not appear to me to sell any thing.

James Angel sworn.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see that old woman before?

J. Angel. I have seen her a great many times.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see her at Litton?

J. Angel. I saw her there on the last day of the year 52; at James Hawkins's apartment, a publick house, and I believe there was miss Lucy with her.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see the young man?

J. Angel. No, I did not see him there.

Mr. Davy. By what circumstance do you remember the particular time?

J. Angel. Because it is a usual thing for us to ring in the new year, we rang a peal, and in the morning concluded to go to a publick house to drink together, there we saw the old woman fitting smoaking her pipe, I was there two hours, and then I was called away to go a fox hunting.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see her before that time?

J. Angel. No, but I have several times since, and am well satisfied it is the same woman.

Mr. Davy. What is your business?

J. Angel. I am a stay-maker.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. What time of the last of December did you see her?

J. Angel. It was after the evening prayer on a Sunday, she was not in the kitchen, but in a new apartment, which was not made a publick house of then, but is now.

Mr. Moreton. What time did you ring in the morning?

J. Angel. It was just about day break.

Mr. Moreton. How long might you stay at Hawkins's?

J. Angel. I believe near two hours, she was there all the time, and I left her there when I went away.

Mr. Moreton. What time was it you went to go a hunting?

J. Angel. I believe betwixt nine and ten o'clock, I am not certain to the very time.

Mr. Moreton. How long did you stay a fox-hunting?

J. Angel. Till almost night, I believe it might be three o'clock.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go to Hawkins's in the evening?

J. Angel. I did, but then they were not there.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Clark, did you see him there that evening?

J. Angel. I know him, but I did not see him there.

Mr. Moreton. Do you imagine, that betwixt ten and two or half an hour after, that the old woman could walk from Litton to Abbotsbury and back again, and after that walk again to Abbotsbury?

J. Angel. I think she might, she must make very good speed.

Mr. Moreton. How many miles are they from each other?

J. Angel. It is three little miles we call it.

James Hawkins sworn.

I keep an alehouse at Litton.

Mr. Willes. Do you know that old woman there?

J. Hawkins. Yes, she passes by the name of

Mary Squires, I remember seeing her at our house on the 30th of December 52, being on a Saturday.

Mr. Willes. Do you know that young man and woman?

J. Hawkins. Yes, they are George and Lucy, her son and daughter, they were all three of them at my house at that time together, it was just at the turning of the date; they lay there on the Saturday and Sunday nights, and went away on the Monday about two in the afternoon.

Mr. Willes. What time did they get to your house on the Saturday?

J. Hawkins. About two in the afternoon, George went to Abbotsbury on the Monday the 1st of January, and one Clark came with him.

Mr. Willes. Where was the old woman that Monday morning?

J. Hawkins. She was at our house, she eat a fowl in a little new chamber.

Mr. Willes. Did she not leave your house before they all went away?

J. Hawkins. I don't remember she did, they were by themselves, that chamber is not in the house, they eat fowls for their dinner.

Mr. Willes. Who were the fowls bought of?

J. Hawkins. They were bought of one Dance Turner, in our parish.

Mr. Willes. Were they boiled or roasted?

J. Hawkins. They were boiled I believe, we don't eat roast meat in the country but very little.

Mr. Willes. What time did they leave your house?

J. Hawkins. They went away, I believe, about two in the afternoon.

Mr. Willes. Were George Squires and Clark at dinner with the others?

J. Hawkins. I am certain they were, in my opinion the old woman went to look for George out into the fields, somewhere or another, she did not tarry long.

Mr. Willes. How long?

J. Hawkins. About an hour; but I went but seldom into the room where they were.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember Angel's being at your house at the time?

J. Hawkins. I do; they had been a ringing, and the minister's kinsman went a fox hunting that day, and gave the people some money.

Mr. Willes. How do you know it was the 31st of December?

J. Hawkins. By reason I made a fire in that little chamber on the Monday morning, when the people were ringing, where no fire had been made before.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Was Angel in the new room or the common kitchen?

J. Hawkins. In both of them.

Mr. Nares. Did Mary Squires smoak in the kitchen or the other room?

J. Hawkins. I believe she might smoak in both rooms.

Mr. Nares. Where did she smoak on Monday morning?

J. Hawkins. I believe it was in the old house.

Mr. Davy. If you design to impeach these peoples characters, here is the minister we can call to confirm them.

Mr. Moreton. We have nothing to say against their characters.

William Clark sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury, and know the old woman, Lucy and Polly; I remember George coming to my house at Abbotsbury the day before new year's day, in the forenoon, last December was twelve months, he and I went to Litton together on the Monday morning, I was a sweetheart of Lucy's, we got there some time in the afternoon, and met with Lucy about three or four o'clock; I know it was some time before it was dark.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was the old woman there?

W. Clark. She was not when we came there, for she had come to make inquiry where George was, because he did not return on the Sunday night; the old woman came there about half an hour after us, and George, she, Lucy and I went to Abbotsbury that night, and we danced at Gibbons's house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember any thing of a couple of fowls?

W. Clark. We eat something there, I took part of a fowl.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was it roast or boiled?

W. Clark. It was boiled fowl to the best of my remembrance.

Mr. Gascoyne. Then if you staid to dine, what time did you set out for Abbotsbury?

W. Clark. We set out late after night.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who was your partner?

W. Clark. Lucy was my partner.

Mr. Gascoyne. Can you tell who was George Squires's partner?

W. Clark. I cannot tell you indeed; Melchisedec Arnold played on the musick, that I am sure of.

Mr. Gascoyne. How many days did they stay at Abbotsbury?

W. Clark. They stopped there from the 1st to the 9th, all three of them.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see them often in that time?

W. Clark. I was in their company every day the time they were there, and saw Lucy some part of her journey, I went as far as Potterham.

Mr. Gascoyne. At whose house did you lodge at Potterham?

W. Clark. We lodged at Sias Frampton's house, that is a mile from Abbotsbury; I saw her three miles farther, and parted with them at Ridgeway foot; I supped with them there at Francis Bulley's, and then returned to my own house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did any body borrow money of you at Ridgeway?

W. Clark. Yes, George borrowed 6 shillings of me.

Mr. Gascoyne. What had you for supper there?

W. Clark. We had beef stakes.

Mr. Gascoyne. Upon what terms did Lucy and you part, upon good terms?

W. Clark. We were upon civil terms, I never saw any thing by her but civil terms, she is as honest a girl as any in the world for what I know.

Mr. Gascoyne. When she and you parted did you give her directions to write to you?

W. Clark. I did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she give any directions to you?

W. Clark. She did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you give directions only, or desire her to write to you?

W. Clark. I desired her to write to me as soon as possible; after that I received a letter from Bristol at Esham in the Vale.

Mr. Gascoyne. How long after your parting with them was it you received this letter from Bristol?

W. Clark. It was not half a year after, I had it brought to Abbotsbury, it was directed to me, but who wrote it I cannot tell.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. What countryman are you?

W. Clark. I was bred and born at Abbotsbury.

Mr. Williams. How long have you been acquainted with these people?

W. Clark. Four years last March; the first time that ever I saw them was at the old Ship at Gibbons's, the second time I saw them was the last of December 52, when George came from Litton to me, and I went there back with him.

Mr. Williams. What time of the day was it when you came to Litton?

W. Clark. Some time in the afternoon, I can't say to an hour or two, it might be three o'clock.

Mr. Williams. How long were you walking from Litton to Abbotsbury?

W. Clark. We were two hours walking it, it is three miles.

Mr. Williams. What time did Mary Squires come in after you was at Litton?

W. Clark. She might come in in half an hour, and that might be between three and four o'clock; we took part of a fowl there.

Mr. Williams. What amongst you all?

W. Clark. Yes, amongst us all.

Mr. Williams. Was it boiled or roasted?

W. Clark. To the best of my remembrance it was boiled.

Mr. Williams. Who paid the reckoning?

W. Clark. I don't know indeed, I did not pay a farthing.

Mr. Williams. Is it but three miles from Litton to Abbotsbury?

W. Clark. It is three computed miles, but it is four post miles.

Mr. Williams. Can you walk as fast as Mary Squires?

W. Clark. I can, and a great deal faster.

Mr. Williams. Could she do it in less than four hours?

W. Clark. No, I don't think she could, because she is an elderly woman; that is, walking thither and back again.

Mr. Williams. When you parted at Ridgeway foot, did George Squires tell you whether he had money or no money?

W. Clark. He did not tell me whether he had or not.

Mr. Williams. Who paid all the money from the first to the ninth where you drank?

W. Clark. George paid it, I believe, I don't know but he did; whether he paid it or not, he had six shillings of me.

Mr. Williams. Did he sell any goods, do you know, to any body?

W. Clark. Yes, he sold an apron to the landlady at the old Ship, and another to the servant.

Mr. Williams. Did he ask you to lend him any thing?

W. Clark. Yes, he did.

Mr. Williams. Did you know of his pledging that

that piece of goods at Ridgway for the reckoning?

W. Clark. I did not till afterwards.

Mr. Williams. Did you offer to pay half there?

W. Clark. No, I did not, George would not let me.

Mr. Williams. Did you lend him this money before or after he pawned the nankeen?

W. Clark. It was before.

Mr. Williams. How came he to pawn it?

W. Clark. I cannot tell that.

Mr. Williams. How long was you at Ridgway?

W. Clark. I might be there two hours.

Mr. Williams. What time did you set out for Abbotsbury?

W. Clark. I set out about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and lodged at Pottersham going back.

Mr. Davy. When you came to Litton, had Lucy and Mary Squires sat down to dinner?

W. Clark. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Did you see the dish when first served up?

W. Clark. I eat part of what was meddled with.

Mr. Davy. Had they been eating before you came there?

W. Clark. I don't know whether they had eat any thing or not.

Mr. Davy. Do you know any thing of the circumstances of the piece of nankeen?

W. Clark. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Do you know any thing about a dead horse?

W. Clark. There was a dead horse lay in the high way at Ridgway as I went by.

John Gibbons sworn.

I keep the old Ship at Abbotsbury, I know Mary Squires and the young man and woman, they are son and daughter to the good woman.

Mr. Willes. When did you see them at your house?

J. Gibbons. They were at my house on Monday the 1st of January 53, they came there in the darkish of the evening.

Mr. Willes. Had you any merriment at your house that night?

J. Gibbons. Yes Sir, dancing; George danced with a sister of mine named Mary Gibbons, and Lucy danced with William Clark; the old woman was in the house at the time.

Mr. Willes. How long did they stay at your house?

J. Gibbons. They staid from the 1st to the 9th, then they went away.

Mr. Willes. Did they stay in your house all that time?

J. Gibbons. The old woman did, I saw her every day there, and so I did George and Lucy; I am sure of this upon my oath; I knew Mary Squires almost three years before, and knew her when she came into my house.

Mr. Willes. When they went away, where did they tell you they were going?

J. Gibbons. They told me they were going to Pottersham; Clark went with them.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember an exciseman coming to your house to officiate for another that was sick?

J. Gibbons. I do, his name is Andrew Wake, he lay in the room with George Squires, and

they were very familiar together.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember the exciseman borrowing George's great coat?

J. Gibbons. I believe he did one night, as he was walking his rounds.

Mr. Willes. Was it as he was walking his rounds, or to walk his rounds?

J. Gibbons. It was to walk his rounds.

Mr. Williams. How do you know that?

J. Gibbons. I heard him tell it.

Cross examination.

Mr. Moreton. You was examined when Mary Squires was tried at this bar.

J. Gibbons. I was.

Mr. Moreton. I will only ask you whether you gave an account of seeing them dance, as you have now?

J. Gibbons. I don't know that it was asked me.

Mr. Moreton. Is it not material to say we had musick and they danced at our house at that time, did you swear that then?

J. Gibbons. I can't say whether I might or not.

Mr. Moreton. When did you first recollect it?

J. Gibbons. On the 1st of February.

Mr. Moreton. Then why did you not swear it then, and give my lord and the jury an account of it?

J. Gibbons. I don't know, I was not asked it then.

Mr. Moreton. Did you give an account of the exciseman lying in the same room with George?

J. Gibbons. No; but I then told the court the exciseman was there at my house.

Mr. Moreton. Was the exciseman here then?

J. Gibbons. No.

Andrew Wake sworn.

I was an exciseman about nine months ago, and am now in the foot guards; I was ordered to Abbotsbury to officiate for one Mr. Ward who was ill, by order of the supervisor from Dorchester; on the 31st of December 1752, I got there, I went to the Ship at Gibbons's (he takes a book in his hand and looks in it) this is my writing, these are our entries, it is the journal.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at that old woman sitting there, do you know her?

An. Wake. I do, it is Mary Squires, I saw her at Abbotsbury, at Gibbons's house at that time, the 31st of December 52.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know that young man?

An. Wake. I do; he passed for George Squires, he lay in the same room with me.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know that young woman by him?

An. Wake. I do, it is Lucy, they both went for son and daughter; I saw George first there, he was sitting by the kitchen fire, and one Clark a shoemaker of that place with him; this was on Sunday night, I am not positive to the first day I saw Mary Squires, because I was obliged to be out early in the mornings, but I think I first saw her on the Wednesday, and Lucy with her by the kitchen fire.

Mr. Gascoyne. How long did you remain in that town?

An. Wake. From the 31st of December to the 14th of January, Gibbons's house was my house all that time, I remember they went away two or three days before I did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Can you remember the day they went away?

An. Wake.

An. Wake. Upon my word I do not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know this by your memory, or by your books?

An. Wake. By my memory.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did George Squires lie in the same room you did every night?

An. Wake. I don't remember but he did; the mother and Lucy lay in a room where there were two beds, which we went through to go to bed, it was up one pair of stairs, I saw them in bed.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember any dancing there?

An. Wake. I do, I was in the room with them one evening, George danced with a young woman of Abbotsbury, Clark danced there, and Lucy danced there.

Mr. Gascoyne. What sort of weather was it, while you was there?

An. Wake. There was a good deal of snow, I remember I borrowed a great coat of George Squires to go my rounds in, because I had been out in my own and it was wet.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who played the musick?

An. Wake. A blacksmith named Melchisedec Arnold played on a fiddle, he sold cyder, I surveyed his house; I remember I had been taken ill coming my rounds, and was sitting by the fire side, and the old gentlewoman prescribed something to cure me, she got me something hot; the next morning or the morning after, she made me a buttered toast before I went out.

Mr. Gascoyne. You had a book in your hand, is every day's gauge in that?

An. Wake. I believe they are, we return these books to the Excise office; this book was sent for out of the country on purpose, when I was examined, I had left them with John Ward at Abbotsbury, when I went from thence to Dorchester again.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time was it you heard of this affair about the trial of the old woman?

An. Wake. I saw it in a news-paper, that one Mary Squires, a gipsy woman, was taken up for a robbery.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did it mention the time?

An. Wake. I cannot remember whether it did or not, but I believe I told my mother that that could not be the woman, because I saw her at Abbotsbury when I was officiating for Mr. Ward; I was sent to Lewis in Sussex, and had an order by my supervisor from the commissioners to come up and attend my lord mayor, but I did not know upon what account; I came up, and gave the same evidence before his lordship, as I do now, after he had sent me to Newgate to see Mary Squires, whom I knew very well by many circumstances, and she knew me.

Mr. Gascoyne. How came you to be out of the excise?

An. Wake. I was discharged, and so went into the guards.

Mr. Gascoyne. For what was you discharged?

An. Wake. For stamping.

Mr. Gascoyne. How could you see the people in bed when you went through the room?

An. Wake. Because there were no curtains to their beds.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Tell us what year this was.

An. Wake. This is the book we had from the

office at that time, they are marked at the Excise office before they come.

Mr. Williams. Look in it, and shew me the first entry you made there.

An. Wake. It was on the 1st of January, it is my hand writing from that to the 14th of January.

Mr. Williams. Was it in the year 52 or 53?

An. Wake. There is no year to it, only the days of the month.

Mr. Williams. What year was this 1st of January in?

An. Wake. I believe it was the year 53; the Mark 52 is done by the supervisor on the 1st page, before we have them.

Mr. Williams. Had you ever seen Mary Squires before that time?

An. Wake. No Sir, nor since, till I saw her in Newgate.

Mr. Williams. Did you dance there?

An. Wake. No, I did not at all.

Mr. Williams. Can you tell who Clark danced with?

An. Wake. Clark danced with Lucy to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Williams. Did Mary Squires recollect you, or you her first, before you told her upon what account you came to see her?

An. Wake. I said nothing at all to her, only asked her if she knew me, she said yes, that I was the young man belonging to the Excise office, and said she remembered me very well, that I borrowed her son's great coat.

Mr. Williams. Did she seem to be under any hesitation at that time?

An. Wake. No, she seemed rather over-joyed, she knew me through the grate as she was in the press-yard.

Mr. Williams. Had you the same clothes on then, as you wore in Dorsetshire, when you saw her there?

An. Wake. Yes, I had the same coat on, a sort of a pepper and salt coat, I went there before I went to my lord mayor.

Mr. Williams. Had you sent her any notice you was coming there?

An. Wake. No, I had not.

Mr. Williams. Explain what you mean by stamping.

An. Wake. That is neglect of duty, writing at home instead of going abroad.

Mr. Williams. Did not you say my lord mayor sent you to see her in Newgate?

An. Wake. My lord asked me if I had seen her, I said I had; he asked me if I was positive to the woman, I said I was; he said, if you are not go again; so I went and talked with her again.

Mr. Davy. Was you not positive made you go again?

An. Wake. I was positive then.

Mr. Williams. Did my lord mayor examine you before he had the excise books?

An. Wake. I don't know that.

Francis Albrough sworn.

I am assistant to the general examiner at the Excise office, these books are called the 5th and 6th round for the year 1752, ending at Midsummer 53; they are sent from the office once in a quarter of a year, by order of the board; these are for Abbotsbury division, they are returned to the office by the supervisor; these contain an account of what was done in Abbotsbury

Abbotsbury from the 21st of December 1752 to the 15th of March following 1753; there is an order of board for every officer that officiates in the place of one that is such.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look in the book, do you know whose hand writing it is?

F. Aldborough. I don't know Wake's hand writing, here is noted in this book January 1 to 13; Andrew Wake officiated for the proper officer, he being indisposed, the book says John Ward is the proper officer.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. At what time are these books returned to the office?

F. Aldborough. There is no certain time for that, there is an order for them to be sent in six weeks after they are done with, some may be kept three months, some more, some less; but we look upon him to be the more industrious officer that sends them up in proper time; I was informed these came up according to express, and they were put in my possession.

George Clements sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury.

Mr. Davy. Do you know that old woman there, look at her face?

G. Clements. I have looked at her face many years ago.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember her daughter?

G. Clements. What Lucy? yes Sir, and her brother too, he is my namesake.

Mr. Davy. When did you see them in your country?

G. Clements. I saw them all three on the 1st of January, I went into the publick house, the Old Ship, there the old woman's son and daughter danced with our Abbotsbury people, it was about nine at night.

Mr. Davy. Who was Lucy's partner?

G. Clements. William Clark.

Mr. Davy. Did they stay at Abbotsbury?

G. Clements. They did, they lodg'd at Gibbons's, I drank with them the first and second mornings, and dined with them the Sunday following; I saw them on the Monday, and on the Tuesday, the day they set out from thence.

Mr. Davy. Who set out with them?

G. Clements. William Clark, he and Lucy went together.

Mr. Davy. I hope they are married by this time.

G. Clements. The Lord knows, I don't know that.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. How often have you seen this old acquaintance of yours, Mary Squires?

G. Clements. Between fifteen and sixteen times in that place, but justly I cannot tell.

Mr. Nares. How often have you seen George?

G. Clements. I cannot tell, I have seen him more than once.

Mr. Nares. Twice?

G. Clements. More.

Mr. Nares. Three times?

G. Clements. Three times.

Mr. Nares. Four times?

G. Clements. I cannot tell.

Mr. Nares. Then you will not say you have seen him more than three times?

G. Clements. It may be more, I will not say.

Mr. Nares. When George was not with the old woman, who came with her?

G. Clements. Her daughters, Polly and Lucy.

Mr. Nares. How often have you seen Polly

and Lucy?

G. Clements. I cannot tell.

Mr. Nares. Have you seen them oftener than you have George?

G. Clements. I cannot tell.

Mr. Nares. How long is it since you saw the old woman at Abbotsbury, before this time you are speaking of?

G. Clements. I believe it is four years since.

Mr. Nares. Was George with her that time?

G. Clements. Yes, Sir.

Melchisedech Arnold sworn.

I am a blacksmith and live at Abbotsbury, I know the old woman perfectly well, and the girl on the left hand, and the man behind her, they are her son and daughter; the last time I saw them all three was in January last was twelve months, I saw them on an evening at the Old Ship at Abbotsbury.

Mr. Willes. Do you mean old stile or new?

M. Arnold. I mean this present calculated time, I remember it was on the 1st of January at night, the young man and young woman danced, and I played on the violin.

Mr. Willes. Do you know who was Lucy's partner?

M. Arnold. Her partner was William Clark, and George Squires's partner was Mary Gibbons, they might give over dancing at eleven or twelve at night.

Mr. Willes. Did you see them afterwards?

M. Arnold. I be not positive I saw them the next day, but I saw them several times that week there; I saw them on the Saturday night in particular, that week, they were dancing again, and the old woman sat in the dancing room, she was in the kitchen on the Monday night, sitting by the fire side; I also saw them the next Monday, being the 8th, they were then in Gibbons's house, I heard they went away the Tuesday, being the next day.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Had you any knowledge of them before this time you talk of?

M. Arnold. I don't remember any perfect knowledge I had of them, but I have heard say they were there three years before, but I don't remember I ever saw them before.

Mr. Williams. What business do they follow?

M. Arnold. I don't know that, for I never dealt with them.

Mr. Williams. Where did you see them these times you mention?

M. Arnold. They were at the Ship, and I don't know that I saw them at any other house.

John Ford sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury, and am a carpenter.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see that old woman before?

[pointing to Mary Squires.]

J. Ford. I have seen her many times before at Abbotsbury, I saw her a matter of four years ago, and I saw her on the 1st of January a twelve month ago last January, being of a Monday, I shook hands with her, drank with her son, and kissed her daughter; the daughter, son, and she came all together to the Excise-office in our town (there they lodged) John Gibbons keeps the house, he is a nephew of mine, I drank with George or else I am not here now.

Mr. Davy. Did you see them often?

J. Ford. I saw them at Gibbons's house from

the 1st to the 9th every day, they bought the bread they eat of me, I am as sure I saw them there as I am that I am here this minute.

Mr. Davy. Who bought the bread?

J. Ford. Mary Squires did, or her son, or daughter.

Mr. Davy. How came you, that are a carpenter, to sell bread?

J. Ford. I keep a shop, and sell bread and several other things.

Mr. Davy. Have you any particular reason for remembering the day?

J. Ford. I have, it being the 1st of January, and Mr. Bond a schoolmaster in our town gives his scholars a holiday at newyears time, he was there on the Sunday evening and gave them liberty, I was with him, and Mr. Wallice and George Squires.

Cross examination.

Mr. Moreton. Where did they come from then?

J. Ford. They came from a place called Litton.

Mr. Moreton. How early on the Monday did you see them there?

J. Ford. It was some time about one, two, or three o'clock, I am sure it was some time in the afternoon, I know it was not night, because I was looking over the hatch and saw George coming down the street and spoke to him.

Mr. Moreton. How far might you see George before he came to speak to you?

J. Ford. I saw him, perhaps, fifty yards, I could see a hundred, and I believe I could see a thousand yards.

Mr. Moreton. What hour do you take it to be?

J. Ford. I am sure it was not come to three o'clock, upon my life I kissed Lucy before three o'clock.

Mr. Moreton. You have given a very particular reason for knowing it to be the 1st of January, that is, that Mr. Bond had given his scholars a play day, then does he only give them a play day on the first of January?

J. Ford. No, not in particular.

Mr. Moreton. Does not he let them break up at Christmas?

J. Ford. No, he does not let them break up all the Christmas, they had several days at this time, that is the reason I know the day.

Mr. Davy. You say the first time you saw them was on Monday the 1st of January, pray what time of the day was it?

J. Ford. I went to the alehouse between one and two o'clock for a mug of beer.

Mr. Davy. How many pots of beer have you drank to day? Do you take upon you to say you saw them on the Monday about two or three in the afternoon?

J. Ford. I did.

Mr. Davy. You are drunk now, and ought to be ashamed of your self.

Daniel Wallice sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury, and am a mercer, I have seen these three people before, and remember them all very well, I saw them there the 7th of January, which was on a Sunday.

Mr. Willes. Had you seen the son and daughter before?

D. Wallice. I had several times before.

Mr. Willes. When did you see the son and

daughter first?

D. Wallice. It is three or four years before; I saw them that time almost every day.

Mr. Willes. Had you seen either of them that week before Sunday the 7th, at Abbotsbury?

D. Wallice. I saw George almost every day, he bought sugar of me, and I saw Lucy twice that week, but did not see the mother till the 7th, and did not see them after that day.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever seen the mother before so as to be certain of knowing her?

D. Wallice. I had, and that is the real woman.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. When did you first see them that week?

D. Wallice. I saw George the day he came to town, I believe he came into town the Sunday before.

Mr. Williams. What day of the month was it when you first saw George?

D. Wallice. I saw him on the first day he came into town, about six in the evening.

Mr. Williams. Did you see him on the Monday the 1st of January?

D. Wallice. I saw none of them on the Monday, I believe I saw George on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; I have seen the old woman several years ago, and have convers'd with her a great many times.

Mr. Williams. What did they come there for?

D. Wallice. That I don't know, they have at different times sold things.

Mr. Recorder. What do you know the particular day by, on which you saw the old woman?

D. Wallice. I had bought a new jack, and had a shoulder of mutton roasted for dinner on the Sunday, and the old woman was peeling potatoes and asked me to dine with her, and I said, I had something particular to dine on.

Hugh Bond sworn.

I am a schoolmaster at Abbotsbury, I saw this old woman there on the 8th and 9th of January 1753, and George and Lucy along with her, this was on a Monday and Tuesday, at the sign of the Old Ship: I had been down in Devonshire, and came home about 6 or 7 at night; I lodged at the Old Ship, and had never seen the old woman before; they went away on the morning of the 9th about 9 o'clock; this old woman is the very same person, who ever sees her once can never mistake her again: I saw George again the same night, then Clark and he came back again from Potersham.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you any conversation with her?

H. Bond. No, but I had with George, and one Mr. Wake an exciseman, that officiated in the room of Mr. Ward, who was then sick; for when I came home my landlady begged I would not be offended at her putting somebody in my bed, that was this exciseman; there are two beds in the room, and in the other George Squires lay.

Mr. Gascoyne. When did you go down into Devonshire?

H. Bond. I went on the 31st of December, and came back on Monday the 8th of January.

Mr. Gascoyne. As you are a schoolmaster, you must know the time of your going out.

H. Bond. My wife was in Devonshire, I went to see her, she was sick, and is since dead.

Cross

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. What time did you see this old woman on the 8th?

H. Bond. It was after candles were lighted; after I had shifted myself I came and sat down by the fire, with George Squires and Mr. Wake; I had never seen George before, I asked my landlady who he was, she said his name was Squires, and that his mother and sister were in another room; after which, the old woman came out to call her son to go to bed.

Mr. Moreton. What time did they go away the next day?

H. Bond. I don't know what time, but when the girl came to call me from the school to breakfast, they were then in the kitchen.

Mr. Moreton. How far is Potersham from Abbotsbury?

H. Bond. It is about a mile distance.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure you saw George after he came back again from Potersham?

H. Bond. I am, he came back again in the evening, and drank a mug of beer at my door, after school time, with William Clark, in the street.

Mr. Moreton. What might it be o'clock?

H. Bond. It might be 5 o'clock, I saw no more of him, George said he would not stay any longer, for he must go to Potersham; I did not go out, but went to bed afterwards.

John Bailey sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury, and am a carpenter.

Mr. Davy. Look at that old woman, do you know her?

Bailey. I do; the man and woman behind her are George and Lucy: I saw them at Abbotsbury on the 1st of Jan. 1753, at the Old Ship, the Excise-Office, and I saw them all three there the Monday and Tuesday, which was a week after. My yard joins to the Old Ship; I saw them most days of that time; I shaved George twice the time he was there, on the Wednesday and Monday after; I practise that of a barber as well as a carpenter.

Mr. Davy. How long have you known the old woman?

Bailey. I have known her ten or fifteen years, and am sure I am not mistaken.

Mr. Davy. How long have you known the son and daughter?

Bailey. Not so long; I have known them above three years; that is, from the last time they came there before this 1st of January I mentioned.

Mr. Davy. By what circumstance do you recollect it to be the 1st of January?

Bailey. I had a brother that used the sea, and he went away that very day for Bristol; I am certain that was the very day: he left something of a will for me to enjoy if he died, and he is since returned and taken the paper from me.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Moreton. What time did you see them at Abbotsbury on the first of January?

Bailey. It was in the evening, betwixt eight and nine o'clock, by the kitchen-fire.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember the dancing there?

Bailey. I cannot say I do, for I went home to bed.

Thomas Anson sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury, and am a labouring

man; I know that old woman very well, and her son and daughter, as she calls them.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see them at Abbotsbury? and when?

Anson. I saw them on old Christmas day there, being on a Friday, the 5th, at John Gibbons's house; they were all three together; I had seen them a day or two before that.

Mr. Willes. Had you seen them before this time of coming there?

Anson. I had seen her about four years ago; and her son and two daughters with her.

Mr. Willes. Do you know one William Clark?

Anson. I do; he was with them at the same time; they were intimate together; that is, Lucy and he as sweethearts; it was reported so then.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Nares. Do you know their reasons for coming there?

Anson. No; I do not.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived at Abbotsbury?

Anson. About five years.

Mr. Nares. How far is that from the sea?

Anson. It is about a mile from it.

John Hawkins sworn.

I live at Abbotsbury, and am a weaver.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at that old woman that sits there, and her son and daughter.

Hawkins. I do; I know them: I saw them at Gibbons's at Abbotsbury on the first of Jan. about eight at night.

Mr. Gascoyne. What January?

Hawkins. I am no scholar; it was not last January, but January was twelvemonth; the son and daughter were dancing then.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who played on the violin that time?

Hawkins. Melchisedech Arnold.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where was the old woman?

Hawkins. She was sitting in the other house by the fire-side in the kitchen.

Mr. Gascoyne. Why do you call it the kitchen belonging to the other house?

Hawkins. That is the lower house joining to the same house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see the old woman more than once?

Hawkins. I saw her every day 'till the day she went away, which was on a Tuesday, being the 9th day of the month.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you ever seen the old woman before that January?

Hawkins. Yes, Sir, I had; it may be a year, two, or three before, at George Clements's.

Mr. Gascoyne. By what do you remember the particular time of your seeing her?

Hawkins. Because it was on New-Year's-Day, and being holiday-time, we got to dancing.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were you acquainted with them before this?

Hawkins. No; I was not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you dance with them?

Hawkins. Yes, I did; on the Monday night.

Mr. Gascoyne. Can you tell how they were coupled?

Hawkins. I cannot tell who my neighbours danced with.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who did Clark dance with?

Hawkins. I cannot tell.

Mr.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who did you dance with?
Hawkins. I cannot tell now.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Moreton. This was a very merry dance; what had you been at all day? had you kept holiday the whole day? cannot you remember your partner?

Hawkins. I do not remember my partner.

Mr. Moreton. Nor who danced with Lucy?

Hawkins. No, I cannot; there was a very great company of us.

Mr. Moreton. Who did George dance with?

Hawkins. I do not know.

Mr. Moreton. Do you remember the place?

Hawkins. Yes, I do; it was in Gibbons's parlour; it was a common dance, any body might come as would.

Mr. Moreton. What was Clemonts's house, where she came before?

Hawkins. A private house, she used to lie at that house.

Mr. Moreton. What is his trade?

Hawkins. He is no trade, but a fisherman?

Mr. Moreton. Does he never catch such a thing as a handkerchief as is round your neck at sea?

Hawkins. No; not as I know of.

Mr. Moreton. What had the old woman used to deal in?

Hawkins. I never saw her deal in any thing; I have heard people talk she sold things.

Mr. Moreton. Was it hard-ware?

Hawkins. I do not know what ware it was.

Mr. Moreton. Did you ever talk with her?

Hawkins. Yes, once at Clemonts's.

Mr. Moreton. What was your conversation then?

Hawkins. It was about telling of fortunes; we asked her questions, and she told us she was no fortune-teller.

Mr. Moreton. Did she tell you what her trade was?

Hawkins. No; we went about our business; there were two young men with me.

Mr. Davy. Now we leave Abbotsbury, and come to Poterham.

William Haines sworn.

I live at Poterham.

Mr. Davy. Look at that old woman; do you know her?

W. Haines. I know her very well, her name is Mary Squires; I have known her thirty years and upwards.

Mr. Davy. Where did you see her last?

Haines. I remember seeing her at Poterham on the 9th of Jan. 1753.

Mr. Davy. Do you know that young man and woman that are by her?

W. Haines. I do; they are George and Lucy: they were all three of them at my door with William Clark from Abbotsbury; they were going to the sign of the Chequer their quarters, Joshua Frampton's house; Clark called at my house to know if I had done his cloaths; (I am a taylor) I asked the old gentlewoman and the rest to come into my house, but they did not, and went on to the Chequer; after that I went down to the Chequer, there was one Richard Chipman, we drank a pot of beer: Mrs. Squires sat in one corner, and George in the other; and Lucy and Clark before the fire in the kitchen.

Mr. Davy. What sort of weather was it that night?

W. Haines. It was terrible bad weather the next day; I left them that night there.

Mr. Davy. What makes you remember it to be the 9th of January?

W. Haines. I rent a shop at Abbotsbury, and was going there on New-Year's-Day; and because of the Old Christmas, I never went 'till Monday the 8th; although I have known the old woman so long, yet I never had any knowledge of the young ones, 'till William Clark courted Lucy: as for George, he might pass by, but I never had any knowledge of him 'till then. I lived two years at Abbotsbury: I was once at work at George Clemonts's, and the old woman happened to be there all the time I was there, which was seven or eight days.

Cross Examination.

Mr. Nares. What time in the afternoon did you see them at your door on the 9th of January?

W. Haines. It was about ten or eleven o'clock in the fore part of the day.

Mr. Nares. Did you go after them to the Chequer?

W. Haines. I did.

Mr. Nares. In how long time after?

W. Haines. About an hour or two after them.

Mr. Nares. How long did you stay with them?

W. Haines. I only drank a pot or two of beer.

Mr. Nares. Did you see George Squires there?

W. Haines. No; I did not see him there any time after that afternoon; after I went away I went to Abbotsbury, and I met him in the fields that come from Abbotsbury.

John Haines sworn.

I am son to William Haines of Poterham, I live there with my father.

Mr. Willes. Look at that old woman; do you know her?

J. Haines. I have seen her before at Poterham on the 9th of January.

Mr. Willes. Do you know her son and daughter?

J. Haines. Yes; I saw them there the same time.

Mr. Willes. What day of the week was the 9th of January?

J. Haines. It was on a Tuesday; they lay at the Chequer, William Clark came with them; they came there about nine, ten or eleven o'clock, William Clark lay there, so did they; they went away about nine or ten the next day; it was a very bad rainy day.

Cross Examination.

Mr. Williams. Did you ever see this old woman before that time?

J. Haines. I saw her at Abbotsbury on the 6th of Jan. and never before.

Mr. Williams. Did you see them in the evening?

J. Haines. I do not remember I saw them in the evening; I saw them the next morning.

Mr. Williams. Did you see an exciseman there?

J. Haines. No; I did not.

Mr. Williams. How came you to be so particular as to the day?

J. Haines. The reason is, because I saw them at Abbotsbury the 6th of Jan. the Epiphany day, I was at Abbotsbury then.

Mr.

Mr. Williams. How long have you lived with your father?

J. Haines, jun. Ever since I was born.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath is this the very woman?

J. Haines, jun. It is; I cannot be mistaken. Francis Bewley sworn.

F. Bewley. I live at Ridgway, and keep a small publick house, the sign of the sloop aground.

Mr. Davy. How many miles is that from Porterham?

F. Bewley. It is four or five.

Mr. Davy. Look upon that old woman there, and tell us whether you have seen her before?

F. Bewley. I have several times at my house.

Mr. Davy. Did you see her at any time about a year ago at your house?

F. Bewley. I did on Wednesday the 10th of January.

Mr. Davy. Was the son and daughter with her at that time, and Clark of Abbotsbury?

F. Bewley. They were.

Mr. Davy. What time might they come to you?

F. Bewley. I believe betwixt nine and eleven in the morning.

Mr. Davy. Did they come in all together?

F. Bewley. I don't know whether they came all together, but they were there all together in a short time.

Mr. Davy. What had they to eat or drink?

F. Bewley. At first they had some rowl and cheese; I carried it myself; and they had some beef stakes for dinner, at about one or two o'clock, or after, it was not much off of that.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember the circumstance of any body having a dead horse?

F. Bewley. Yes, sir; a woman going from Siron-market to Weymouth-market, the horse was taken sick upon the road, and she hired my horse to ride to Weymouth-market: she bid me take care of this horse, and get a blacksmith to do something to him, and the horse died on the Wednesday morning, at almost day; I got a man to lend me a horse to draw him out of my stable to a place behind my house, under a hedge: when the woman came back, she desired me to give somebody six-pence to skin him, and the horse was a skinning as they came along into the yard.

Mr. Davy. Did Clark stay at your house that night?

F. Bewley. No, he did not: a man was selling turnips, with two horses, about the parish, and Clark had spoke to him, as far as I heard, to come to *be* to carry him home on one of those horses: it was a terrible wet day as ever I know'd.

Mr. Davy. Where did the gipsy woman, her son and daughter lie?

F. Bewley. They lay at my house that night.

Mr. Davy. Before you was up in the morning, did any body come to your bed side?

F. Bewley. Yes, George Squires did, with his mother: he told me he had a pattern of a waistcoat (*he produces a remnant of nankeen*) this is the stuff.

Mr. Davy. What did he say to you?

F. Bewley. The first he said was, he ask'd

me if I wanted a waistcoat, and said he had been to Abbotsbury, and money was short, and I should have it cheap. I said, I did not understand it, and I never had such a waistcoat in my life, and I did not want it: with that his mother came in, and said, they were short of money, and desired to leave it in my hand, and desir'd I'd take it for the reckoning, which I did, and have had it ever since. They told me they'd either send the money or bring it.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever, before this time, seen the gipsy woman and her daughter?

F. Bewley. I can't say justly to the old woman; I once saw the son and daughter dancing at our house when they lodg'd at Broadway once.

Mr. Davy to George Squires. Look at this piece (*he takes the nankeen in his hand*).

Squires. I can't swear this is the same that I left with him, but it is very much like it; it is the same sort of stuff.

F. Bewley. I wrote my name upon it, before I let it go out of my custody to any body, my name is now on it (*shewn to the jury, and appeared with his name on it*).

Mr. Davy. How do you remember the time particularly?

F. Bewley. I am sure it was that time, by reason it was such weather, and the Blandford sessions were sitting at court, it was a flood, and the dying of the horse, and several circumstances.

Mr. Davy. How far is Blandford from Ridgway?

F. Bewley. It is fifteen computed miles. We know that sessions is always kept the 8th or 10th of January; many of my neighbours were at the sessions, and told me, when they came home, what a flood there was in going.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure this was January, 53?

F. Bewley. It was January was twelve months.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure you have seen George and his sister a dancing before this.

F. Bewley. Yes, sir, I have, three or four years back, but I can't say I had seen the old woman; they lodg'd at Broadway then.

Mr. Moreton. What trade did they carry on?

F. Bewley. Upon my word I cannot tell.

Mr. Moreton. Did not you know of their dealing in nankeens?

F. Bewley. I never know'd they did; they brought this to me; I never saw them have a bit in my life before.

Mr. Moreton. How far is Ridgway from the Sea?

F. Bewley. It is about two miles.

Mr. Moreton. Was you up here when Mary Squires was tried?

F. Bewley. No, I was not.

Mr. Moreton. Was you not apply'd to by George or Lucy to come up to that trial?

F. Bewley. No, I was not. I read in the news of a Mary Squires tried for a robbery, but I did not know that it was this Mary Squires; I said there were others of that name.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever know a Mary Squires with such a face as this?

F. Bewley. No, sir.

L

Thomas

Thomas Mockeridge sworn.
 Mr. Davy. Inform the court who you are, and whether you have ever seen those three persons, and when, and where?

T. Mockeridge. I live at Abbotsbury now, I had been at Ridgway and Upway a felling turnips; it was very bad weather on the 10th of January, by the present stile; it was the Wednesday after old Christmas-day. I found the old woman, her son George, and her daughter Lucy, and William Clark, at Mr. Bewley's house, at the sign of the ship; I had made an end of felling my turnips at the house before I came there: I came in I believe between twelve and one at noon, and think I stopp'd there till between two and three.

Mr. Davy. Had you seen the old woman Mary Squires before?

T. Mockeridge. I had several times. I remember seeing her at George Clement's house, going down towards the sea: we call it Gracechurch-street, about three years ago before that.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure those are the people you saw there that day?

T. Mockeridge. I am, upon my oath, and will not come here to speak a false word for the world.

Mr. Davy. Do you know of any accident that happened to a horse on this day?

T. Mockeridge. No, I do not.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Where did you go back to afterwards?

T. Mockeridge. To Abbotsbury: I had two horses, I rode one, and William Clark the other, and he went to Portersham, there he lodg'd, and I went home with my horses; he took leave of those people at Ridgway.

John Taylor sworn.

J. Taylor. I live at Fordington, at the sign of the coach and horses.

Mr. Davy. Whereabouts is that?

J. Taylor. It is joining Dorchester; it is not a stone's cast apart; many do mistake it for part of the town.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember this unhappy old woman?

J. Taylor. I know her perfectly well; I have seen her above once or twice.

Mr. Davy. Do you know that girl and the young man there?

J. Taylor. I do, and have known them some years; they are her son and daughter; I have seen them at Fordington on Thursday the 11th of January; they were not in my house, they were in my stable on the 10th; there was such a rain they could not pass along the road; the waters were so high they went through a neighbour's house and my stable the back way.

Mr. Davy. Are you a miller?

J. Taylor. No, but there is a mill lies close by my door.

Mr. Davy. How did they get through the water?

J. Taylor. The old woman took up her coats and went along through it, and the young woman was carried over by the miller's boy on horseback.

Mr. Davy. Did you see the old woman cross on foot?

J. Taylor. Yes, sir, to be sure, I saw it as

plain as I see you.

Mr. Davy. When was this?

J. Taylor. It was on Thursday the 11th of January, 53, in the forenoon, betwixt the hours of eight and eleven.

Mr. Davy. Did you see her walk all the way through the water?

J. Taylor. I saw her go along part of it, I did not see it all, because it is two or three rivers; I saw her go over two of the rivers.

Mr. Davy. Did you see any body carry her over?

J. Taylor. Nobody carried her, she went on foot.

Mr. Davy. Did you see the old woman cross all the rivers?

J. Taylor. She went over the bridges as far as I know of it; she forded the water at my stable door, or as near it as it is cross the court-yard; I did not see her walk through all the water; I had no business to watch her; George had told me they lodg'd at Mr. Bewley's at Ridgway-foot, the night before.

Mr. Davy. Did they tell you whither they were going?

J. Taylor. I can't tell where they were going; they were in the Blandford road.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. You say you saw the miller's boy carry over the daughter?

J. Taylor. He carried her over all of it: the place where he took her up she waded through, and after that, there be bridges; one is stone, and the rest are wooden ones.

Mr. Williams. How far is it from your house to Chittle?

J. Taylor. I cannot tell, I believe it is seventeen or eighteen miles, but I don't know where it is.

Thomas Hunt sworn.

T. Hunt. I live at Chittle, I am a thresher.

Mr. Willes. Look at that old woman, her son and daughter; have you seen them before?

T. Hunt. I have at Chittle, on Friday the 12 of January, 53, about four in the afternoon: the old woman came into our backside, to the barn door to me, and begg'd lodging of me; there was no publick house in the place; I let her lie in an outhouse on some clean oat-straw; it belongs to Mr. Watts of Cranbourn; I ask'd her if she had any body belong'd to her; she told me she had none but a couple of children, and immediately call'd, why don't you come along? and immediately there came a man and woman.

Mr. Willes. Look at that man and woman near her, do you know them?

T. Hunt. The man I can swear to safely, the woman I do not so much, because she was cover'd over: I know the man full well, as I know my right hand from my left; I let them in at night, and there I found them in the morning; and the morning being very wet, they remain'd there till ten or eleven o'clock, or it may be something more.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever seen the old woman before?

T. Hunt. I had not; but I am very sure it is the woman, before God and the world.

Mr. Willes. How can you fix upon the time?

T. Hunt.

T. Hunt. It was a very remarkable day, the old new year's day, which proved by altering the stile to be the 12th of January.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. Did you ever see them before?

T. Hunt. No, never before that Friday.

Mr. Moreton. Have you seen them since?

T. Hunt. I have, in the city, about a month before Michaelmas.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know where they came from, that day you saw them at Chittle?

T. Hunt. No, sir, I don't.

Mr. Moreton. How far is Ridgway-foot from Chittle?

T. Hunt. I don't know.

Mr. Moreton. How far is Chittle from Dorchester?

T. Hunt. They count it twenty miles, but I never was there in my life.

John Elderton sworn.

J. Elderton. I am a servant man; a carter to one farmer Thane, at Martin; I have seen that old woman, and the young woman, and the young fellow.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where?

J. Elderton. At Martin, on Saturday seven-night after old Christmas-day, in the year 53, in the afternoon, about four o'clock; they all three lay in an out-house where I live; the old woman came first, and ask'd my master leave to lie there.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you hear her?

J. Elderton. I did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was there straw or hay?

J. Elderton. Straw; I saw them all in the out-house about four in the evening, and on the morning before they went away.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time did you see them in the morning?

J. Elderton. I saw them about eight o'clock; they were getting up; I am sensible they are the three people?

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you ever seen the old woman before?

J. Elderton. No, I had not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is your master farmer Thane here?

J. Elderton. No; he was coming up, but was taken sick on the road; he came to Salisbury in company with us, and there we left him; he came to give evidence in this trial.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. What time did they come to your master's?

J. Elderton. About four o'clock.

Mr. Nares. Did they all come together?

J. Elderton. The old woman came a little before the others: when master had granted lodging, she went and call'd them; then they came.

Mr. Nares. What is getting up out of a barn?

J. Elderton. It is dressing themselves; putting on their cloaths, or tackling themselves up.

Mr. Nares. Did you see any sheets they had?

J. Elderton. No, I did not any.

Mr. Nares. Did you see any of their cloaths off?

J. Elderton. No, I did not; they were tying their cloaths up.

Mr. Nares. Did you see their gowns off, or caps off, or petticoats off?

J. Elderton. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. Did the straw appear as if they had laid on it?

J. Elderton. It did; there were marks where they had laid.

William Hort sworn.

W. Hort. I live at Martin.

Mr. Davy. Look at that old woman; did you ever see that face before?

W. Hort. Yes, sir; I have at Martin.

Mr. Davy. Do you know that girl behind her, and that man near her?

W. Hort. Yes, sir, I do; they are the woman's daughter and son for what I know.

Mr. Davy. When did you see them before?

W. Hort. I saw them all three at Martin, on Saturday seven-night after old Christmas-day; they lay in an out-house at farmer Thane's.

Mr. Davy. What do you mean by an out-house?

W. Hort. By that I mean a barn, or place where was straw.

Mr. Davy. How did they lie?

W. Hort. I don't know; I did not see them lie in bed; I am farmer Thane's servant; they asked leave of master to lie there.

Mr. Davy. What did they lie upon?

W. Hort. I cannot say what they lay upon, there was straw.

Mr. Davy. Do you take upon you to say these are the same three persons?

W. Hort. I do by my life; that I say in the presence of God.

Mr. Davy. Look upon them again?

W. Hort. I do, I am sure they are the same.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. How long did they stay?

W. Hort. They came in the evening, and went away the next morning.

Mr. Williams. Did you see them at any other time?

W. Hort. I saw the old woman in master's house, by the fire, and her daughter was joining china for them.

John Blandford sworn.

J. Blandford. I live with farmer Thane, at Martin.

Mr. Willes. What are you?

J. Blandford. I am a blacksmith.

Mr. Willes. Look at that old woman.

J. Blandford. I see her there on the Saturday evening seven-nights after old Christmas, about four o'clock, or something after, which is the 13th of January.

Mr. Willes. Did you see only the old woman?

J. Blandford. No, I only saw her, because she came in before them.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever seen her before that time?

J. Blandford. No, I don't know that ever I did.

Mr. Willes. Did she lie at farmer Thane's?

J. Blandford. She did some where, but I cannot tell where; I did not see her afterwards then.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. How long might you see her?

J. Blandford. It might be half a quarter of an hour, or something less.

Mr.

Mr. Moreton. Have you seen her since that time?

J. Blandford. I have.

Mr. Moreton. When?

J. Blandford. Last Wednesday.

Mr. Moreton. Yet you can swear to her after a year and half.

J. Blandford. Yes, sir, if it was twenty years I could.

Joseph Hayter sworn.

J. Hayter. I live at Coombe, and am a malster.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know that old woman, and young man and woman?

J. Hayter. I do all three: I saw them between Martin and Coombe the Sunday seven-night after old Christmas: I met them on the road as they were coming for Coombe, about eleven in the morning.

Mr. Gascoyne. What year do you mean?

J. Hayter. I mean in the year 53; the young man was a little before them, and the old woman had hold on the daughter's hand: the young man asked me how far it was from Coombe, I said, I thought he know'd as well as I did (as I had seen him before) the old gentlewoman was half a dozen lugs behind him; she ask'd me, and I told her it was two miles and a half.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you seen them both before?

J. Hayter. I had, but I can't say I had seen the young woman before.

Mr. Gascoyne. What is the reason you know that particular day?

J. Hayter. By reason my wife was gone over to keep Christmas, and I was going to fetch her home to Martin: and I saw them again the same day at Coombe; I came back to Coombe again the same night: I saw them on the Monday morning at seven o'clock; I saw them at Mrs. Greville's, the sign of the lamb; Thomas Greville is dead; I went down to ask him if he had a load of furz, I wanted a load; there this old gentlewoman sat in the corner, and George stood up in the middle of the house, and Lucy stood by him; I never spoke a word to them then.

Cross Examination.

Mr. Nares. How long before this was it that you had seen this old woman before?

J. Hayter. I cannot say, it may be two years.

Mr. Nares. What did you take them to be?

J. Hayter. I took them to be, what we call, gipsy people.

Mr. Nares. Where had you seen George before?

J. Hayter. I had seen him often at Coombe.

Mr. Nares. Without his mother?

J. Hayter. Yes, and with his mother some years back; but she might be there at that time, and I not see her.

Mr. Nares. Is Coombe a market town?

J. Hayter. No, it is a village; I heard of her being indicted for robbing a girl, and I was apply'd to, to come up.

Mr. Nares. Was you here when Greville was indicted?

J. Hayter. No I was not here time enough.

Mr. Nares. Did you come up to the old woman's trial.

J. Hayter. I was not applied to, to come up; I told it as soon as ever I heard Greville went; that I met her in such a place.

Mr. Nares. Why did you not appear to give evidence before?

J. Hayter. I was not subpoena'd, is the cause I did not come.

Mary Greville sworn.

M. Greville. I live at Coombe.

Mr. Davy. What relation are you to Thomas Greville, who was indicted for perjury here?

M. Greville. I am sister to him; he is dead.

Mr. Davy. Look at that old woman, and the girl in a capuchin, and the man behind her?

M. Greville. I know these three persons.

Mr. Davy. Where did you see them?

M. Greville. I saw them at Coombe, on the 14th of January, on a Sunday, and went away on the Monday morning, at my mother's house, the sign of the lamb, at Coombe; I live in the same house.

Mr. Davy. Do you speak with absolute certainty, that these are the very persons you saw, and no other?

M. Greville. These be the very persons indeed.

Mr. Davy. May you not be mistaken?

M. Greville. It is impossible I should; I am very well satisfied I am not mistaken in them?

Mr. Davy. Had you ever seen them before?

M. Greville. I don't remember I ever did.

Mr. Davy. Did you notice the old woman?

M. Greville. Yes, I did.

Mr. Davy. I speak of her features, not her profession?

M. Greville. That is what I mean; and that is the very son and daughter indeed.

Cross examined

Mr. Williams. Who waited upon them?

M. Greville. My mother did; they were by the kitchen fire.

Mr. Williams. What time did they come in?

M. Greville. They came in between two and three in the afternoon.

Mr. Williams. When did they go away?

M. Greville. They went away between seven and eight in the morning.

Mr. Williams. How far is Coombe from Martin?

M. Greville. It is four miles.

George Towil sworn.

G. Towil. I live at Coombe; I have seen that old woman and her two children before.

Mr. Willes. When did you see them before?

G. Towil. I saw them the Sunday was seven-nights after old Christmas-day, which was the 14th of January.

Mr. Willes. Are you certain of it?

G. Towil. I am very certain.

Mr. Willes. Where did you see them?

G. Towil. At Mary Greville's, at the sign of the lamb.

Mr. Willes. Were you in company with them?

G. Towil. No, I was not; no-body but the landlady and I drank together; we were passing our accounts.

Mr. Willes. How long was you there?

G. Towil. I believe I was there from two o'clock to four.

Mr.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever seen the gipsy woman before?

G. Towil. I don't know that ever I did: there was another man in company with them; I believe he was a carpenter; he had a leather apron on: he ask'd me if I was a carpenter; I said I was a well-wisher to it.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. Was you called?

G. Towil. The first time I was suppoenad was in May.

Mr. Moreton. Have you been to see the woman since?

G. Towil. I have, and am sure it is the woman.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure to them all?

G. Towil. I am.

Richard Aimer sworn.

R. Aimer. I live at Coombe, and am servant to farmer John Harris.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at that old woman; who is she?

R. Aimer. Mary Squires; and she, in the capuchin is her daughter Lucy; and the other person by her is her son George.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where have you seen them before?

R. Aimer. I saw them at Coombe on Sunday the 14th of January, 1753, just after one o'clock; they were travelling upon the road.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you speak to them?

R. Aimer. Her son ask'd me how far it was to Sutton: I said, I could not tell, for I was never there.

Mr. Gascoyne. What conversation had you with the old woman?

R. Aimer. It was in the way of bantering and telling of fortunes.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you speak to the young woman?

R. Aimer. I never said a word to her; I saw the old woman afterwards; she came to our master's door.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know what for?

R. Aimer. No; I don't; and I saw her son on the Monday morning, at the widow Greville's, at Coombe, but I never spoke a word to him there, or he to me.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see the old woman or daughter on the Monday?

R. Aimer. No, sir, I did not.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. When they spoke to you between Sutton and Coombe, did you know them?

R. Aimer. No, sir.

Mr. Nares. Then how do you know that this is George and Lucy?

R. Aimer. I know that only as they told me since, for I never saw them before in my life.

Mr. Nares. Did the old lady tell you your fortune?

R. Aimer. Yes.

Mr. Nares. All is come true I hope?

R. Aimer. I did not think any thing was true when it was done.

Mr. Nares. What did you give her for telling you your fortune?

R. Aimer. Two-pence.

Mr. Nares. Was her daughter and son by?

R. Aimer. They went on while we talked together.

Mr. Nares. What time did you see her at Coombe?

R. Aimer. Upon my return there in the evening I saw her.

Mr. Nares. Have you seen her since?

R. Aimer. I never saw her since, till I saw her in Newgate.

Robert Merchant sworn.

R. Merchant. I live at Coombe, I am a carter.

Mr. Davy. Do you know that old woman?

R. Merchant. I do very well.

Mr. Davy. Do you know her son and daughter?

R. Merchant. They were gone on when I saw the old woman.

Mr. Davy. Where did you see the old woman?

R. Merchant. At Coombe, the 14th of January.

Mr. Davy. Do you know the day of the week?

R. Merchant. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. How do you know it to be the 14th of January?

R. Merchant. By my master's account and the farrier's; I ask'd master that day what day of the month it was?

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. When did your master tell you it was the 14th of January?

R. Merchant. We had a horse bad that very day the woman was there; and master and he disputed it to the best of their knowledge; that *that* was the day that I saw her.

Mr. Williams. What is your master's name?

R. Merchant. My master is farmer John Harris.

Mr. Williams. When had you this dispute?

R. Merchant. We had no dispute at all.

Mr. Williams. When did you hear your master say it was the 14th of January.

R. Merchant. The same day the woman was there.

Mr. Williams. How came you to be talking of the day of the month?

R. Merchant. Being the horse was bad sir; and because the horse was bad, they set down the day of the month.

Mr. Williams. What, were they settling their accounts?

R. Merchant. They were, so far as I know: master was to pay the farrier money for curing the horse.

Mr. Williams. Was there any talk then about the gipsy?

R. Merchant. No, sir, I heard no talk about the gipsy.

Martha Waters sworn.

M. Waters. I live at Coombe.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see that old woman before?

M. Waters. Yes, I have at Coombe, on the 14th of January.

Mr. Willes. Was her son and daughter with her?

M. Waters. No, sir; I saw her at a farmer's house where I live.

Mr. Willes. How came she to come there?

M. Waters. She came and ask'd for some small beer.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever seen her before?

M. Waters. No, I never did; but I am sure she is the woman.

M

Cross

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. How long did she stay there?

M. Waters. She staid there about the value of a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Marton. Did she tell thee thy fortune?

M. Waters. No, she did not; I did not want it.

Mr. Davy. Your lordship may remember; that George Squires could give no account of places between Coombe and Basingstoke, therefore we could not collect any evidence between these towns; so the next witness comes from Basingstoke, which you will find to be forty miles from Coombe, and that is four days journey, according to their rate of travelling: they were at Coombe on the 14th of January, and you will find them at Basingstoke on the 18th.

Mary Morris *sworn*.

M. Morris. I live at Basingstoke, at the Spread Eagle.

Mr. Davy. Look at that old woman.

M. Morris. That old gentlewoman is Mary Squires, and the young woman is Lucy Squires, and the young man is George Squires. I wrote a letter for the young woman on the 18th of January.

Mr. Davy. What day of the week was it?

M. Morris. Really I will not be positive; it was on a Thursday or Friday; it was for one Clark at Abbotsbury.

Mr. Davy. Look at this letter; is this your writing?

M. Morris. *She takes it in her hand*—Sir, it is my hand-writing, directions and all; my little boy carried it to the post-office, and Mr. Squires gave him a halfpenny because he did not stay.

The Letter read.

Directed to the post-house in Dorchester, to be directed to Abbotsbury for Mr. William Clark, cordwainer. This with care.

(The other figure being in the corner was supposed to be torn off)

“Basingstoke, Jan. 18, 175

“S I R,

“This, with my kind love and service to you, and all your family, hoping you are all in good health, as I be at present. This is to acquaint you, that I am very uneasy for your troublesome journey, hoping you received no illness after your journey; so no more at present, from

“Your most obedient and humble servant,

“Lucy Squires.”

“I desire to hear from you as soon as possible. Direct for Lucy Squires at Brentford, near London. George and mother give their compliments to you, and all your family.”

Mr. Davy. You are sure this is your hand-writing?

M. Morris. This is my own hand-writing, which I wrote at Basingstoke, at the request of Lucy Squires.

Mr. Davy. Were the old woman and son there then.

M. Morris. They were in the house all the time; they would have lodged at my house, but I had not lodgings; they had a pint or two of beer, and eat a bit of bread, and went on to Old Basing.

Mr. Davy. How far is Old Basing from

Basingstoke?

M. Morris. It is about two miles.

Mr. Davy. Is it possible you may mistake these people for any other gypsies.

M. Morris. I am positive that these are the very people I saw at my house.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Had the old woman ever been at your house before?

M. Morris. She had lain at my house about a year and three quarters before.

Mr. Nares. None but the old woman?

M. Morris. No; I never saw the son and daughter before.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this letter was wrote the day it bears date?

M. Morris. I am positive sure it was.

Mr. Willis.

Mr. Willes. How far is Coombe from Basingstoke?

Willis. It is about forty miles.

Mr. Willes. Where had you this letter?

Willis. When I came to the post-office at Dorchester, which is the nearest post-office to Abbotsbury, the directions being very blind, the post-master had sent it under mistake to one Clark, as I understood, at *Charlster*, who sent his wife with it immediately.

The court look upon the back of the letter and discover two post-marks upon it.

Thomas Ravenhill *sworn*.

T. Ravenhill. I belong to the post-office, am assistant clerk to the western road.

Mr. Davy. Look at the post-mark upon that letter, and tell us where the letter was mark'd?

T. Ravenhill. This is a mark of the general post-office in London.

Mr. Davy. What day of the month does it appear to be stamp'd.

T. Ravenhill. The stamp is very imperfect, I cannot take upon me to speak with certainty.

Mr. Davy. Of whose hand-writing is the post charge?

T. Ravenhill. This is mine, that is the charge, which is seven-pence; the original place where it came from to London is three-pence, that is three-pence up and four-pence down; it is directed to be left at the post-house in Dorchester, that is four-pence.

Mr. Davy. See what part of the printed mark do you find plain?

T. Ravenhill. The stamp is so very imperfect, that I cannot with any degree of certainty tell; the 9 is very plain; whether it is 19 or 29 I can't say; it is not the 9th, for if it was, that figure would have been in the center.

Mr. Davy. Look at the letters at the bottom of the circle.

T. Ravenhill. The second letter seems to be an A.

Mr. Davy. I think your stamps are mark'd Mr for March?

T. Ravenhill. They are.

Mr. Davy. Then there can be the name of no month, the second letter of which is A, but January and May.

T. Ravenhill. I don't recollect that the second letter of any stamp is A, but that of January and May.

Mr.

Mr. Davy. Can you get the stamps from the post-office; that the court may see them?

T. Ravenhill. Yes. (He goes, and returns with several impressions on paper, as Jan. 9, Jan. 19, Jan. 29, and May 1, Mar. 26). These are all the stamps where A is the second letter; all the inland stamps have the figure on the top of the letter; and the foreign stamps are at the bottom; the figure 9 is placed not in the center, but just over the second letter.

Mr. Davy. Look at this letter; do you believe that stamp to be January?

T. Ravenhill. I cannot form an opinion of it, than any stranger to it; I believe it to be the 19th or 29th rather than the 9th.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. What are those stamps made of?

T. Ravenhill. They are made of box.

Mr. Moreton. Do you stamp a letter for 52 with the same stamp of 51.

T. Ravenhill. No; we do not; we use every day one, and they last no longer; some times, at the latter end of the day, it is so defac'd and clogg'd, that it will hardly last a day; and after they have been used, they are thrown into a drawer, where they remain five or six months, and then we burn them.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure this mark of the charge is your mark?

T. Ravenhill. I am very sure it is.

Mr. Davy. Has Basingstoke a stamp to it?

T. Ravenhill. I can't say whether it has or no.

Mr. Davy. Is there a post-master there?

T. Ravenhill. There is.

Mr. Davy. Have not all post-masters stamps?

T. Ravenhill. I can't say whether they have or not.

Mr. Davy. Look at this, and see if there is a post-mark upon it?

T. Ravenhill. I see there is a mark very plain, but it is so blind I can't distinguish what it is.

Mr. Davy. Is it a mark of two lines?

T. Ravenhill. I believe it may be a post-mark of two lines.

Mr. Davy. Why have some two lines and some but one?

T. Ravenhill. Those of two lines are generally where the town's name is a long one.

Elizabeth Edwards sworn.

E. Edwards. I live at Brentford.

Mr. Willes. Look at that old woman, and these two people with her.

E. Edwards. I see her, and her daughter and son; they came all three into my house; I don't know the day, but we had a neighbour's child christened at the time they were there; (she produces the copy of the register) this is a true copy of the register of the child when it was christened, Mr. Gascoyne went himself and took it out of the book.

Mr. Willes. Can you tell by any other circumstance?

E. Edwards. No, I cannot.

Mr. Willes. What day was it the child was christened?

E. Edwards. By this, it was the 22d day of January, and the old woman went away on

the 23d, being on a Tuesday, but they came to my house on the Saturday before.

Mr. Willes. Do you keep a publick house?

E. Edwards. No, I do not; I keep a shop; they lodg'd at my house: George went out on the Sunday, and brought his other sister to our house on the Monday, and they went all away together on the Tuesday morning betimes towards London.

Mr. Willes. What did they call the other sister's name?

E. Edwards. I have forgot what he call'd her, but one of them he call'd Lucy.

Mr. Willes. Was that she that he brought on the Monday?

E. Edwards. No, it was not.

Mr. Willes. Are you sure they were at your house at that time?

E. Edwards. I am positive they were.

Sufanna Burwill sworn.

S. Burwill. I live at Brentford, the last witness is my mother; she has had two husbands is the reason our names differ.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know that old woman there?

S. Burwill. I do: I never saw her before she came to my mother's. I know them all three; they all came together on a Saturday night, the 20th of January; they asked for lodgings; and said they were recommended by a friend of my mother's; and my mother let them lie there; on the Sunday the old gentlewoman and her daughter staid there; and the son went to London, and did not come home till the Monday, and then he brought a sister (as he call'd her) with him.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time did he return?

S. Burwill. I can't tell the time directly; it was some time of the day.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did they lie there on Monday night?

S. Burwill. They did, fir, and went all four of them away on the Tuesday morning.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did they say where they were going?

S. Burwill. They said they were going to Epping in Essex.

Mr. Gascoyne. Can you tell what time they went away?

S. Burwill. I really cannot: they went away some time in the morning.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Had you ever seen them before?

S. Burwill. No, I never had to my knowledge.

William Tredget sworn.

W. Tredget. I live at Tottenham; at the Seven Sisters, the sign of the two brewers.

Mr. Davy. How far is that from London?

W. Tredget. It is four miles.

Mr. Davy. How many miles is it from Enfield-Wash.

W. Tredget. I cannot justly tell: I know the place.

Mr. Davy. Look at those three people, — that old woman, and the daughter and son?

W. Tredget. I remember the old woman very well, and the daughter and son too.

Mr. Davy. Where did you see them?

W. Tredget.

W. Tredget. I saw them at Tottenham on the 23d of January, which was on a Tuesday: I am sure to the day and the people.

Mr. Davy. Where did they say they came from?

W. Tredget. They said they came from Brentford.

Mr. Davy. Did they lie at your house?

W. Tredget. No, they did not; I told them I had no lodging, and directed them over the way to a farm house, one Mr. Phillips's, but cannot say whether they lay there or not.

Mr. Davy. What time of the day did they call at your house?

W. Tredget. It might be about four; it was a little before candle lighting.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever seen them before?

W. Tredget. I cannot say I ever did, unless it was the old gentlewoman; I believe I had seen her about three years before; I had taken notice of her face that she was a woman not common to be seen, the last time.

Mr. Davy. Had you taken notice of her face before that time?

W. Tredget. No.

Mr. Davy. When you saw her upon the 23d of January, did you recollect that you had seen her before?

W. Tredget. No; but when they came to ask me to come and see her in Newgate, then I recollected that it was the face I had seen three years before.

Mr. Davy. Do you now say upon your oath, that these are the very people whom you saw upon the 23d of January?

W. Tredget. It is the very same woman; I saw her then at Page Green, then her son and daughter were with her, but not when I saw her before as I know of.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. How many people did you see at Page Green that asked for lodging on the 23d of January?

W. Tredget. I saw none but the old woman, George and Lucy.

Mary Tredget sworn.

M. Tredget. I am wife to the last witness; we live at Page Green; I saw the old gipsy at my house on Tuesday the 23d of January, she asked us for lodgings, I did not let them have any, but recommended them to a farm house over the way.

Mr. Willes. What is the farmer's name?

M. Tredget. His name is Philips.

Mr. Davy. My lord, we have now gone through the proof of the alibi of Mary Squires, and brought her to Page Green, within two or three miles of Enfield-Wash; we will leave her there for the present, and proceed to another part of our case, which goes in contradiction to the whole of the defendant's evidence; we shall therefore call witnesses to prove, that her information before Mr. Alderman Chitty, on the 31st of January, differed in many instances from what she swore afterwards; and that she at first gave a false description of the place she pretends to have been confin'd in, and varied in her story after she had been carried to Wells's house at Enfield-Wash, on the first of February; we will also give your lordship and the jury a true description of this supposed prison, and of

what happened there on the first of February. We beg leave first to examine Mr. Alderman Chitty, but I must let the gentlemen concern'd for the defendant know the names of the witnesses we intend to call to this part of our case, that they may also be examined separately; Mr. Chitty, Mr. Nash, Mr. Hague, Mr. Aldridge, and William White.

W E D N E S D A Y the 1st of May.

Alderman Chitty sworn.

Mr. Gascoyne. Be pleased, sir, to give an account of what pass'd before you on the 31st of January 1753, relating to Elizabeth Canning.

Alderman Chitty. I was the sitting alderman at that time Elizabeth Canning was brought before me, but as it is about a year and half ago, I cannot give a distinct account of it. I remember it was on the 31st of January, about half an hour after twelve or one o'clock. Mr. Lyon and another Person, I believe it was Mr. Nash, came to me; there were a few notes taken for my own memorandum, which I believe are in court, which are the substance of what pass'd.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were they signed by her?

Alderman Chitty. No; I took it on paper as I generally do; but not thinking it would have been the subject of so much inquiry, I did not take it so distinct as I could wish.

He produces a paper.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is this your hand-writing?

Alderman Chitty. It is; this is not what I had taken at that time, but what I took since from that paper I took then of hers, and other persons that were brought before me.

Mr. Gascoyne. Then is this the substance of that account of her's you took?

Alderman Chitty. It is.

Mr. Gascoyne. You may refresh your memory by looking on it, and give the court an account of it, you may read it.

He reads. "A copy of the minutes taken by Thomas Chitty, upon the examination of Elizabeth Canning, at justice-room, Guildhall, January 31, 1753.

"Elizabeth Canning swore, that on last new-year's day, as she was returning from her uncle's, about Saltpetre-bank, as she came along by the dead wall against Bedlam, in Moorfields, about or near ten o'clock at night, she was met by two men, who strip'd her and robb'd her of half a guinea, three shillings, and a halfpenny."

Mr. Davy. Are you sure she said a halfpenny?

Alderman Chitty. I am sure she did; also her gown from her back. (Now I would observe, here I asked her what else? she said, a hat, she said it was a straw or chip hat; I did not put that down, but I well remember it as if it was but yesterday) "she said a hat from her head; she struggled and made a noise; one stopp'd her mouth with something like a handkerchief, and swore if she made any noise or resistance, they would kill her, and then hit her a blow over the head and stunned her, and forced her along Bishopsgate-street, each holding her up under her arms, but did not remember any thing more that pass'd, and did not come to herself till about half an hour before she

" she came to Enfield-Wash; as she had learn'd
 " since, to Wells's house there, and there
 " were several persons in the room; they said
 " she must do as they did, and if so, she should
 " have fine clothes, &c. she said she would
 " not, but would go home, and refused com-
 " pliance; and then a woman forced her up
 " stairs into a room, and with a case knife she
 " had in her hand, cut the lace of her stays,
 " and took her stays away, and told her there
 " was bread and water in the said room, and
 " if she made any noise, she would come in
 " immediately and cut her throat; then went
 " out and locked the door, and never saw her
 " nor any one of them since, till after her
 " escape, which bread was in quantity about
 " a quarter of a peck loaf in pieces, and three
 " quarters of a gallon of water; or a little
 " more, in a pitcher as she supposed, on which
 " only she subsisted, and one penny mince-pye
 " she had in her pocket, till she got away,
 " which was on the 29th of January, about
 " half an hour after three o'clock or four in
 " the afternoon, and then made the best of her
 " way to town to her mother's at the bottom
 " of Aldermanbury. She farther said, on in-
 " quiry, she had no stool all that time, only
 " made a little water; and said there was an
 " old stool or two, an old table, and an old
 " picture over the chimney, two windows in
 " the room, one fastened up with boards, the
 " other, part ditto and part glass, in which
 " latter she made a hole by removing a pane,
 " and forced part open, and got out on a small
 " shed of boards or penthouse, and so slid down
 " and jumped on the side of a bank on the
 " backside of the house, and so got into the
 " road, and proceeded to her mother's that
 " night, which was about ten o'clock. Her
 " mother said she was faint, so she got her
 " some wine and water, but it would not go
 " down, the passages being swelled, therefore
 " sent to the apothecary for advice. Mr. Lion
 " her master gave her an exceeding good cha-
 " racter, and so did her late master Mr. Win-
 " tlebury." There were a great many ques-
 " tions asked her which are not down here. There
 " was an examination for I believe near an hour,
 " and after I had examined her, I sent for alderman
 " Fludyer, but he did not chuse to examine her,
 " and put her over to the sitting alderman, which
 " happened to be my turn.

Mr. Gascoyne. During the time of this exa-
 mination did she mention any hay?

Alderman Chitty. She said there were no-
 thing in the room but those things she had
 mentioned; not one tittle of hay, neither do I
 remember what she said she lay upon.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she describe any gipsy,
 or any remarkable woman?

Alderman Chitty. I asked her whether she
 should know the woman again: she said she be-
 lieved she should, but she did not make men-
 tion of any extraordinary woman doing this.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she say when she drank
 all her water?

Alderman Chitty. She said a little water was
 left when she made her escape. I asked her
 whether she know'd what the quantity of a
 quartern loaf was: she said she did, for her for-
 mer master kept a publick house. I asked her

what sort of bread this was; she said, there
 were four or five pieces to the quantity of a
 quartern loaf.

Mr. Gascoyne. Are you sure she said four or
 five pieces?

Alderman Chitty. I am sure she said four or
 five, or five or six pieces.

Mr. Davy. Did she mention any such thing
 as a tobacco mould, a bason, a saddle, hay, or
 a barrel?

Alderman Chitty. I heard of no such things;
 she said there was nothing in the room but
 what things she had mentioned: she appre-
 hended then, it might be the woman of the house
 that had served her thus; but it appears, as it
 comes out, she had no notion who that woman
 was. I asked her whether or no she had seen
 any body in all that time; she said she had not
 but once; she looked through the key hole and
 saw some one person pass below.

Mr. Gascoyne. Please to look at this paper.

Alderman Chitty. This is my hand-writing,
 it is my warrant for the apprehending the peo-
 ple that she charged.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she mention the name of
 Wells, or whose house she had been at?

Alderman Chitty. I was a little unwilling,
 at this extraordinary account, to grant a war-
 rant; I said to her, be sure what you say; say
 nothing but what you can swear to; and as she
 swore all to be true, upon this information I
 granted her a warrant, but told her I could not
 believe the story she had told me.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you recollect that whe-
 ther, in the time she was in confinement, she
 heard any thing by which she could discover the
 names of any of the people?

Alderman Chitty. The name of Wells was
 not mentioned at all by her.

Mr. Gascoyne. How came you to grant a
 warrant in particular against Wells?

Alderman Chitty. Because they had learned
 the name since of the keeper of the house, and
 that they supposed to be this Wells.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were there any particular
 features described of the person?

Alderman Chitty. No.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who mentioned the name of
 Wells, as Canning never mentioned that name?

Alderman Chitty. I cannot remember that:
 it was mentioned, mother Wells was the occu-
 pier of this house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was one Scarrot there?

Alderman Chitty. There were above fifty
 people there; I did not know them.

Mr. Gascoyne. During this examination, did
 she mention any fit she had?

Alderman Chitty. I don't remember she
 did, but the mother did; she said she had been
 subject to fits from her infancy.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she say she went down
 Bishopsgate-street?

Alderman Chitty. She did, between two
 men, one held under one arm, and the other
 under the other; but said, how she came there
 she could not tell; that she was not so far
 stunned but that she know'd a little, as she went
 along that part, but how she went afterwards
 she did not know; she said she might have been
 put in some house for what she know'd, but she
 could not tell that.

Mr. *Gascoyne*. Previous to this examination, had you seen any advertisement in the papers of the 6th of January, which gives an account of a young woman taken out of a hackney-coach?

Mr. *Moreton*. That is not a proper question.

The Warrant read.

"To all constables and other peace officers,

"London, to wit, These are in his majesty's name to command you, and every one of you, upon sight hereof, to take and bring before me, or some other of his majesty's justices of the peace, the body of a person that goes by the name of mother Wells, at Enfield-Wash, in the county of Middlesex,

2. *From a Jurymen*. Who put that name in the warrant, or who gave the name?

Alderman *Chitty*. I cannot recollect who mentioned the name Wells: I apprehend they had got that name before they came to the justice-room: I asked the girl whether that was the mistress of the house or no; she said, she could tell nothing of the woman's name.

The Conclusion of the Warrant.

"of whom you shall have notice, to answer to such things that shall be alledged against her by Elizabeth Canning, for violently assaulting her, and robbing her of a pair of stays, and confining her in a room in the said house, and keeping her on bread and water for upwards of three weeks, as oath has been made before me,

"Jan. 31, 1753.

Thomas Chitty."

Gawen Nash.

G. *Nash*. I belong to Goldsmiths-hall, and keep a coffee-house in Gutter-lane. On the 31st of January 53, I went to Mr. Lion's house in Aldermanbury; he is a particular acquaintance of mine, and has been some years; there was he and his wife. I asked them whether that paragraph in the paper about their servant's coming home in such a condition was true, he told me it was.

Mr. *Davy*. Was you present in the justice-room when the defendant was there before Mr. Alderman Chitty.

G. *Nash*. I was, as a friend to this girl; the city marshal's man was there: I was there a little before the others; I asked leave to let the room be cleared; there were many people in the room; I had never seen the girl till that day; but had compassion for her from the account I had heard of her hard usage.

Mr. *Davy*. Was Mr. Adamson there?

G. *Nash*. I think he was.

Mr. *Davy*. Was Mr. Scarrot there?

G. *Nash*. I do not know whether he was or not; the girl gave an account of the place where she had been in: Mr. Alderman Chitty asked her (how it might slip his memory I cannot tell) what sort of a room she had been confined in; her answer was, *that it was a little, square, darkish or dark room, with boards nailed up before the window.*

Mr. *Davy*. Are you sure the words little and square were mentioned?

G. *Nash*. I am sure of it, I remember it very well.

Mr. *Davy*. Did she say windows in the plural number?

G. *Nash*. She did; she said, through the cracks of the boards she could see the Hertford-

shire coach pass by upon the road, that had used to carry her mistress. Upon being asked what was in the room, she said, there was an old broken stool or a chair; and in the chimney, an old iron grate, and a few old pictures hung over the chimney.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did you take this in writing?

G. *Nash*. No, I never did; upon being asked what she lay upon, I remember very well she said, she lay on the boards, which melted my heart indeed: I felt an inward affection for the girl, upon recollecting it was cold weather at that time, for I think we had a good deal of frost at that time.

Mr. *Davy*. Have you heard what the alderman said in his evidence?

G. *Nash*. I have.

Mr. *Davy*. What did she say about bread in the room, and how many pieces were there?

G. *Nash*. She said, there were about the value of a quartern loaf thrown about the room in crusts, which were blue and mouldy; the number of pieces I do not remember she said.

Mr. *Davy*. Do you remember she said she slid down a penthouse?

G. *Nash*. I do not, she said she pulled down one of the boards of the window, after she had strove at it many times; and in getting out at the window she tore her ear by a nail by the side of the window in turning herself about; and her mother standing by, said, her ear was then bloody; her ear then seemed to be very sore. There was a warrant granted upon this against one Wells. The alderman does not remember what it was that induced him to grant it against her in particular: I recollect it because it was in a paragraph in the news-paper, that she had been at the house of mother Wells, at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. *Davy*. What charge was there before the alderman against mother Wells? for he could not grant a warrant by information from the news-paper.

G. *Nash*. I recollect she was asked where she had been, and that she, or somebody else, said she had been at the house of mother Wells, at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. *Davy*. Recollect, if you can, whether it was she or another person who said so.

G. *Nash*. Upon my word I cannot positively tell which, but it was repeated aloud that she had been at the house of mother Wells (that is a notorious bad woman) she being asked how she came to know she had been at mother Wells's, she said, she had heard her called so while she was under confinement in the room.

Mr. *Davy*. Did she describe any person she saw in the house?

G. *Nash*. There were no particular descriptions given by her of any one person in the house.

Mr. *Davy*. Was the name of Virtue Hall mentioned then?

G. *Nash*. I never heard it indeed before the alderman.

Mr. *Davy*. Do you remember any other particulars of the description of the room, or any other circumstances?

G. *Nash*. I do not recollect any other description than I have hitherto told; upon this a warrant was granted.

Mr.

Mr. Davy. Did you, upon that, go down with any persons to Enfield-Wash, and when, in order to apprehend the people, or see the house?

G. Nash. I really can't recollect whether Mr. Lion took the warrant out of the clerk's hand or I, but we went on jig-by-jole to the hall-yard; I know Mr. Lion paid the shilling for the warrant: when we were in the yard, we were consulting what to do in this affair; fearing it should gather wind in the country, and the people all got away before we got down there. Upon this Mr. Lion and I being very intimate, went home to my house; my wife being very unwilling I should lie out of town that night, otherwise we had gone down immediately to have apprehended the people that night. We agreed to go the next morning in a coach, and he asked me to take a friend or two, which I did; they were Mr. Edward Aldridge and Mr. John Hague. We went (this was on the 1st of February) at our own expence, and took coach in Chiswell-street, and desired the coachman to proceed as fast as he could, fearing we should miss what we aimed at. When we came to about Hounds-field, some where by Ponder's-End, we had several people met us, riding as hard as they could, to give us intelligence that they had seized all the people in the house.

Mr. Davy. As you had heard the defendant give a description of the room, did you mention that to Mr. Hague and Mr. Aldridge?

G. Nash. I told them what I had heard.

Mr. Davy. At the time you were going down with them, did you declare any intention you had to take a survey of the place, and see whether it answered her descriptions?

G. Nash. I can't tell whether I said so, but it was my intention so to do, and to see the warrant executed.

Mr. Davy. What time did you arrive there?

G. Nash. I guess it was about eleven o'clock, which was about an hour before Elizabeth Canning came there: The coachman drove us up to the fun and punch-bowl, almost opposite to mother Wells's house; there were people, some on horseback, and some on foot, all in an uproar. Mr. Hague, Mr. Lion, and Mr. Aldridge went into the house. I pushed over to the house in order to find if the description of the room answered: I saw some people in the room on my left hand, which they call the parlour; then I went up the stair case leading from the great door that comes into the street, and, to my great surprize, I look'd about the three rooms, and found nothing there like it; there were beds in them, which seemed to have been laid in that night; then I came down again and went into the kitchen, and saw a man with a broomstick in his hand; I said to him, friend, do you know any thing of this house? he said, there is a room here: he unbuttoned a button and opened the door; I saw a door on each side, one opened to a cellar full of water, another opened to a place like an oven, and the other led me to a place where was a few steps or stairs which led up into this hay-loft, a nasty room: I have since told the steps; I think there were eight of them; I am sure there were nothing like her descriptions there at that time. I cannot say I observed the key-hole, but I was there about

afterwards, and believe there has not been a lock upon that door for many years; there were no signs where a lock could have been placed; I saw no marks of a lock fastened thereon; I am sure there had been no lock there; neither was there any bolt; there was a large bar that secured the three doors.

Mr. Davy. Are the steps without or within side the door?

G. Nash. They are on the inside the door; the stairs are part of the room.

Mr. Davy. Can you mention the exact length and breadth of the room?

G. Nash. I never measured it; it is a very long room; you may as well call this table a square (*meaning a long table in the sessions-house*) that man and I went up in it by ourselves.

Mr. Davy. Did you take any particular notice of what things were in the room?

G. Nash. At that time I cannot say I did, because I had not found out the room according to the girl's description. I came down and saw Mr. White, one of my lord-mayor's marshal-men, who went down to execute the warrant; I said to him, for God's sake what do you think of this affair? he said, he believed, we were got into the wrong box, and he believed the girl had never been there: then I went over to my companions that came down along with me; this was before Canning came. We went over to the house again; we went up into this room; some persons, I cannot tell who, said this must be the room; Mr. Lion stood near me; said I, this cannot be the room according to her description, for she said it was an empty dark room; Mr. Lion said, these things may have been here since: there were numbers of things then in it.

Mr. Davy. Mention the things you saw there.

G. Nash. There was to the quantity of half a load of hay; an old nest of drawers, about four feet long, and three high; there was a high tub with pollard in it; two side-saddles, and an old man's saddle: on my right hand coming up stairs, there seemed to be a place as if some poor people had laid upon it; it was some part hay that was taken from the heap, and some wool put into a sack for a bolster, made up in the form of a bed: over this nasty bed (if I may so call it) were some pullies and a line belonging to a jack; and at the head of this bed was a hole, through which, it seems, formerly the line did run, that had some hay stuffed in it to keep out the wind; I took it out; it was a long square, about six by eight inches; there is a jack in the kitchen to which the line had been fastened; the hole looks directly into the kitchen; it is a very thin partition; it is lath and plaister: through that hole might be seen every thing in the kitchen, except just under it, and there was a window in the kitchen, which looks out into the road, which, from that hay-loft, a person might see through that window cross the road.

Mr. Davy. Could you, when standing in the kitchen, see through into that room?

G. Nash. You might see the window that fronts the kitchen through the hole.

Mr. Davy. How high is the hole from the floor of the kitchen?

G. Nash. I believe it might be about seven or eight feet to look through from the kitchen; a person

person might elevate himself or look upwards, and when in the room, the hole is about five or six inches above the pillow of this hay-bed, which was made on the floor. In this room was a chimney, which I apprehended was for the warming a glew-pot; and over this place, for the reception of a chimney, was a little ledge; upon which stood an old iron casement all dusty; the chimney stands in the corner of the room, as near as I can think it is to the south; there was cobwebs and nastiness upon the things, it is impossible they should be newly have been put there within a year.

Mr. Davy. Were there any cobwebs on the casement?

G. Nash. There were; they seemed to fix the casement to the chimney ledge, it had such an appearance to me, I did not move it; it was all over cobwebs, and seemed to be forded to the wall with them, I did not move it.

Mr. Davy. Was there any grate in the chimney?

G. Nash. No, there was not; it appeared to me as if there never had been any.

Mr. Davy. Was there a hearth to the chimney?

G. Nash. I think there was not.

Mr. Davy. Was the hearth-place, I mean the floor of the chimney, covered with dust?

G. Nash. At that time I did not particularly observe whether it was or no.

Mr. Davy. Was there any appearance to you of any pictures having been over the chimney?

G. Nash. I believe there never was a picture hung up in that room in this world.

Mr. Davy. Did you observe the window at the north end of the room?

G. Nash. I did; that window was nail'd up with boards, and the muntam was betwixt; there were two windows in the room, one at the end, and the other almost facing the stairs, going up out of the kitchen; the window at the end seemed to have had a light; the casement was whole, with the boards nail'd up upon the top, and boards nail'd to the muntams, and the glass casement shut.

Mr. Davy. What do you mean by a muntam?

G. Nash. It is the upright that divides the window in halves; the western side was boarded up, and the eastern side was glass; the which casement commanded the Hertford road, with a pond at the end of the house, that came within eight or ten feet of it; a person standing at that window might see all the people that pass upon the road; the other window was not then boarded up, nor, I believe, never had been; that was only a casement. I made particular observations on it to see if there ever had been any nails on either side, and could see no appearance of any; that is large enough for me to get out at; I have since shook hands with my wife out at it, she standing on the ground without and I in the room; it was easily opened, only by turning a long hook; this looks out to a little narrow lane or ditch, and over the hedge is a large common field.

Mr. Davy. Was the room light or dark?

G. Nash. It is what you may call a light room, rather than dark, by means of these two windows, and the tiles never were pointed to; the light came in from the roof; it could never be a dark room.

Mr. Davy. What sort of tiles were they?

G. Nash. They were pan-tiles.

Mr. Davy. How far was that window from the ground?

G. Nash. I believe, was I to hang out at the window by my hands, I should not be above three feet to the ground. The ground is higher at that window than it is at the north window a good deal.

Mr. Davy. Did you observe an old sign in the room?

G. Nash. I don't recollect there was.

Mr. Davy. Were there any trees in that hedge near the east window?

G. Nash. There were as near the window, that was I within side with a hunting whip, I could reach the boughs.

Mr. Davy. Did you observe the boughs whether they had been lopt lately?

G. Nash. I did not.

Mr. Davy. Where there any cobwebs on the drawers, so as to like fix them to the wall?

G. Nash. I did not observe that.

Mr. Davy. Was Canning come at this time while you was observing the room?

G. Nash. No, she was not.

Mr. Davy. Was Adamson there?

G. Nash. He was in the room long before she came; there were a great number of people there.

Mr. Davy. Whether any thing remarkable happen from Adamson's conduct?

G. Nash. Whether it was from his zeal I know not, but he took hold on the boards and pulled them down from the north window; I said, gentlemen, this cannot be the room, for the girl gave no account of any hay being in the room.

Mr. Davy. What part of the room did the hay lye in?

G. Nash. It lay toward the east, on the same side the window was on, betwixt the north and east window, and the bed was on the right side the stairs, under the jack-line hole, in the south-west part; we agreed by-and-by to go over the way again.

Mr. Davy. Did you see the pitcher while you was in the house?

G. Nash. I can't say I saw one, or look'd for one, it might be there and I overlook it.

Mr. Davy. Where were the people of the house then?

G. Nash. We had left them in custody in the parlour, which is the left hand room coming into the house; when we were over the way, I saw Mr. Adamson and another man, whom I did not know, tofs up to know who should go to meet Canning, and Adamson went to meet her, and came back before her.

Mr. Davy. For what purpose did they want to go to meet her?

G. Nash. I conjectured it was to see if they had not gone to a wrong house; we were all impatient to see her, for if I had had a horse I would have gone myself; when I and abundance

dance of other people were return'd to mother Wells's house, Adamson came riding up, seemingly with a good deal of pleasure, waving his hat with his left hand, and said, we are all right yet, for she says there is a little hay in the room; presently after the chaise appeared, in which the girl was; when she came, some were for carrying her over to the publick house; others were for bringing her to the house of mother Wells, which they did; she was brought out of it, and set on a dresser in the kitchen, on the left hand of the door, fronting the fire-place; and the door where she afterwards said she had been confined was on the left hand, and the door at that time open; if she had turn'd her head that way she might have seen the stairs; but whether she did turn her head that way, or whether she might have seen up into the room I cannot say, I believe she might have seen part of it; then there was a proposal to send for a bottle of wine to refresh those people that had been in the landau with her in the cold; she remain'd on the dresser about four or five minutes, then she was removed to the middle of the kitchen, on a broken stool, with her back toward the fire-place, with the door of the hay-loft on her right hand, looking towards the dresser, the door of the room was then remaining open, then she might have seen that part of it that the stairs lead up to: I believe she might sit thus, first and last, twenty minutes: it was the time they went and got a pint of wine; and mull'd it.

Mr. Davy. When it came did she drink much?

G. Nash. She drank but very little; then some-body put the thing thus, now let us call for mother Wells in, I said, hold gentlemen, this will be an Old Bailey story, and whoever is fix'd upon for the committing the fact, they'll certainly be hang'd. Let the room be fill'd full of people; and let her go and find out the people whom she accuses with robbing her, and proposed to carry her into the parlour, where were a great many people; she was carried in; and Mary Squires on the right hand on the chimney, upon a low chair, almost doubled together, with a black bonnet on, I am sure I could not see her face.

Mr. Davy. To what part of the room did Mary Squires then direct her looks?

G. Nash. I believe her face was pointing to the window, straight as she sat, and mother Wells sat on the left hand side of the fire; I said to Canning, now look for the woman that robb'd you; she immediately pointed to Mary Squires; and said, that old woman in the corner was the woman that robb'd me.

Mr. Davy. Did she see her face at that time?

G. Nash. I could not, but I will not pretend to say what she could see; I stood close to her; some-body said (I think it was Mary Squires's daughter,) do you hear what the gentlewoman says? she says you robb'd her. The old woman got up from the stool immediately, and said —

Mr. Moreton. I object against that being mentioned: it is no evidence.

Court. He may give an account of what

was said in the defendant's hearing and presence.

G. Nash. The old woman came up to her and said, madam, do you say I robb'd you? (and put herself in a particular posture, and had a sort of a clout about her face) pray, madam, look at this face; and sure if you have once seen it before, you must have remembered it, for God Almighty, I think, never made such another; pray, madam, when do you say I robb'd you? she answered, it was on the first day of this new year — The first day of this new year, madam, do you say? Lord bless me, I was an hundred and twenty miles from this place then. I with my finger tap'd her on the shoulder, and said, dame, where was you? she reply'd, I was at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire, and there are a hundred people I can bring to prove it; and some of them have known me twenty, thirty, and forty years; I think there were twenty people saying she has been here but a very little time. There was a poor woman they call'd Natus, sat there, who said, she herself had been there, I think, ten or eleven weeks, and that she had never seen Canning there before; and she said, Squires had been there but a very little time; after this was done, Canning was carried out of the room and carried up the stairs facing the street door, into all the rooms, I did not go up with her; after that she was carried up into the hay-loft, there she said, *she believed that was the room.*

Mr. Davy. Are these her words, *she believed*?

G. Nash. I think I can take upon me to swear they were her words, I ask'd her what she know'd in the room? she turn'd about on her left hand and said, *this is the room, for here is the bay I lay upon, but I think there is more of it then there was then,* pointing to the loose hay on her left hand; upon that she was asked by the people, that had her under the arms, what could she note more in the room? they took up a pitcher that stood upon the ground, and held it up to her, she said, *yes, that is the jug I had my water in;* then a gentleman that was there took hold of a tobacco mould, which was in a corner, and asked her if she remembered that? *she said she remembered that;* he asked her what else she remembered, I think that was Mr. Hague, and added, do you remember these three saddles (that were in the room) she said, I believe there might be one; the saddles seemed to be all over dust, they seemed to be laid up there out of the way, for a long time; then she was asked if she remembered the nest of drawers, she said she did not remember them. A gentleman made answer, have you been here twenty-eight days and never remember them drawers? she said, she did not remember them; then Mr. Hague asked why she did not strive to get out at that window? (that is the east window fronting the stairs) she said, she thought it had been fastened.

Mr. Davy. Did she say she had tried to see if it was fast?

G. Nash. I don't remember she said she had.

Mr. Davy. Did Natus's wife say any thing about her lying in the room?

G. Nash. Natus's wife said in the parlour that

that her husband and she had laid there, in this hay-loft, ten or eleven weeks; Canning's mother was in the room lamenting sadly, that *that* was the hay that her poor dear girl had laid upon.

Mr. Davy. Was the girl ask'd whether she remembered the jack-line?

G. Nash. She was; she said she did not remember seeing it.

Mr. Davy. Was the tub of pollard mentioned to her?

G. Nash. I think it was not.

Mr. Davy. Did she continue positive that Squires was the woman who robb'd her?

G. Nash. I heard no contradiction to that.

Mr. Davy. What lead you to recollect, at this distance of time, all these particulars?

G. Nash. It was so remarkable it could not slip out of my head; it was at that time the subject of conversation: it is well known I told my sentiments the same night to abundance of people that came to know about it.

Mr. Davy. Knowing all these particulars, which would have been extremely necessary to have been prov'd in the defence of Mary Squires and mother Wells, how came you, when these two people were to be try'd, the one for a capital felon, and the other as an accessory, not to be an evidence then?

G. Nash. I was here some part of the time the girl was giving her evidence, and really was a little discontented in my mind, about her giving her evidence at that time, and her varying from the particulars she first related before Mr. Alderman Chitty, and then to us; we had a very large feast at Goldsmiths-hall, and I was obliged to give my attendance, because I am butler to the company; I had the care of, may-be, three or four thousand pounds worth of plate, so that I staid in court but till eleven o'clock, being oblig'd to be there, and I did not think there was any danger of her being convicted upon such an incredible story.

Mr. Davy. Had you a subpoena?

G. Nash. No, I had not.

Mr. Davy. Did you then know that Mary Squires was upon trial for her life?

G. Nash. I did, and I did not think she would have been cast, indeed.

Mr. Davy. Had you apprehended her in danger of being convicted, should you have thought yourself excusable in not giving evidence?

G. Nash. If she had died, and I not gave my evidence, I should not have forgiven myself; I should have been very angry with myself; but in my own single opinion I did not think she would have been convicted; I thought the whole circumstance of the thing collected together could not amount to full proof, and apprehended the woman was in no danger.

Mr. Davy. If you had apprehended it possible that the woman should have been convicted, would you not have staid and given evidence?

G. Nash. I would have gone and made an excuse, and come again.

Mr. Davy. Have you been always of the

opinion you are now, that Canning's evidence was untrue?

G. Nash. I have always insisted upon the same I have now related. At the trial of Mary Squires I went home and told Mr. Flower, the assistant of the Goldsmiths Company, how far I had heard of the trial, and said, I think it is impossible, with all the circumstances, that she can be convicted; and he said, he thought so too.

Mr. Davy. How came you not to acquaint the court, that you of your own knowledge knew she was guilty of perjury?

G. Nash. I can give no reason for that.

Mr. Davy. What conduct did you pursue after the conviction of Squires, in order to atone for your not giving evidence for her?

G. Nash. Some time after that, I heard the old woman had a respite, I immediately waited on my lord-mayor, and told him, I believed I could let him into the whole affair, as well as any man could.

Mr. Davy. Did you do this voluntary?

G. Nash. I did; I was very glad to hear there was some design of saving the poor woman; I did it not out of spite to the girl, but merely in justice to the gipsy.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. Did you hear the girl positively charge Mary Squires with robbing her at Enfield-Wash, on the trial of Mary Squires?

G. Nash. I did.

Mr. Moreton. Did you hear her finish her evidence?

G. Nash. I can't tell whether she had quite done or not, for I look'd at my watch, and found it was time to go, so went away.

Mr. Moreton. What did Mr. Flower say?

G. Nash. He said, they never could convict her.

Mr. Moreton. Whether your dissatisfaction that you have given account of, is not owing to the observation you made at mother Wells's, to the answers the girl gave there on the 1st of February?

G. Nash. I did then think she was mistaken in the woman.

Mr. Moreton. Whether you heard the girl give any account of this at her mother's?

G. Nash. I never was at her mother's.

Mr. Moreton. When the old woman made her face so odd, by putting herself in a particular posture, as you described, did the girl alter in her opinion?

G. Nash. No, I did not hear she did.

Mr. Moreton. Was Canning in the room when Natus's wife said she had laid in the room ten or eleven weeks?

G. Nash. She first said she had laid in the house, whether it was before we went up into the room, I cannot say, but I am certain she said so in the parlour, when Canning was by.

Mr. Moreton. Did you continue to have a good opinion of Canning?

G. Nash. I dropp'd my opinion quite about her being innocent.

Mr. Moreton. Look at this letter, is it your hand-writing? (*he takes a letter in his hand*)

G. Nash. It is my hand-writing.

Mr.

Mr. Moreton. When was it wrote?

G. Nash. The day it bears date.

Mr. Moreton. Who is it wrote to?

G. Nash. To Mr. Lion.

John Hague sworn.

J. Hague. I am a goldsmith, and live in Noble-street, and am acquainted with Mr. Nash: he came to me on the 31st of January, 53, at night, and told me of an extraordinary affair, the contents were what he had heard before Mr. Alderman Chitty from Elizabeth Canning; he desired me, and I agreed to go down to Enfield-Wash with him. Mr. Nash, Mr. Lion, Mr. Alderidge, and myself, went together in a coach on the next morning. Before we got down, we met a man on horseback, who it was I do not know; he came to the coach side and said, we have taken them all. When we came there, we went to Mrs. Wells's directly; we first went into the parlour on the left hand, there we saw the people that were taken; after we had talked with them, we went to take a view of the house, we went up the stairs and saw the rooms; then we came down, and went up into the hay-loft or workshop, and finding nothing that answered the description the girl had given before Mr. Alderman Chitty, as Mr. Nash had said to us, he said here is no room answers the description she gave; we went over to Cautevel's and got a glass of wine to refresh ourselves.

Mr. Willes. Was Mr. Adamson in the room call'd the hay-loft when you was?

J. Hague. He was; there was he and Scarrot were saying to one another, do you go, and do you go, and at last they toss'd up a halfpenny, and it fell to Adamson's lot to go; he took his horse and went, and came back with great triumph, with a whip lashing over his head, saying, by G—d we are all right, she says there is a little hay in the room; and in about a quarter of an hour after this, Canning came; she was first brought to mother Wells's door, and was taken into the kitchen on the right hand; she was set upon the dresser in the kitchen on the left hand, and the door opening to the hay-loft was then open, which she could not miss to see, but she did not mention a word that *that* was the place where she had been in; she sat there a few minutes, then they took her off, and set her in a chair; she never open'd her lips about her stays being cut off there.

Mr. Willes. How long do you think she was in the kitchen?

J. Hague. In sitting on the dresser and in the chair, I believe she had been there a little better than a quarter of an hour; then they carried her into the parlour, and set her upon a table, mother Wells set very close to her; as they were bringing her in, mother Wells said, with a sort of a sneer, why the girl is sick; there was no answer made to that; as Canning was sitting, she pointed to the gipsy woman, and said, that is the woman that cut my stays off.

Mr. Willes. Was the gipsy in such a situation that she could then see her face?

J. Hague. Upon my word; I think she could not, I was close to her, she was smoking a pipe.

Mr. Willes. Upon that, what did the gipsy say or do?

J. Hague. Lucy Squires went up to her mother and said, mother, the girl says that you have cut her stays off: then the old woman got up, and in a great trembling, she took her bonnet off, and stroked her hair up, and said, madam, consider what a remarkable woman I am, would you go to take a life away? I was at Abbotsbury at that time.

Mr. Willes. Did she say how many miles that was from town?

J. Hague. I don't remember she did, but George Squires then said it was a hundred and twenty miles from London.

Mr. Willes. Have you heard Mr. Nash give evidence a little time ago?

J. Hague. I have not heard a word of his evidence.

Mr. Willes. Did any body else take notice how long the gipsy had been at Enfield?

J. Hague. No, I don't remember any body did.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember seeing Judith Natus?

J. Hague. I can't say I heard her say any thing.

Mr. Willes. How long had Canning been in that room before you took her up into the hay-loft?

J. Hague. I believe about half an hour; I led her up stairs myself; I had hold on one arm, and another person on the other, but I don't know who it was; he has not appeared since; but before we went there, we went into several other rooms; she was very quick and said, this is not it, and that is not it.

Mr. Willes. What did she say upon her first coming into the hay-loft?

J. Hague. When we got to the top of the stairs, she turn'd upon her right hand next to the chimney, and took no manner of notice of any thing: then turning to the left, *this is the room, says she, that I was confined in*; then her mother said ay, this is the room where my poor child was confin'd in. Said I, good woman, was you confined here with her? no, says she, but I believe every thing my daughter says; then I said, pray hold your tongue, and don't answer any questions. There I saw a very large hole on the right hand coming up stairs, large enough for a large cat to go through; it was open.

Mr. Willes. How high is it from the floor?

J. Hague. It is close to the floor, the jack-line run through it, and a pulley just over it; if there had been a mouse in the room she might have seen it.

Mr. Willes. Was you in that room as soon as Nash and Alderidge?

J. Hague. No, they had been there before me. There I saw also a dirty nasty hay-bed on the ground, nothing but hay, which I suppose was taken from the other hay, where we were told Fortune Natus and his wife lay. I asked Canning

Canning whether she remembered the pulley ; she said no, she never saw it. There is a little narrow chimney about fifteen or sixteen inches wide ; there was no grate, or appearance that there ever had been one in the chimney ; it was full of hardly any thing else but cobwebs, which seem'd to have been there a considerable time, they were so nasty and dirty.

Mr. *Willes*. Were the cobwebs so spread about the chimney that it was impossible there should have been a grate there two days before ?

J. *Hague*. Yes, sir. There was an old casement over the chimney that was very dirty and dusty : I said to Canning, child, did you take this for a picture ? she said, no. When I took it away, all the cobwebs came with it from the top to the bottom ; and on the place from whence it was taken, there appeared a print of it, that look'd as if it had been there a year or two.

Mr. *Willes*. Was there any mark of any place as if a picture had been there ?

J. *Hague*. No, sir.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you observe the window that looks towards the east ?

J. *Hague*. I did ; it is a casement large enough for me to get out at ; that is it which fronts the stairs ; I asked her how she came not to get out there, and opened it when I had hold of her arm : she said, sir, I believe it was nail'd ; then I looked to see if there were any appearance of nails being there, and could see none at all.

Mr. *Willes*. How high is this window from the ground ?

J. *Hague*. It might be about ten feet ; it went into a little narrow kind of a ditch, about half a yard wide, where was a bank up against it, and a hedge and a field behind it ; in the hedge were several trees near the window.

Mr. *Willes*. Did the branches look as if they had been lopp'd lately ?

J. *Hague*. Yes they did.

Mr. *Willes*. How much hay do you think there might be in the room ?

J. *Hague*. I believe about half a load ; it lay in the room on the same side the window was on ; it seem'd to have laid there a long time ; there was another window opened into the road, boarded up on one side, and a casement on the other that opened, that is to the north, and there is a lane at the corner of it ; I looked out at it ; there was no penthouse or shed under it ; it were a perpendicular : Mr. Adamson turn'd some of the hay over to look for the stays ; I saw also a chest of drawers, I dare venture to say, had been there more than a year, if not two, they were so very dusty betwixt the drawers and the wall, that I did not care to meddle with them.

Mr. *Willes*. Do you remember a barrel or tub in the room ?

J. *Hague*. I can't say I do ; there was a tobacco mould over Fortune Natus's bed, some body ask'd her if she know'd that, she said she did. There were two womens saddles and a man's saddle ; I ask'd her if she saw them, she said she believed there was one, they all appeared to have been there a long while, they were very nasty and dusty.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you observe the door that leads to this room how it fastened ?

J. *Hague*. I did particularly : I could not perceive there ever was a lock upon it ; I believe there never was one, it fastened only by a latch and a button ; I will not be positive there was a latch ; I said to the girl, zounds, child, I can't think you was ever here at all.

Mr. *Willes*. What answer did she make to that ?

J. *Hague*. She made me none at all.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you hear Judith Natus say any thing in Canning's presence about the room ?

J. *Hague*. I can't say whether I did or not.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you go away satisfied with what you had seen ?

J. *Hague*. No, I went away very much dissatisfied. When we were in the coach, going home, Mr. Nash, and Mr. Alderidge, and I gave our opinions to Mr. Lion, that we did not think she was there ; we said she must be mistaken : he was so angry at it that he did not speak to us all the way home, and that, I suppose, is the reason we were not subpoena'd or call'd.

Mr. *Willes*. How came you not to come and give your opinion in favour of Squires ?

J. *Hague*. I was in court all the while, and I'll give my reasons why. When they were first taken up, Canning said Virtue Hall was one of the girls that stood by when her stays were taken off, at the time Virtue Hall said, with all the seeming innocency, and laugh'd in her face, and said, God forgive you, madam, I never saw you in this house in my life ; she had challenged her and Lucy Squires with being by, Lucy Squires said the very same as she did ; seeing such seeming innocence in her there, and when in court to hear her swearing such a thing that I thought to be as false as the gospel is true, I protest I had not power to speak ; I believed she was perjur'd in all she said, that is the whole reason why I did not speak, but had I had spirits I would have spoke.

Mr. *Willes*. After Squires was convicted, did you approve of your own conduct ?

J. *Hague*. Upon my word, sir, I was not easy upon my being silent. I went of my own free will, before my lord-mayor, and gave an account of what I know'd, the same as now.

Mr. *Willes*. Had you any acquaintance with alderman Gascoyne then ?

J. *Hague*. No, I do not know that ever I had seen him before.

Mr. *Willes*. How long after the trial was it, that you went to my lord-mayor ?

J. *Hague*. It was about a fortnight or three weeks after ; it was long before Squires was respited.

Mr. *Willes*. Had you any knowledge of Canning before you went down with her ?

J. *Hague*. No, I never saw her before in my life.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you go with her as her friend ?

J. *Hague*. I did, as much her friend as any one that went along with her ; and before she came down, did as much abuse old mother Wells and George Squires, and the people in the house.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Was you present at the whole trial of Mary Squires?

J. Hague. I was.

Mr. Nares. How long was you in court after Virtue Hall had been examined as a witness?

J. Hague. She was the second witness.

Mr. Nares. Was you so much alarmed you could not recover yourself in the whole trial?

J. Hague. Upon my oath I could not recover myself; I really was shock'd at it.

Mr. Nares. Had you heard Canning give her information of the room?

J. Hague. No, I had not; I had it from Mr. Nash.

Mr. Nares. Did you see Canning's mother in the hay-loft?

J. Hague. I did: she followed us up there, and said them words to her as I said before.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure you saw her in the hay-loft.

J. Hague. Yes I am.

Mr. Nares. Did she continue there the whole time you was examining it?

J. Hague. I do not know that.

Mr. Nares. How near is the dresser in the kitchen to the stairs?

J. Hague. It is very close to the stairs.

Mr. Nares. Can you, from that dresser, see up the stairs if the door is open?

J. Hague. When the door is open, you may sit on any part of the dresser and see quite up into the room; to be sure she could see quite up into the room.

Mr. Nares. Was Mr. Adamson in the hay-loft when the girl was there?

J. Hague. I don't remember I saw him there then; I saw him there before the girl came down to Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Nares. Was you in the room all the time the girl was?

J. Hague. I was.

Mr. Nares. Did you hear any body ask her what was to be seen out at the window?

J. Hague. I did not hear that; I saw him and Bob Skarrat going to tare the boards down before the girl came there, and they were pulled down before she came.

Mr. Nares. What did they do that for?

J. Hague. I do not know; it may be through prejudice; I don't know the reason why.

Mr. Nares. Whether there was not an observation of yours, or somebody else, that those boards had been but lately done up?

J. Hague. No, not by me, or any body else that I know of.

Edward Aldridge sworn.

E. Aldridge. I live in Foster-lane; am a working silversmith; I am acquainted with Mr. Nash, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Lion. On the 1st of February 1753, I went down along with them to Enfield-Wash, having been told how sadly Mr. Lion's maid had been used. When we were on the road, there was a man came on horseback and told us they had taken up the people of the house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Have you heard any of the

evidence given by Mr. Nash and Mr. Hague?

E. Aldridge. No, I have not. When we got to Enfield-Wash, we went to Mrs. Wells's house; I went into the parlour; there were all the people sitting all round the fire; then I went into the kitchen by myself; and so all over the house: I was in the room where the girl says she was confin'd; it is call'd by the name of the hay-loft. I believe I was there before Mr. Nash was; I was then alone.

Mr. Gascoyne. In what circumstance was this particular window that looks towards the north?

E. Aldridge. It was part of it glass, and part wood.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had the casement wood over it?

E. Aldridge. That I cannot tell; I am sure part of it was boarded up.

Mr. Gascoyne. That part that was not boarded up, had that any appearance of any thing nailed up?

E. Aldridge. I was not so curious while I was there to examine it: they had described the room to me as being a square room, and a room with a grate in it. After I had been there, Canning came down, and was carried into the kitchen and set on a dresser.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was the door open that leads up into the hay-loft?

E. Aldridge. I cannot be sure of that; I was not in the kitchen all the time she was there. She looked about as if she did not know where she was. I was with her when she was carried into the parlour; as soon as we had taken her in there, mother Wells came to her, and said, madam, do you know me? no, said she, I don't know that ever I saw you in my life before: then George Squires came up and said, madam, do you know me? she said no, I don't know that ever I saw you in my life; it was that old woman in the corner that cut my stays off. I was close by Canning at the time.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see the gipsy's face at the time?

E. Aldridge. No, I never saw her face till she got up: madam, said she, I cut your stays off; she throwed her things open, I am very remarkable, if ever you see me before, you must know me; she mentioned Abbotsbury, and several other places names, which I have forgot, where she said she was.

Mr. Gascoyne. Could Canning see the gipsy's face in that position she was in at the time she charged her?

E. Aldridge. That I cannot tell: when Canning went up into the hay-loft, I followed just after her; I remember seeing the hole in the wall: when I went up before, there was a great wisp of hay in it, which I took out and put in again; when it was out I could look all over the kitchen; it was a hole where the jack-line was; it was pretty large, I could get my two hands in it; there was a pully hung over it, but it then had no communication with the jack.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ask Canning any question?

E. Aldridge. No, I heard Mr. Hague ask her why

why she did not get out at that window ; she said she believed it was fastened up.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you hear any body ask her if she remembered that hole ?

E. Aldridge. No : there was hay between the stairs and the jack-hole, and a little square chimney just at the corner.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were there any pictures over it ?

E. Aldridge. There was a casement over it, that seemed to have been there a great while, because it had cobwebs over it, and, as it were, tied to the wall by them ; and the chimney, cobwebs from one side to the other, and full of dirt, and no sign that there had been a grate there at all.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you look at the window towards the East ?

E. Aldridge. No, I did not. I came down stairs and left them above.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember a chest of drawers being in the room ?

E. Aldridge. I do.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you hear her ask'd any thing concerning them ?

E. Aldridge. No, I did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember some saddles, a tobacco-mould, and about half a load of hay being there ?

E. Aldridge. I do : there were three saddles, and a large quantity of hay.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see ever an old stool, or table ?

E. Aldridge. I did not take notice of any. I went up just after the chest of drawers were removed a little way from the wall ; it seemed as if it had stood there twenty years. I remember there was a barrel with some stuff in it, bran or flour, pollard I believe.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did the hay seem as if it had been there pretty long ?

E. Aldridge. It did, because it was pretty hard.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you satisfied with the room upon seeing it ?

E. Aldridge. I was satisfied it was not like a place of confinement ; neither did I believe she was ever there.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you, upon your being in the room two or three times, observe the window towards the chimney ?

E. Aldridge. Yes ; it was a narrow casement window, big enough for a man to get out at.

Mr. Gascoyne. How far was it from the ground ?

E. Aldridge. Any body might drop out of it very easy, without hurting themselves.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you look to see if the window had been fastened ?

E. Aldridge. I look'd, but could not find any thing like fastening to it.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you examine the door how that was fastened ?

E. Aldridge. Yes : it was not fastened at all, only with a button ; there was no lock to it ; there were some holes where locks had been ; they look'd like key-holes, pretty large holes.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was it probable to think there had not been a lock upon the door for a month ?

E. Aldridge. No, and longer than that.

Mr. Gascoyne. Might you venture to swear, by the appearance of the door, there had been no lock upon it for a week before ?

E. Aldridge. That I might, or for a month before.

Mr. Gascoyne. Or a year ?

E. Aldridge. Things alter very much in a year.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you go down as a friend of the girl's ?

E. Aldridge. I did, and at my own expence.

Mr. Gascoyne. After examining these circumstances, did you return with the belief of her story or not ?

E. Aldridge. I went and stood at the door, and there came one Hall, a schoolmaster, who lives at Theobald's, and said to me, what do you think of it ? I said, the girl is mistaken ; I believe she never was here.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is there any penthouse under the window, where 'tis suppos'd she made her escape ?

E. Aldridge. No : there was a cellar-door under it ; no boards, no penthouse ; it was perpendicular to the ground.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you observe the wall on the outside ?

E. Aldridge. I did ; I went out in particular to look at it ; there was no sign of clawing the wall, or any thing.

Mr. Gascoyne. When you return'd to town, upon the whole, what did you think of it ?

E. Aldridge. Upon the whole, I did not think she had been there.

Mr. Gascoyne. How came you not to appear as a witness for Squires upon her trial ?

E. Aldridge. I was never subpoena'd.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you in court on that trial ?

E. Aldridge. I was at the beginning of it.

Mr. Gascoyne. Why did you not stay all the time ?

E. Aldridge. Because we had a dinner at Goldsmiths-hall, and I was going to it.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you not very much concern'd at your conduct, when you heard she was convicted ?

E. Aldridge. I said to Mr. White the officer, at going out, what do you think of it ? he said, he thought she would be acquitted. I said, I thought so too.

Mr. Gascoyne. How came you, after this, to go before my lord-mayor ?

E. Aldridge. My lord-mayor had heard of me by Mr. Hague or Mr. Nash : they desir'd me to go with them.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you any acquaintance with the lord-mayor before that ?

E. Aldridge. No, I had not.

Mr. Gascoyne. How long, after the conviction of Mary Squires, was it, you went before my lord-mayor ?

E. Aldridge. I can't justly tell.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was it a week after ?

E. Aldridge. It was a great deal longer than that.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you give the same account there as you have done now ?

E. Aldridge. I believe, I gave exact the same.

Mr.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you any acquaintance with Canning before?

E. Aldridge. No, I had not. I went with Mr. Lion, because I had heard a bad character of Wells at Enfield-Wash, and was glad to hear she was taken, in order to be brought to justice.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did Mr. Lion and you all return very good friends?

E. Aldridge. They went before justice Tythmaker, and I was quite tired of the thing. I went to an alehouse, and got some mutton chops, and half a pint of wine: I thought it was not worth hearing.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Was you with Elizabeth Canning in the kitchen?

E. Aldridge. I was: she seemed to stare about her as though she did not know where she was.

Mr. Williams. Did any body ask her if she know'd the place?

E. Aldridge. No; no-body did, as I know of.

Mr. Williams. How long might she be in the kitchen?

E. Aldridge. Not a long time; she had some wine brought her there.

Mr. Williams. Did she seem to be ill?

E. Aldridge. She did, to be faint and ill then.

Mr. Williams. How long was she before she pointed to the old woman, after George asked her the question whether she know'd him?

E. Aldridge. It was immediately after.

Mr. Williams. Did she speak that of her own accord?

E. Aldridge. I believe she did; I don't think any body prompted her to it: I saw no-body talk to her then.

Mr. Williams. When did you declare your dissatisfaction first?

E. Aldridge. I declar'd it before I left the house.

Mr. Williams. When did you cease to be her friend?

E. Aldridge. I soon ceas'd to be her friend.

Mr. Williams. How long after this was it you had conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Howard about this; and upon what account did you go down there to them?

E. Aldridge. I was going down to Enfield-Wash, I cannot tell how long after; I don't know whether it was not that week; I hardly know'd the gentleman; I have heard say he is a surveyor of the window lights: I remember I went down to Mr. Edward Aldridge's at Enfield-Wash; when I went out I was desired to take some of the papers (her printed case in order for a subscription) to Mr. Aldridge there.

Mr. Williams. Did you recommend it to them about subscribing for the girl?

E. Aldridge. I did not deliver papers: Mr. Aldridge took one in his pocket with him, and I went with him to Mr. Howard's; we had some discourse with him, but I can't say what it was justly.

Mr. Williams. I'll put you in mind of one thing: did you, or did you not say you were sa-

tisfied with the girl's description she gave of the house, either to Mr. or Mrs. Howard?

E. Aldridge. I denied it from the very first.

Mr. Williams. Did you say, you thought she had been at the house, or did you declare you thought she had not?

E. Aldridge. If I declar'd any thing about it, I declar'd she was not at the house; whether I did or did not, I am sure, if I said any thing, I said she was not confin'd there.

Mr. Williams. Did you any ways recommend this paper to Mr. or Mrs. Howard, or endeavour, with Mr. Aldridge, to encourage the case?

E. Aldridge. No; I only left the paper with him; I did not encourage the case either one way or other; we did talk about the gipfy, whether she was there; they could not tell what time she had been there. I ask'd them, how long they thought she had been there? Mrs. Howard said she could not call to mind how long she had been there, but said, she thought she had been there some time, for she know'd her very well.

Mr. Williams. How many papers had you there?

E. Aldridge. I had but one.

Mr. Williams. How long, after the conviction of the old woman, was it before you went before my lord-mayor?

E. Aldridge. Mr. Nash, and Mr. Hague had been there two or three times before I had been there, and they desir'd me to go with them.

Mr. Williams. Was it a month after?

E. Aldridge. It was that to be sure.

Mr. Williams. How could you, when you heard this poor woman was reprieved, upon an information made upon her behalf, when every body was then endeavouring to explain the matter, not to go before the magistrate in a month's time? did not you think it a matter of justice to go?

E. Aldridge. When I was call'd for, I did: it was no business of mine to trouble my head about it to go.

William White sworn.

W. White. I am an officer under my lord-mayor. I remember going down to Enfield-Wash, on the 1st of February, 1753, to apprehend Susannah Wells. There was a warrant went down before me: I met three gentlemen there with the warrant: I apprehended it was to take up mother Wells for cutting off Elizabeth Canning's stays: I went over the way to a publick house, then some body said they saw mother Wells go by; then I said, let us go over and secure every body in the house: there were four of us, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Wintlebury, I, and another person, which I do not know; we went there; when we were in the parlour, Mr. Adamson pointed to mother Wells and said, that is she: there were two or three other women in the room with her. I immediately draw'd my hanger, and said, they were all prisoners. I put a centry over them, and went to the other parts of the house, and took all that were in the house, and put them into the parlour: mother Squires and her two daughters were in a fore room up one pair of stairs;

stairs: George Squires was brought into the room by some of the people; I told him he must be detain'd: Gentlemen, said he, look over every thing that I have here; I turn'd them all out, and the old and young womens things too, to look for the stays, but no such thing was found.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you tell them the reason of your apprehending them?

W. *White*. I did not just then: I said there was a robbery committed, and they must not go away: I found one of mother Wells's daughters, and Virtue Hall next, and brought them to the rest: after this, I went into the kitchen, on the right hand, and look'd round; after that, I saw a woman's head, by looking over the door through a chasm, in a place they call the hay-loft. There was at the bottom of it seven steps to go up; I went and fetch'd her down, and put her amongst the rest; this was Judith Natus; she appear'd to be just getting up.

Mr. *Willes*. What time of the day might this be?

W. *White*. I take it to be about nine in the morning. After I could find no-body else, I went up into the hay-loft to take a view of it; I just look'd round, and saw the hay and two windows, some saddles, a chest of drawers, an old barrel, a musket, and a tub, and a great deal of lumber that I can't particularly describe.

Mr. *Willes*. How much hay might there be?

W. *White*. If it had been bound up, I believe there were about the value of twelve or fifteen trusses; it seemed to have laid there a great while: I saw also a little stow chimney without a grate in it; I did not stay to make particular observation.

Mr. *Willes*. Were there any pictures over the chimney?

W. *White*. No, there were none; I saw the bed Judith Natus had lain in, that was opposite the fire-place. When I had looked round the room, I was a little surprized, and thought the girl was mistaken; so I went out on the outside, and looked under the window that fronts the road, the north window; I could not observe any thing particular there, neither the footsteps of any body dropping from the window, or print of their clothes by dropping down; it was clay ground; it was so soft, that a step of a dog might make an impression: there was a heap of human dung lay under it, about as high as the body of a quart bottle; there were no appearance of any body being there for some time; neither did it appear to me as if any body had been out at that window; I call'd Mr. Adamson to shew him; he would have persuaded me there were some scratches on the wall with her foot, but I could not see any.

Mr. *Willes*. Was there any penthouse or shed between the ground and the window?

W. *White*. No, there were not; the wall was perpendicular from the ground. I was in the parlour amongst them when Canning came down, which I believe was about twelve or one o'clock; she was carried into the kitchen, and set upon the dresser opposite the parlour; she sat there about four or five minutes.

Mr. *Willes*. Were the other witnesses there at that time?

W. *White*. There were so many people I can't tell: after this, she was carried up stairs to where I fetch'd the gipsy from, but I did not go up stairs with them; neither did I go up into the hay-loft with her; the prisoners being all in the parlour, it was propos'd to bring them one at a time into the kitchen; I objected against that, and desired they would all go back again into the parlour, and let Canning go in and pick the woman out from among them all that had robb'd her; I was afraid somebody would go and give a signal; then we went into the parlour; they were all plac'd in a circle round the fire; I believe, before they were mov'd, Mary Squires was on the left hand side of the fire; Wells sat with her elbow against the fire-place, on the right hand side; this was before they got up to come in one at a time; after this, their positions were most of them alter'd; and when Canning came in, which could not be above a minute or two after, upon some occasion, Wells was shifted, and got into Squires's side, and Squires in her place. Canning fix'd upon the old gipsy as soon as she came into the middle of them; the gipsy was sitting in the corner stooping, I think with a black bonnet on; Canning said, that is the woman there, pointing to her; I saw her fix her eye immediately on that corner of the room.

Mr. *Willes*. Was her face fronting Canning?

W. *White*. No, it was cross the fire-place as I apprehend.

Mr. *Willes*. Do you think Canning could see her face then?

W. *White*. I can't answer for what she could see: I begg'd of her, before she went in, for God's sake to be sure before she fix'd upon any body.

Mr. *Willes*. Who did you expect she would have fix'd upon?

W. *White*. I expected she would have fix'd upon mother Wells. Before she went into the room, when she had fix'd upon the gipsy, one of her daughters got up, and went to the old woman, and said, this gentlewoman says you have robb'd her; Canning was then standing in the middle of the room amongst the people. The gipsy woman came up to her and open'd her face, and said, *me rob you! I never saw you in my life before; for God Almighty's sake, don't swear my life away.* When I said there was a robbery committed, George Squires ask'd me when the robbery was committed (his mother and two sisters were then with him) I said it was on the 1st of January; he said, we were in Dorsetshire at that time, at a place call'd Abbotsbury; we went there to keep our Christmas; then I took an opportunity to find out mother Wells's daughter by herself.

Mr. *Willes*. Was Canning present?

W. *White*. No.

Mr. *Moreton*. Then what Wells's daughter said, is not evidence against the defendant.

Mr. *Willes*. I meant on what was said in Canning's presence.

W. *White*. They all said they were at Abbotsbury while Canning was in the room; that is, the son, two daughters, and mother.

Mr.

Mr. Willes. Did they mention keeping their Christmas before Canning?

W. White. No, they did not mention that in the parlour, but they did to me before Canning came; we stayed some time; then we went before justice Tyshmaker at Edmonton, with them all in a cart.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. I think you are an officer in London.

W. White. I am, but I had a constable there.

Mr. Moreton. Was one Long, a son in law to mother Wells, in the house?

W. White. I believe he was there with a cart to carry them: there were a great many people; I did not know Long.

Mr. Moreton. After you had collected the people out of all the rooms, you say you went up stairs.

W. White. I did.

Mr. Moreton. Did you meet with any obstruction?

W. White. There was a man made some obstruction, and said, he would first see the warrant; upon which I went to the constable and fetch'd it, and went up.

Mr. Moreton. In whose custody did you leave the prisoners?

W. White. With the people that went down with me; the officer that had the warrant was in the parlour.

Mr. Moreton. When you went down, did you leave that man alone?

W. White. I believe he stood upon the stairs till I fetch'd the warrant; he was at the door of the room, but said he would not open it till he had seen the warrant.

Mr. Moreton. Was that man's name Long?

W. White. There was one Long that carried them to justice Tyshmaker's, but whether that was he I cannot tell.

Mr. Moreton. The Long I mean, is son in law to Mrs. Wells.

W. White. Then I don't know him.

Mr. Moreton. Were they all uniform in giving the account of being at Abbotsbury?

W. White. They were.

Mr. Moreton. Mention what the old woman said?

W. White. She said, she was at Abbotsbury on the 1st of January; and George and Lucy said they were there; and Mary said she was at her Uncle's in the Borough: she said she was there at Christmas.

Mr. Moreton. You say Adamson and you had no other conception but that mother Wells was the thief.

W. White. We did think so.

Mr. Moreton. Were there any shewing any body to Canning when she came in?

W. White. No, sir, not as I saw; she, on her own account, voluntary pick'd out Mrs. Squires that cut off her stays.

Mr. Davy. We shall now produce several witnesses, who at various times during the month of January, 53, were in the very room in which the defendant swore she was confined.

Fortune Natus sworn.

F. Natus. I live at Waltham-crofts, when I am at home; I have lived there almost two years.

Mr. Davy. Was you there before the year 52?

F. Natus. I was there a good while before that.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever live at Enfield-Wash, and when did you come there?

F. Natus. On the Monday fortnight after my lord-mayor's day, of Sir Crisp Gascoyne's mayoralty, I came from the wheat-sheaf at Waltham-crofts, and went to lodge at Mrs. Wells's house at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Davy. Are you a married man?

F. Natus. I am; sir; my wife's name is Judith; she liv'd with me all the time.

Mr. Davy. In what room did you lodge at Mrs. Wells's?

F. Natus. In a room properly call'd the workshop, that is, the room that goes up out of the kitchen, about seven or eight steps to go up.

Mr. Davy. Is it a long or square room?

F. Natus. It is a long room, no squareness belongs to it, with a pantile roof.

Mr. Davy. How many windows are there to it?

F. Natus. There are two; one facing the feet of my bed, it was a single casement, and the other at the farther end of the room, upon the left hand as I lay, a larger than the other, one half boarded, and the other half glass, looking into the great road; and there was a chimney facing the foot of my bed, on the right hand side, in the corner of the room next the little window.

Mr. Davy. What was your bed?

F. Natus. It was made of hay and straw mix'd together.

Mr. Davy. Had you any pillow or bolster, and what was it made of?

F. Natus. I had a sack of wool for my bolster.

Mr. Davy. Did your wife lie with you on this bed?

F. Natus. She did, sir.

Mr. Davy. Mention the furniture of the room?

F. Natus. When I came first in the room, there was pretty nigh half a load of hay, as nigh as I can guess, a large chest of drawers on the left hand side, about half way in the room, two or three side-saddles, one man's saddle, a large box that had some pollard in it, it was a deepish drawer, formerly did belong to the chest of drawers; a tub to hold some chaff for Mrs. Wells's horse, and a tub with some iron hoops on it; an old gun, and a barrel of a gun besides; the gun stood in the corner upon some pantiles; an old lanthorn, an old spit, and an old cross-cut-saw, that stood upright in the chimney; there was pullies and a line that belong'd to a jack that came through the hole at the right hand of my bed, over my head; the hole, the line came through, was large enough to put three of my fists in, and about a foot in length; I used to put a wisp of hay in it to keep out the cold; there was also the sign of the crown there, almost at the feet of my bed.

Mr. Davy. Was the sign made of wood or copper?

F. Natus. It was made of wood.

Q

Mr.

Mr. Davy. Was there any grate in the chimney?

F. Natus. No, there never was a grate in the room since I know'd the house.

Mr. Davy. Did you observe any thing else in the room?

F. Natus. I observ'd a bar there, that belong'd to the bar in the kitchen, where they us'd to keep all their liquor; it was old, so they brought it up stairs.

Mr. Davy. Was there any pictures in the room?

F. Natus. I never saw a picture in the room in my life.

Mr. Davy. What was over the chimney?

F. Natus. There was an old iron casement on the top of the chimney; it was all iron, no glass at all, to the best of my remembrance.

Mr. Davy. Was there any lead in it?

F. Natus. There was no lead in it as I think, only the frame of a casement.

Mr. Davy. How long did you lodge there?

F. Natus. I lodg'd there ten weeks, all but three days, and in no other place but this room. I lay out of it but one night in all the time; that was on a Wednesday night; my wife never lay a night out of it in that time, except that night I can't tell, I not being there.

Mr. Davy. Was the quantity of hay decreased when you lodg'd there?

F. Natus. It was; they kept a horse, and had some for him out of it constantly, almost every day.

Mr. Davy. How much hay might there be left when you last lay there?

F. Natus. It might be the value of ten or twelve trusses, if it had been tied up.

Mr. Davy. Was any of the furniture of the room taken out while you was there?

F. Natus. None at all, but the sign of the crown, that was bought by Ezra Whiffin.

Mr. Davy. When did he buy that?

F. Natus. I cannot justly say that; I did not see him take it away.

Mr. Davy. How do you know that he bought it?

F. Natus. Because he has now got it hanging up at his door. There was a large piece of wood under the foot of my bed, and some irons in it that belong'd to the sign, he has had them since he bought the sign, and the piece of wood is in the chamber now; I was there new and old christmas, and all the month of January, till I was taken up on the 2d of February.

Mr. Davy. Look at that young woman (meaning Canning) did you ever see her there in January?

F. Natus. I don't know any thing of her, I never saw her in the house, or at the house; I only had a glimpse of her at justice Tyshmaker's; when they were taken up I was at work, and was sent for home.

Mr. Davy. Did any body besides your wife and yourself go into that room?

F. Natus. Yes, one John Howit, Mrs. Wells's own son; he came there for some pollard to feed his mother's sow and pigs with, and several times for hay, when I was there; and Sarah Howit, his sister, she often came for

pollard to serve the pigs; she almost always liv'd at home: I have seen the widow long there, her maiden name was Elizabeth Wells, I have seen her there several times in the month of January; there are two Longs, one of them is Mr. Long's own daughter, she never was there; I have seen Virtue Hall in that room.

Mr. Davy. Did Virtue Hall lodge in the house?

F. Natus. She was a lodger there before I know'd the house, in one of the best chambers.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember when the gipsy first came there?

F. Natus. I cannot well remember the day punctually that they came there; they came about a week and a day before they were taken up.

Mr. Davy. What rooms did they lodge in?

F. Natus. They lodg'd up the main stairs, in one of the best rooms.

Mr. Davy. Mention, if you can, what rooms the several people lay in?

F. Natus. I can describe none of them, because I never was much in them: Virtue Hall lay along with Mrs. Wells: I had been in the rooms, but never to take much notice of them.

Mr. Davy. Describe the several rooms to which the staircase leads?

F. Natus. There was one room on the left hand side the staircase, there Mrs. Wells and Virtue Hall lay in one bed, I believe; the old gipsy lay in a room opposite.

Mr. Davy. Where did George Squires lie?

F. Natus. I don't know.

Mr. Davy. Have you any particular reason for remembering the time of the gipsy's coming to Wells's house?

F. Natus. I am no ways exact to the day, but by reason she look'd so frightful, that I did not care to be at the fire with her.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever seen Mary Squires, or her son, or daughters, before the time you mention?

F. Natus. No, I never had, sir, in all the course of my life.

Mr. Davy. Do you know who came to Enfield-Wash with Mary Squires?

F. Natus. No, I don't, because I was then at work; her son and two daughters lodg'd there all the time she did.

Mr. Davy. Did they board in the house?

F. Natus. No, they went to the shops to buy their victuals; they were acquainted with Mrs. Larney, who sells butter, cheese, bread, and bacon; she lives about two stones cast from Mrs. Well's house.

Mr. Davy. Is she a married woman?

F. Natus. She is; her husband is a bricklayer, I think, nam'd John.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember any pitcher in the house?

F. Natus. I remember one very well; it was a largish black pitcher, broken about the mouth; my wife made use of it, over night, before we were taken up, to fetch water from a pump over the way, at Mr. Howard's, for my supper: Virtue Hall, and Mrs. Wells, and Sarah Howit, used to go there for water.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember any bed-gown Mrs. Wells had?

F. Natus.

F. Natus. No, I don't remember she ever had any at all.

Mr. Davy. Look at this pitcher, handkerchief and bed-gown, do you know either of them?

F. Natus. I'll swear to the pitcher, that is Mrs. Wells's; I never saw the handkerchief and bed-gown in my life.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember one Robert White coming to Wells's house?

F. Natus. I do; he used to come there as far as I know, under pretence of courting Sall Howitt, almost every night; I have known him five or six years, he has seen me go to bed in that room several nights.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. What is your business?

F. Natus. I am a poor labouring man.

Mr. Nares. Where have you been since you was taken up?

F. Natus. I have been at work at Mr. Bell's at the four swans at Waltham-crofs.

Mr. Nares. Did you work for him before?

F. Natus. No, I did not, sir.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the pitcher that used to go so often to the pump?

F. Natus. This is it.

Mr. Nares. How came you to go to live at Enfield-Wash?

F. Natus. I went there from London, being hired by a farmer at Waltham-crofs, and I could not have constant lodging there.

Mr. Nares. Who directed you to mother Wells's house?

F. Natus. A man, whose name is Pain, and my wife went and ask'd for lodging, I was to pay nine-pence per week.

Mr. Nares. Why did not you lodge in the other part of the house?

F. Natus. There were no rooms empty there.

Mr. Nares. Was not there a garret empty?

F. Natus. I don't know, I never was up them.

Mr. Nares. Was not you sometimes disturb'd of your rest by people making a noise in the kitchen?

F. Natus. They could not come into the kitchen but I could hear them; I very seldom heard much noise; sometimes I slept almost all night.

Mr. Nares. What time do the family use to go to bed?

F. Natus. The family generally go to bed betwixt nine and ten o'clock; I never know'd any harm by the house; the people that belong to the house have got a very bad character, but from what I know of it, I never saw any harm in it, and it is a very sober honest house; I never saw any ill tricks, or irregularity all the time I was there.

Mr. Nares. What time of the day had Robert White use to come?

F. Natus. He used to come when he left off his day's work, may-be about six or seven o'clock.

Mr. Nares. How long had he use to stay?

F. Natus. May-be two hours, seldom longer.

Mr. Nares. Was there any other lodger there besides you?

F. Natus. Virtue Hall was another.

Mr. Nares. What did she use to do for a living?

F. Natus. She used to spin.

Mr. Nares. She was a very industrious girl; was she not?

F. Natus. I cannot say for that, she used to work but a little.

Mr. Nares. Can you remember when the sign was carried out?

F. Natus. I cannot say when it was really; I don't say what time I missed it, but only I remember its being there?

Mr. Nares. What time were the sign-irons carried out?

F. Natus. They were not carried out till some time in January, before I was taken up.

Mr. Nares. How long before you was taken up?

F. Natus. It may be more than a week or ten days before.

Mr. Nares. Now I would ask you whether you was in company with Arthur Newit?

F. Natus. I have several times; I have work'd for him.

Mr. Nares. Do you know one John Jackson?

F. Natus. I do; he is a farmer, and lives about a mile out of Ware town.

Mr. Nares. Do you know William Hubbard?

F. Natus. I cannot say I do.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever take an oath upon this affair?

F. Natus. The first I ever took was before Sir Crisp Gascoyne, at the mansion-house.

Mr. Nares. How long is that ago?

F. Natus. I can't recollect that.

Mr. Nares. Do you think it is more than six months ago?

F. Natus. It must be more than that.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure the girl never was in that room?

F. Natus. Yes, sir, I am, the time I lodg'd there, which was ten weeks all but three days.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever fall in company with Mr. Newit after this?

F. Natus. Yes, several times.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember what conversation pass'd?

F. Natus. He has tax'd me several times with swearing false, and offer'd to lay a wager that I lodg'd in another house at Enfield-Wash, besides mother Wells's.

Mr. Nares. Was ever such a wager laid?

F. Natus. I believe there was, but what I said was truth.

Mr. Nares. What was the wager?

F. Natus. I believe it was a shilling a-piece, I think so, but it was draw'd because he found he was wrong.

Mr. Nares. We have those present that can give an account of it, so be careful; say whether or not, upon that conclusion, you did admit you had lodg'd at another house?

F. Natus. No, gentlemen, I am come here to speak the truth; I never did admit, in their presence, that I lodg'd in another room, or in another house.

Mr. Nares. Did you never admit you had lost your wager, and that you had laid in another room?

F. Natus.

F. Natus. I never did admit it; I did not lose the wager at all, because it was drawn.

Mr. Davy. When was you apply'd to, to lay this wager?

F. Natus. It is about a quarter of a year ago.

Mr. Davy. Where was this?

F. Natus. It was at Mr. Bell's House at four swans at Waltham-crofs.

Mr. Davy. What was the wager?

F. Natus. I can't say what money was laid, I down'd with my money myself.

Mr. Davy. Who was in the room at that time?

F. Natus. There were several people there drinking, I can't say whether they were common men or gentlemen.

Mr. Davy. Was the money stak'd?

F. Natus. I can't say whether it was a shilling, the money was stak'd down.

Mr. Davy. Who held the stakes?

F. Natus. I don't know.

Mr. Davy. Did Mrs. Bell hold it?

F. Natus. I don't know that she did; I will not be sure of that; I had some of mine again.

Mr. Davy. Why had you it not all again?

F. Natus. I paid for a decanter of beer out of it.

Mr. Davy. Did Mr. Newit pay for any out of it?

F. Natus. He paid for none.

Mr. Davy. Did you drink part of the beer?

F. Natus. I did, sir.

Mr. Davy. Was you here upon the trial of Mary Squires?

F. Natus. I had a subpoena, and did come, and was in the Old Bailey-Yard, and up near the door.

Mr. Davy. What prevented your coming into court to give evidence?

F. Natus. Because I was not call'd, none of the witnesses were call'd, never a one.

Mr. Davy. Was there any other reason?

F. Natus. No other reason, but they were not call'd.

Mr. Davy. Was you not assaulted?

F. Natus. I was, at the place that turns out of the Bailey-Yard, three or four times, and I shew'd my subpoena.

Mr. Davy. Who assaulted you?

F. Natus. There was a tallish man that kept the gate, pitted very much with the small pox, he was the only person that turn'd me out of the yard.

Mr. Davy. Did any other person use you ill?

F. Natus. There were several other people, but none touch'd me to turn me out.

Mr. Davy. Was you alone?

F. Natus. I was with the other witnesses, they stood upon the steps; two or three of them were turn'd out of the yard.

Mr. Davy. What was the other witnesses attending for?

F. Natus. For the same as I did.

Mr. Davy. What are their names?

F. Natus. I can't say half their names.

Mr. Davy. Name some of them.

F. Natus. There was the widow Long was one; they wanted to mobb she.

Mr. Nares. I must obstruct this; this does

no ways affect Canning, if it was the neglect of the officers, it can't be prov'd she was privy to it.

Judith Natus sworn.

J. Natus. The last witness is my husband, he does husbandry work; he did work for Mr. Pain at Waltham-crofs; and we then lodg'd at Mrs. Arnold's, a fortnight; she bid us provide ourselves because we were very poor; and at the fortnight's end we came to Mrs. Wells's house at Enfield-Wash, where we lodg'd ten weeks all but three days, before we were taken up; I can't tell the day of the month when we came there.

Mr. Willes. What month was it in?

J. Natus. I can't tell.

Mr. Willes. Was it in September, October, November, or December?

J. Natus. I can't tell.

Mr. Willes. Was it before new Christmas day?

J. Natus. It was.

Mr. Willes. How long is it ago?

J. Natus. Upon my word I can't tell, because I am no scholar.

Mr. Willes. During the ten weeks all but three days, how many nights did you lie out of that house?

J. Natus. I never lay out of it one night during the whole time; my husband lay out of it one night, and but one.

Mr. Willes. What room did you lie in?

J. Natus. We lay in a room they call the workshop.

Mr. Willes. In what part of the house is it?

J. Natus. They go through the kitchen, and up eight stairs as near as I can guess; our bed was of hay and straw on the right hand going up; we had a sack of wool for our bolster.

Mr. Willes. On which side was the head of your bed?

J. Natus. It look'd into the kitchen.

Mr. Willes. Was there any hole near your bed?

J. Natus. Yes there was one at the head of the bed, we us'd to stuff it with hay to keep the cold out; it was there before we came there.

Mr. Willes. Where did that hole look into when it was not stopp'd up?

J. Natus. It look'd into the kitchen.

Mr. Willes. Describe the room, is there any chimney in it?

J. Natus. There is, and a casement over it.

Mr. Willes. What do you mean by a casement over it?

J. Natus. There was an old casement all to pieces almost, over the chimney when we came into the room.

Mr. Willes. Was there any glass in it?

J. Natus. There might be about half a casement, not much glass to signify.

Mr. Willes. Was there any grate in the chimney?

J. Natus. No there never was for the time I was there.

Mr. Willes. Was there any chest of drawers.

J. Natus. There was a nest of drawers which I us'd to put my bread and cheese in, because the mice should not run away with the cheese.

Mr.

Mr. Willes. Was this chest of drawers on the right or left hand side of your bed?

J. Natus. They were on the left-hand side.

Mr. Willes. Was the hole you used to stop with hay of any use?

J. Natus. No; none at all.

Mr. Willes. How big was it?

J. Natus. It was about as big as my two double fists.

Mr. Willes. What was hung over this hole?

J. Natus. The jack-line that was at the head of my bed.

Mr. Willes. Then can't you tell the use of the hole?

J. Natus. I believe it was for the jack-line to go through.

Mr. Willes. Pray, what other furniture was there in the room?

J. Natus. I believe, as nigh as I can guess, there was about half a load of hay, that was there before we came.

Mr. Willes. What was there in the room besides?

J. Natus. There were pantiles at the farther end of the room, which had laid there before we came, an old spit and an old lanthorn just by the chimney, one man's saddle and two women's saddles, there was a saw, and a tub which Mrs. Wells used to put chaff in for the horse, and a box that she used to put pollard in for the pigs that stood on the left hand side.

Mr. Willes. Did she use to keep pigs?

J. Natus. Yes, sir, she did, in a little sort of a washhouse. She used to go into the room for pollard every day, and feed them with it. There was a sign of a fountain there; it stood in the room before we came, behind a tub where the chaff was.

Mr. Willes. Was there ever a gun there?

J. Natus. Yes, there was a gun.

Mr. Nares. Don't put words into her mouth.

Mr. Willes. Was there one sign or two?

J. Natus. There were two, the fountain and the crown.

Mr. Willes. Where was the sign of the crown?

J. Natus. They stood together, fronting you as you go up. Mr. Whiffin bought the sign of the crown before Old Christmas; the irons that belonged to the sign post was at the feet of my bed, and he bought them: He took them away about a week, or a fortnight, before we were taken up, as nigh as I can guess.

Mr. Willes. How long had Mrs. Squires lodged there before she was taken up?

J. Natus. She had lodged there a week and one day.

Mr. Willes. Do you know George Squires?

J. Natus. I do; I never saw him in my life before he came to lodge there: There was two daughters, one's named Lucy.

Mr. Willes. Where had they use to lie?

J. Natus. They used to lie up stairs in the other part of the house: she and her two daughters lay in a chamber over the parlour.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other young people in the house?

J. Natus. There were nobody at all in the house but them and ourselves.

Mr. Willes. In what room of the house did Virtue Hall lodge?

J. Natus. In the room fronting the stairs, near where the gipsies lodged.

Mr. Willes. Had there been any use made of this hay?

J. Natus. They used to fetch it for the horse.

Mr. Willes. Who used to fetch it?

J. Natus. Sal Howit; she is Mrs. Wells's daughter, and Mrs. Wells herself, and Virtue Hall used to fetch some, and sometimes pollard for the pigs.

Mr. Willes. How came Sal Howit to be Mrs. Wells's daughter?

J. Natus. Mrs. Wells had two husbands.

Mr. Willes. How was this house supplied with water?

J. Natus. Sometimes we fetched it from a gentleman's pump from over the way.

Mr. Willes. Look at this pitcher.

J. Natus. I can't swear to the pitcher; but I have fetched water myself many a time in such a black pitcher; I think it was not broke so much at the mouth as it is now: One may be like another: I can't say it is the same; I think it was not quite so big as this.

Mr. Willes. Look upon this bed gown, examine it well.

J. Natus. I do; I never saw this in my life, before they came and took us up: Mrs. Wells had no bed-gown.

Mr. Willes. Look at that young woman; (meaning Elizabeth Canning) did you ever see her at Mrs. Wells's?

J. Natus. I never did, before she came with them to take us up, if that was the last word I was to speak.

Mr. Willes. Look at this handkerchief; do you know it?

J. Natus. I never saw it in my life before.

Mr. Willes. Was you subpoena'd at Squires's trial, in order to give evidence?

J. Natus. I was; but they would not let me come in.

Mr. Willes. You was taken up with the rest, was you?

J. Natus. I was, and carried before Justice Tythmaker, and from thence to Justice Fielding. Canning cleared me; she said she never saw me before.

Mr. Willes. Did you give the same account as you do now?

J. Natus. I did.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Did she charge you with any thing, when you was taken up?

J. Natus. No; she did not.

Mr. Williams. Did she charge Mrs. Wells at all?

J. Natus. No, she did not.

Mr. Williams. Did you hear her say Virtue Hall was by, when Mrs. Squires cut the lacing of her stays?

J. Natus. I can't say I heard her say it.

Mr. Williams. What countryman is your husband?

J. Natus. He comes from Gloucestershire.

Mr. Williams. From whence are you?

J. Natus. I was bred and born at Ware in Hertfordshire.

Friday, the 3d. Mary Larney sworn.

M. Larney.

M. Larney. I live at Enfield-Wash, and keep a chandler's shop. I have known Fortune Natus and his wife some considerable time; they have bought goods of me, that is, bread, butter, cheese and beer.

Mr. Davy. When was the first time you ever saw them?

M. Larney. It was some time after Michaelmas was twelve months, between that and Christmas they lodged at Mrs. Wells's house.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever hear them say in what part of the house they lodged?

M. Larney. No; I never did, indeed.

Mr. Davy. How long did they remain there?

M. Larney. They remained there, after the time they were taken up, for they came back after that.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember any other lodgers Mrs. Wells had in her house?

M. Larney. Virtue Hall used to come sometimes for things, and I remember the gipsies coming.

Mr. Davy. When was the first time of your seeing them?

M. Larney. It was on a Wednesday, and the Thursday was seven nights after, in the morning they were taken up.

Mr. Davy. When you saw the gipsies, how many of them were there?

M. Larney. Lucy was the first I saw of them; she knocked at my door, and asked me if I sold small bread, on the Wednesday; I said, yes; I sold her a loaf and some cheese and small beer, and lent her a pitcher to carry it home; (I live opposite Mrs. Wells's house); in the evening of the same day old Mrs. Squires came. George brought the pitcher home the next morning. He or the sister came every day till they were taken up, and had things of me, and sometimes the old gentlewoman for tobacco; I saw them commonly two or three times a day; that very morning they were taken up, they had tea.

Mr. Davy. What is your husband's name?

M. Larney. His name is John Larney; he is a bricklayer.

Mr. Davy. Do you know whether Mrs. Wells keeps any cattle?

M. Larney. She keeps a horse and a hog.

Mr. Davy. How long have you known her?

M. Larney. I have known her almost forty years; ever since I can remember.

Mr. Davy. With what did she use to feed her horse?

M. Larney. I have seen them fetch grains; and I know she bought hay, for I saw it brought in, and by the badness of the weather it was spoiled.

Mr. Davy. When was it brought in?

M. Larney. In the seasonable time of hay-making, before last Christmas was twelve months.

Mr. Davy. Where did she put it?

M. Larney. As she said then, she put it into the room called the shop.

Mr. Nares. I object against that, as legal evidence.

Mr. Davy. I am not asking any thing Mrs. Wells said since 1752, but what she said before it was impossible for her to know of this affair,

when it could serve no purpose to speak falsely, that is evidence.

Mr. Nares. There is one plain rule as to the evidence of hearsay; that is, that when you can have that very person that proves this very fact, she is the person to be called; this is not evidence at all.

Court. The court are of opinion that it will be proper for Wells to give her own evidence.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever in this workshop at Mrs. Wells's?

M. Larney. No; not till after the people were taken up.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember seeing any hay carried to the house after that time you have mentioned?

M. Larney. No; I do not.

Mr. Davy. How much was brought there in the year 1752?

M. Larney. It was loose upon the cart; I don't know how much there was of it; I saw it carried to the door, but did not see it put into the work-shop.

Mr. Davy. What door did you see it carried to?

M. Larney. Towards the stable door, as they call it.

Mr. Davy. Near what part of the house is the stable?

M. Larney. The lower part towards London: it lies in a line with the house.

Mr. Davy. Is there any loft over the stable?

M. Larney. Not as I know of.

Mr. Davy. To what part of the house was this hay carried?

M. Larney. I saw it standing against the stable.

Mr. Davy. Did you see it unloaded?

M. Larney. No; I did not.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. How was this hay brought?

M. Larney. It was brought in a cart, and drew up to the stable, which ranges along with the house; I saw no more of it.

Mr. Moreton. What countrywoman are you?

M. Larney. I was born and bred at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Moreton. How long has Mrs. Wells lived in that house?

M. Larney. She has lived there before I can remember.

Mr. Moreton. A good sort of a house, was it not?

M. Larney. I did not frequent the house.

Mr. Moreton. What is the general reputation of the house?

M. Larney. I suppose by the report, you know what a house it was.

Mr. Davy. We will suppose it to be a most infamous house.

Mr. Moreton. Did you ever see any gipsies there before?

M. Larney. No; never before that time to my knowledge; I never saw any at Mrs. Wells's before. I was very much surprized, and put the money I took of her into a pail of water, because I had heard they can get the money again.

Mr. Moreton. Whose money was you afraid would

would be so nimble, Lucy's or the old woman's?

M. Larney. I had put Lucy's in my pocket amongst other money; it was the old woman's money I put in the water.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know William Smith?

M. Larney. He lives two or three miles from me, upon the chace; he is a farmer.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Samuel Arnot?

M. Larney. I know no such name, unless it be he that lives up in the town.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Mr. Howard and his wife?

M. Larney. They are people of very good character, to be sure.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Humphry Holding?

M. Larney. I do; he lives in Turkey-street, about half a mile from me.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Mr. Story?

M. Larney. I have no acquaintance with him, or knowledge of him.

Sarah Howit sworn.

S. Howit. I am daughter to Sufannah Wells, and lived at Enfield-Wash with her at the time Mrs. Canning said she was confined there.

Mr. Willes. Do you know Mary Squires?

S. Howit. I do, upon the account of her being at our house a week and one day, and George and Lucy, they were all three together; they came on the Wednesday, and was taken up the Thursday se'nnight after.

Mr. Willes. Look at that pitcher; do you know it?

S. Howit. There was a pitcher that used to go frequently to Mr. Howard's pump.

Mr. Willes. Is this the pitcher?

S. Howit. I cannot tell; it was a black pitcher.

Mr. Willes. Did you live there the time Fortune Natus and his wife were there?

S. Howit. I did.

Mr. Willes. What time did they come?

S. Howit. I can't say at what time they came.

Mr. Willes. How long were they there before Mary Squires came?

S. Howit. O! a great while; they were there the time Squires was there, and the time that Canning said she was confined there; and they lay in the room she says she was confined in, which was the work-shop.

Mr. Willes. What do you mean by work-shop?

S. Howit. I mean the long room that you go through the kitchen to go up to it.

Mr. Willes. What did Natus and his wife lie upon there?

S. Howit. They lay on hay and straw.

Mr. Willes. Can you speak particularly, how long they were there?

S. Howit. They were there two months.

Mr. Willes. What use was made of this room?

S. Howit. There was a great deal of loose hay in it, and lumber; the hay was for an old horse my mother had. There was pollard in a great drawer, to feed a sow and pigs.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember about

Christmas-time, before Squires came there, whether the room was locked up?

S. Howit. No; there never was a lock upon the door in my memory; I remember it ever since I was born almost; I was born in the house.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever in that room in that month of January?

S. Howit. I was almost every day.

Mr. Willes. Are you sure of that?

S. Howit. I am sure of it.

Mr. Willes. Can you take upon you to swear you was at your mother's all the month of December?

S. Howit. Yes, I can.

Mr. Willes. Can you, that you was all the month of January?

S. Howit. I lay in that house every night in the month of January.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember about a fortnight or three weeks before Squires came to your house, that any body was in that work-shop with you?

S. Howit. Virtue Hall went into it frequently, as much as I: we were there both together at the time the trees (against the little window, a casement that faces the stairs) were lopped.

Mr. Willes. At what time was it that the trees were lopped?

S. Howit. I believe it was on the 8th of January; there were Edward Allen, Giles Knight and John Larney, that lopped them.

Mr. Willes. Was the casement open or shut?

S. Howit. I opened it myself at that time.

Mr. Willes. Did any thing pass between you and them?

S. Howit. There were words passed, but I cannot tell what the conversation was.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Have you lived at this house of your mother's all your time?

S. Howit. I was bred up there, and lived there some time, not the greatest part of my life.

Mr. Nares. How long have you been absent from there?

S. Howit. I have been five or six years from it, and never saw my mother's house in the time.

Mr. Nares. How came you to be at home at this time?

S. Howit. I was out of place, and so came home.

Mr. Nares. How long had you been at home before the gipsies came there?

S. Howit. I believe about a year and a half, or two years.

Mr. Nares. How do you get your living?

S. Howit. I go out to get my bread, to work in the country, sometimes harvest work; I have no family affair with my mother; I used to be in the family, when I was not engaged another way.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember what quantity of hay your mother had at this time?

S. Howit. There was a great deal of it, I believe not a load.

Mr. Nares.

Mr. Nares. Had she any other hay for her horse?

S. Howit. No; she had not: it was carried to the horse from time to time.

Mr. Nares. How much hay might there be when Natus lay there?

S. Howit. There was a great deal.

Mr. Nares. Can't you tell nothing of this conversation between these men and you?

S. Howit. I cannot.

Mr. Nares. Did you begin, or they?

S. Howit. I don't know whether Virtue Hall began, or who.

Mr. Nares. Who conversed with them most?

S. Howit. I said some things, but can't tell what; I don't pretend to say one word that passed.

Mr. Nares. Did they begin with you, or you with them?

S. Howit. I can't tell who began.

Mr. Nares. Were they acquaintance of yours?

S. Howit. Edward Allen went to school with me.

Mr. Nares. What sort of trees were they?

S. Howit. They are great high trees.

Mr. Nares. Which lopped the tree?

S. Howit. Giles Knight; they were not all at work at the same time; my mother gave them a full pot to lop the tree; I saw them drink it.

Mr. Nares. Who had the lop?

S. Howit. Larney had the lop.

Mr. Nares. Whose trees were they?

S. Howit. They are Richard Allen's trees; they only cut off some part that hung over the place.

Mr. Nares. How much in quantity were cut off?

S. Howit. I can't tell; I thought there was a faggot, but I did not see Larney make it up; I saw him go by with some of it.

Mr. Nares. Were these people sent there on purpose?

S. Howit. No; two were hedging round the fields.

Mr. Nares. What did the others do, while Knight lopped the tree?

S. Howit. They stood on the ground, and looked on.

Mr. Nares. How did Virtue Hall and you stand by the side of each other at the window?

S. Howit. Virtue Hall looked over my shoulder.

Mr. Nares. Could the men see you both?

S. Howit. Yes, sir; but I was the principal person that was looking out at the window.

Mr. Nares. Was there any other window in the house that looked towards that part?

S. Howit. No, not directly; there is one, but it stands slanting.

Recorder. Was you present when the gipsy, her son and daughter, and your mother, were taken up?

S. Howit. Yes, I was.

Recorder. Was you present when Elizabeth Canning was brought there?

S. Howit. I was then shut up in the parlour with the others.

Recorder. Do you remember Elizabeth Canning being brought into the parlour?

S. Howit. I do.

Recorder. Recollect what past there.

S. Howit. She swore to the gipsy woman, and did not see her face,

Recorder. Are you sure of that?

S. Howit. She had never seen her face; she swore to her before she saw her face; I am sure of it.

Recorder. What did the gipsy woman say upon that?

S. Howit. The poor woman did not know it was she that she swore to, till her daughter Lucy said, mother, she swears you cut off her stays; then the gipsy got up and said, look, madam, don't say it is me that cut off your stays; and pushed up her hat; look, for God's sake, and don't swear to me; don't say it is me, for I am innocent, or to that purpose; I may'n't repeat directly the words particular.

Recorder. Did she say where she was at the time?

S. Howit. No, she did not; but George did, but what he said, I can't tell.

Recorder. Can you describe in what sort of a posture the gipsy sat when Canning came into the parlour?

S. Howit. She was sat with her pipe in her mouth, by the fire side, with a hat and cloak on, with her hand upon her knee.

Recorder. Upon your oath, whether Elizabeth Canning could see her face at that time?

S. Howit. She could not.

Recorder. Did she give any reason, why she desired her not to swear against her?

S. Howit. I did not hear any reason; after she swore to her, then she shewed herself, and pushed her hat up.

Mr. Nares. Had Elizabeth Canning seen your mother's face before the time she spake to the gipsy?

S. Howit. Yes, sir; yes, in the room.

Mr. Nares. Did she charge your mother?

S. Howit. No, she did not.

Mr. Nares. Did she pitch upon the gipsy on her own account?

S. Howit. I don't know whether she did or no.

Mr. Nares. Did you hear any body tell her to pitch upon her.

S. Howit. No, I did not.

Mr. Nares. How came you not to be examined upon the trial of your mother?

S. Howit. I was not subpoenaed up; I have but two subpoenas, one before the grand jury, and the other here.

Recorder. What was the reason you was not subpoenaed up on your mother's trial?

S. Howit. I was not; I know not the reason.

John Larney sworn.

J. Larney. I am husband to Mary Larney; I live at Enfield at the two bridges; I am a bricklayer. I was along with Edward Allen and Giles Knight near the house of Susannah Wells, January 8, 1753: Giles Knight lopped a tree, he told me if I would come over I should have the lops: When we were there, Edward Allen flung some dust into the window of the work-shop near the trees, to Sal Howit and Virtue

Virtue Hall, who were within-side.

Mr. Gascoyne. In what position did they stand?

J. Larney. Sal Howit looked over Virtue Hall's head.

Mr. Gascoyne. What conversation passed upon this?

J. Larney. Upon my word I can't tell; there were words passed, but I don't believe there were many; when he *bulled* the dust in, they bid him be easy.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where was Knight at the time?

J. Larney. He was then in the tree, and I stood upon the ground by the tree.

Mr. Gascoyne. How long did you talk to them through the window?

J. Larney. It might be the value of ten minutes.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did they both look out at the window at the same time?

J. Larney. They did, and kept talking to us.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who had the boughs of this tree?

J. Larney. Mrs. Wells.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who carried them to her?

J. Larney. I don't know; I believe they were flung over the hedge to her; I had the arms, and she the small lop.

Mr. Gascoyne. What did you do with them?

J. Larney. I carried them home, and we burnt them: We had half a dozen or a full pot of beer for lopping the tree; I don't know which.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who do these trees belong to?

J. Larney. They belong to Richard Allen. This window looks into the room properly called the work-shop.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is there ever another window that looks the same way as this does?

J. Larney. There is one above upon the stairs going into the garret, that belongs to the house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Are you sure it was not that window at the garret stairs, that these two women were looking out at?

J. Larney. I am very sure it was not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Nor a cellar window.

J. Larney. No; it was not. There were three other windows in the work-shop, and I plaistered them up, and left two, one at the north end, and the other at the east, that they looked out at.

Mr. Gascoyne. What was this room built for?

J. Larney. It was built for a carpenter's shop. Mrs. Wells's first husband was a carpenter.

Mr. Gascoyne. How far was this east window from the ground, that they were looking out at?

J. Larney. I believe it may be about seven or eight foot.

Mr. Gascoyne. In what condition is the wall?

J. Larney. It is lath and plaister, very slight; there are a great many holes in it; that part towards the south you might shake it down with your hand.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was it in that condition at

the time you were lopping the tree.

J. Larney. I can't say that, because people have been up in it, and beating it about.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were there so many holes in it, when you were lopping the tree, as there is now?

J. Larney. There was not; but I did not much mind it.

Mr. Gascoyne. Which is the tallest of the two, Virtue Hall, or Sarah Howit?

J. Larney. Sarah Howit; it may be by two inches.

Mr. Gascoyne. Recollect, as well as you can, whether you can positively say, who was the undermost, and who the uppermost.

J. Larney. To the best of my knowledge Virtue Hall stood nearest.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Whereabouts do you live?

J. Larney. I live opposite Wells's house.

Mr. Williams. Have you been much at her house?

J. Larney. I have often, and all over her house.

Mr. Williams. When was it you were lopping the trees.

J. Larney. On the 8th of January. I believe on a Monday.

Mr. Williams. Pray how came you to be so particular as to the time?

J. Larney. Because the arms of the trees, that I carried home, set my chimney on fire on the 10th, and I christened my child on the 12th, and Mrs. Wells was at my house at the christening.

Mr. Williams. What quantity of this lop might you have?

J. Larney. About half a dozen pretty large sticks, about as big as my wrist. Knight was busy there, and came and beg'd a little small beer, and said, if I would come, he'd give me the lop.

Mr. Williams. Had you seen Virtue Hall or Howit that day before?

J. Larney. I can't say. I may forget, if I had.

Mr. Williams. Was you at the tree before they were at the window?

J. Larney. They came there partly as soon as we.

Mr. Williams. Did they continue there till you had done?

J. Larney. They did partly.

Mr. Williams. How long might you be there in all?

J. Larney. It might be about ten minutes.

Mr. Williams. Can you recollect what was said at flinging the dirt up?

J. Larney. I believe she said; don't, you'll break the windows.

Mr. Williams. Who stood foremost?

J. Larney. They stood both together?

Mr. Williams. Did they stand a-breast of each other?

J. Larney. No; the window is not big enough. Virtue Hall looked under Sal's breast, and Sal stood over the shoulder of Virtue Hall.

Mr. Williams. Does that window upon the stair-case look upon the trees?

J. Larney. It does.

S

Mr. Wil-

Mr. Williams. Is it direct over the other window?

J. Larney. No; it is partly over it.

Mr. Williams. Are you sure they looked out at the lower window?

J. Larney. I am positive of that.

Mr. Williams. When was the first time you gave this account, you have given here about your having spoke to these women on the 8th of January?

J. Larney. I never was sworn before.

Mr. Williams. Do you remember the trial of the gipsy?

J. Larney. I do.

Mr. Williams. When you heard of that, what did you say about Canning's being confined in that room? Did you ever say it was true or false?

J. Larney. I have mentioned several times the circumstance of the women looking out at the window.

Mr. Williams. To whom.

J. Larney. To different people.

Mr. Williams. Did you then mention the day?

J. Larney. Yes; the 8th of January.

Mr. Williams. Did you ever mention it before Mary Squires was tried?

J. Larney. Yes.

Mr. Williams. To many persons.

J. Larney. Yes.

Mr. Williams. Why was you not subpoenaed up?

J. Larney. My wife was. I did not know it was very material to give an account of it; and did not think proper to put myself forward, and I was obliged to get my bread another way.

Mr. Williams. Who was in the tree?

J. Larney. Giles Knight. I was right against the tree on the ground.

Mr. Williams. What year were these other windows plaister'd up in?

J. Larney. In the year 1750; the date of the year is there; I put the stones up myself.

Mr. Williams. You say the south side is very rotten; how was it, when you were lopping the trees?

J. Larney. I did not see then, the hedge parted us.

Mr. Williams. When was the first time you saw Mary Squires?

J. Larney. The Saturday before she was fetched away, and never before to my knowledge.

Giles Knight sworn.

G. Knight. I live at Enfield, and have this 42 years. I am a gardener by trade.

Mr. Davy. How far do you live from Mrs. Wells's house?

G. Knight. About a mile and a half; I was hedging near her house; I lopped some boughs of a tree, within about a couple of yards from her house, at the North corner, near a window.

Mr. Davy. Is there a window in the garret of that house?

G. Knight. Yes, there is.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever in the garret?

G. Knight. No.

Mr. Davy. Did you see any body looking

out at that window, when you was lopping the tree?

G. Knight. No, but I did out of a window below; that they were Virtue Hall and Sarah Howit.

Mr. Davy. What room do they call that at the windows of which you saw these women?

G. Knight. I do not know; the window is about ten feet high.

Mr. Davy. Who were with you?

G. Knight. John Larney and Edward Allen were.

Mr. Davy. Did Virtue Hall and Sarah Howit both look out together?

G. Knight. Yes; Sarah Howit was looking over Virtue Hall.

Mr. Davy. Had you any conversation with them?

G. Knight. I had not: I believe Edward Allen spoke to them.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear the women speak?

G. Knight. I did; but don't know what they said; I think Allen threw a couple of clods of dirt into them.

Mr. Davy. Where did he stand?

G. Knight. Just against the window.

Mr. Davy. Who had the lops of the tree?

G. Knight. I gave it to John Larney; he had the biggest, I don't know who had the rest. Allen was at work with me that day a hedging in the field for one Mr. Allen.

Mr. Davy. Did you see Mrs. Wells at that time?

G. Knight. Yes; we had some beer from Cantril's: Mother Wells paid for it.

Mr. Davy. When was this?

G. Knight. This was on the 8th of January.

Mr. Davy. How do you know it to be precisely on the 8th of January?

G. Knight. Because it was of the Monday after old Christmas day.

Mr. Davy. What led you to take particular notice of the time?

G. Knight. Mrs. Picket had a cart loaded with chalk broke down on old Christmas day, but it came home that day.

Mr. Davy. Have you seen any of the other witnesses since they have been examined?

G. Knight. No; I have seen none of them?

Mr. Davy. What time of the day was it when the two women were looking out at the window?

G. Knight. It was in the morning I believe, or some time in the forenoon.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember the trial of the old gipsy here?

G. Knight. Yes, I was here; I was subpoenaed on Mother Wells's side.

Mr. Davy. What prevented your appearing in court as a witness?

G. Knight. Because I was not called; I was in the yard.

Mr. Davy. Was it in your power to have come in, if you had a mind?

G. Knight. I did not know for that: I did not know the way of it.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever a witness in any cause

cause before now ?

G. Knight. No, I never was ; till I went before the grand jury upon this.

Mr. Davy. How large was that window at which the women were looking out ?

G. Knight. I believe big enough for me to get out at.

Mr. Davy. How big is the garret window ?

G. Knight. That is bigger than this below.

Mr. Davy. Is the garret window in a direct line over the other ?

G. Knight. I don't know that.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. Was that directly over the other window ?

G. Knight. No ; that above, was directly over against the tree I lopped.

Mr. Moreton. How many boughs did you lop off.

G. Knight. Six or seven.

Mr. Moreton. Who had it ?

G. Knight. John Larney.

Mr. Moreton. What wood was it ?

G. Knight. It was elm.

Mr. Moreton. Should you have been afraid of setting your chimney on fire with it ?

Mr. Davy. What weather was it ?

G. Knight. It was frosty weather.

Edward Allen sworn.

E. Allen. I live at Enfield high way.

Mr. Willes. What business do you follow ?

E. Allen. I am a coftermonger ; I go a hedging and ditching ; Richard Allen is my brother : He has a field near Mother Wells's house : Giles Knight and I were stopping the gaps round it, on the 8th of January : There is a tree that hangs over a lane by her house ; we cut off some boughs off it ; John Larney was there ; he came to have the biggest of the wood, which he had, and the rest was thrown over to Mother Wells's. She gave us a full pot of beer for doing it. The beer was fetched from Mr. Cantril's at the time Giles Knight lopped the tree ; I saw Virtue Hall and Sarah Howit looking out at a little window ; I tossed up several chumps of dirt to them ; the place they were in was a sort of a *Leantoo*, on the back part of the house.

Mr. Willes. How high is that window from the ground ?

E. Allen. It may be about ten feet to the bottom of the window.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember what words passed between you ?

E. Allen. No, I do not.

Mr. Willes. Is there ever another window belonging to that house, looks out as that does ?

E. Allen. There is one at the top of the house partly, that may be twenty foot above the other, where they were.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever in this room in the *Leantoo* ?

E. Allen. Yes ; I have twice since this talk of the girl being confined there.

Mr. Willes. What sort of a room is it ?

E. Allen. It is a long room, with some hay and stuff in it.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember the trial of Squires and Mother Wells ?

E. Allen. I do.

Mr. Willes. How came you not to come up then, and give evidence ?

E. Allen. I was not ordered to come ; I had no subpoena.

Mr. Willes. When did you first tell this circumstance of lopping the tree ?

E. Allen. I told it, when I was asked the question.

Mr. Willes. Have you mentioned these circumstances before Squires's trial ?

E. Allen. I have several times.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Were they both at the window ?

E. Allen. They were.

Mr. Nares. Can't you remember what past between you ?

E. Allen. Upon my word, I do not know.

Mr. Nares. Had she said any thing to you to provoke you to throw it ?

E. Allen. No ; we did not throw it in malice.

Mr. Nares. Was you acquainted with them before ?

E. Allen. I was.

Mr. Nares. How did they stand at the window ?

E. Allen. They stood one by the side of the other.

Mr. Nares. Did you see Squires and Wells taken away ?

E. Allen. I did ; I saw them get into the cart.

Mr. Nares. Did you mention this of seeing them at the window then ?

E. Allen. I did.

Mr. Nares. To whom ?

E. Allen. I cannot tell to what person particularly ; it was to several that were in the room.

Mr. Nares. Did you go before Justice Tyshmaker ?

E. Allen. No, I did not.

Recorder. Did you hear at that time, that Elizabeth Canning was so long in that room ?

E. Allen. I did.

Recorder. Was you not surprized, when you heard she was confined there ?

E. Allen. I was surprized ; and said, if she was there, I thought we should have heard something of her, and if I had, I should presently have fetched her out.

Mr. Nares. Whether at the time you heard Canning had said she was confined in that room, you did not from the 10th of January, to the time of her making her escape, did you tell this story that you had been at the window lopping a tree ?

E. Allen. Yes, I did.

John Cantril sworn.

J. Cantril. I live not above a hundred yards from Wells's house ; I keep a publick house : Giles Knight and Edward Allen came to my house on Monday the 8th of January ; they said they had done but an indifferent day's work, for they had been at play with Mother Wells's daughter, out at the back window, throwing clods of dirt in at the casement, and they had been lopping of trees, and a hedging.

Mr. Gascoyne.

Mr. Gascoyne. What is your reason for being particular to the day?

J. Cantril. They came to breakfast; they wanted to know if I had got any small meat, I said I should roast a large piece on the morrow, which I did, it being the 9th; I seldom roast less than five stone, to give to my customers, for Christmas beef: I have done it for years: Mother Wells used to buy her liquor of me sometimes.

Mr. Gascoyne. When did you first see the old gipsy?

J. Cantril. I never saw them till that morning the old woman was taken up, then she came into my house to light her pipe; I think I saw her on the Wednesday before that; he came into my house very sharply, and said, let's have a halfpennyworth of gin.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had you ever seen him before?

J. Cantril. No; nor but once since.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know any thing about any hay of Mrs. Wells's?

J. Cantril. I saw the hay loaded in the field where it grew, by the new river side; I was then a fishing, and I saw it unloaded at this very window, that this young woman says she got out at; [he looks at the model.] that is the window at the end of it.

Mr. Gascoyne. What hay harvest was this hay brought in?

J. Cantril. It was the hay harvest before the last.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know the stable?

J. Cantril. I do very well.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is there a loft over that?

J. Cantril. Yes, there is.

Mr. Gascoyne. Can you assign any reason, why the hay was not put up there?

J. Cantril. There used to come bargemen and others, that would rob her when she put the hay there, therefore she put it in this place to prevent that.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. How many loads did you see loaded?

J. Cantril. I saw but one load; it was a little cart, and one horse to draw it.

Mr. Williams. Had she a horse?

J. Cantril. She had; but it was the man's horse that drew his cart, to the best of my memory.

Mr. Williams. How much hay might there be of it?

J. Cantril. It is possible there might be half a score trusses.

Mr. Williams. What sort of a window is it, that they put the hay in at?

J. Cantril. One part of it was glass, and the other boarded over.

Mr. Williams. Was it so when they were pitching the hay in.

J. Cantril. I can't say how it was then.

Mr. Williams. Was the board on the side of the glass, or over it, or under it?

J. Cantril. It was half to the upright, in the middle was boarded, another side glass, to the best of my memory.

Mr. Davy. Did you know Natus and his

wife?

J. Cantril. I did; they used to lodge at Mrs. Wells's; but I can't say how long, but I think they had been there, backwards and forwards, about three months; the woman used to come to our house for gin.

Mr. Davy. Do you know in which room they lay?

J. Cantril. No; I do not.

Ezra Whiffin sworn.

E. Whiffin. I live at the White Hart and Crown at Enfield-Wash, a public-house; I was told by a glazier, he knowing I wanted some irons to a sign, that Susannah Wells had a sign sawed down in the rebellion time, and she had the irons to dispose of; I went to her house on the 18th of January, 1753, and asked her; she said she could find them; she and I went together through the kitchen into a room called the lumber room, it had formerly been a work shop, or a shuffleboard room; it is a long room; it is about seven or eight steps up out of the kitchen.

Mr. Davy. Did you take any notice what was in the room?

E. Whiffin. I can't say I did; but Judith Natus was in bed in that room upon some hay, with a sheet over it. The bed was on the right hand going in; as we were looking about for the irons, Mrs. Wells said, now I recollect myself, it lies under the feet of this poor creature's bed; we looked and found them in a piece of wood there; then Fortune Natus's wife raised herself up upon her elbow, and said, what are you going to do, or what are you about; Mrs. Wells said, we are only looking for a piece of wood: I took it and set it upon an end, and said, well, girl, what must you have? She said I will not sell the wood, it is of use to this poor creature's bed; the irons I'll have a shilling for; I gave it her directly, and said, I had a son below stairs, if you'll let him take it home, and take the irons out, he shall bring the wood again; he took it and carried it home, and took the hooks out, and carried the wood back again, and there it is now.

Mr. Davy. What are the circumstances by which you recollect the time?

E. Whiffin. I owed Mr. Proffer, a brewer, at the White Lion, Ratcliff-highway, 11l. 7s. and on the 8th of January, Alexander Livingstone joined in a note with me; it was upon demand, but he gave me some time to pay it; and I was going to borrow five guineas to enable me to pay it of Robert Mitcham, at the globe at Wormleigh; so I went directly there, as soon as I had sent my son home with the wood to take the irons out, but he was gone to Cambridge, so I came back and went to London that same day, and carried what money I had, and that satisfied the person, and in about three weeks time I paid the remainder.

Mr. Davy. To whom was the note made payable?

E. Whiffin. To Bomar Lovit, at the iron gate, Tower-hill; he is an officer; he arrested me on the 8th of January, on Mr. Proffer's suit.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure this was on the 8th of January?

E. Whiffin.

E. Whiffin. As I hope to be saved, that was the day; I have the note here.

Mr. Davy. Produce it, [read] (which he did) the note read, viz. Alexander Livingstone and I signed this the day it bears date.

Mr. Davy. Who was in the room at that time besides Mrs. Wells, Judith Natus, and you?

E. Whiffin. Nobody else as I know of.

Mr. Davy. Did you look about the room?

E. Whiffin. I did, and saw nobody else; I removed some of the hay, and should have removed a great deal more, had she not found it.

Mr. Davy. A great deal of hay, how much was there?

E. Whiffin. I believe there might be 500 weight, that is ten trusses, the top of it lay as high as I could reach.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. What is the glazier's name?

E. Whiffin. William Metcalf, he painted my sign, that is, only the Crown.

Mr. Moreton. Was it put up in January?

E. Whiffin. No; it was not until February.

Mr. Moreton. When did he mention these sign irons to you?

E. Whiffin. I don't remember that, but it was before the 18th of January.

Mr. Moreton. When was your sign brought home?

E. Whiffin. I don't know whether it was in January or February.

Mr. Moreton. Did he mention these irons before the sign was brought home?

E. Whiffin. My sign stood in my house a month, I believe, before it was put up, so I can't tell whether it was before or after.

Mr. Moreton. What time did you keep Christmas?

E. Whiffin. I went by the new stile, for I dropped the old stile, and hope all other people did.

Mr. Moreton. What day of the week was the 18th of January?

E. Whiffin. It was on a Thursday.

Court. Consider that.

E. Whiffin. My Lord, it is true.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Mr. Harrington?

E. Whiffin. I do.

Mr. Moreton. Had you ever any talk with him about this matter?

E. Whiffin. I talked with him about it the time I was in this room.

Mr. Moreton. When did you talk with him?

E. Whiffin. I don't know the time, but it was not my business to tell every body what I knew, but I answered him as I thought proper.

Mr. Moreton. Don't you know what week it was when you talked with him?

E. Whiffin. No, I do not; I don't know within a week or a fortnight of the time, he asked me abundance of questions and I was not in a mind to resolve him; I thought he was not a proper man to ask me questions, and I answered him just as I pleased.

Mr. Moreton. What month was it in?

E. Whiffin. I do not know.

Mr. Moreton. What year was it in?

E. Whiffin. It was some time in the year 1753.

Mr. Moreton. How long is it ago?

E. Whiffin. It is above a year ago.

Mr. Moreton. Was you asked by any body whether you could fix the time you went into the room?

E. Whiffin. I don't remember any body asked me that, but if they did, it was a silly question.

Mr. Moreton. What was you asked by Mr. Harrington?

E. Whiffin. He talked a great deal more than what become him; he asked me what date of the year, I told him it was the 18th of January, and I never told any body any time else.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure of that?

E. Whiffin. I am.

Mr. Moreton. Did you say any thing of seeing any body else in the room at that time?

E. Whiffin. I don't know whether I did or not.

Mr. Moreton. Or that Judith Natus was in the room.

E. Whiffin. I might.

Mr. Moreton. Did he ask you, if you saw the woman's face?

E. Whiffin. I told him, I did not force my discourse to him; I told him I saw Judith Natus in bed; he asked several questions but resolved him no farther; I said I saw her face and that I knew her plainly.

Mr. Moreton. Was you asked whether she spoke to you?

E. Whiffin. No, I don't remember that.

Mr. Moreton. Do you remember you said you did not hear her speak?

E. Whiffin. No, I don't remember that.

Mr. Moreton. Was you at the trial of Mary Squires?

E. Whiffin. I was subpoenaed up, but was not admitted in.

Mr. Moreton. Did you try to come in?

E. Whiffin. There was a constable in the yard that denied my coming into the yard for a good while, and so he did Fortune Natus's wife a good while.

Mr. Moreton. Was you present, when they were denied?

E. Whiffin. I was not.

Mr. Moreton. Had you been examined before?

E. Whiffin. I have been examined by my lord mayor, and gave the same account as now.

Mr. Davy. Look at the prisoner, did you ever see her before?

E. Whiffin. No; I never saw her face before in my life as I know of.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, do you believe she was in that room?

E. Whiffin. Upon my oath I did not see her in the room.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, is she the woman that lay in that bed?

E. Whiffin. Upon my oath she is not; I have made oath of that before.

Question from a Jurymen. Where did you buy the sign?

E. Whiffin. I bought it of Mrs. Wells, but

it was a good while before; it was about three weeks before Christmas was twelve months.

Alexander Livingstone *sworn*.

Mr. Willes. Look at this note, is this your hand-writing?

A. Livingstone. My name at the bottom is.

Mr. Willes. When did you sign it?

A. Livingstone. I think I signed the day it bears date: Ezra Whiffin signed the same day; he was then arrested by Bomar Levit.

Mr. Willes. Was there any mention made of dating it before or after?

A. Livingstone. No, none.

Mr. Willes. Who wrote the body of the note?

A. Livingstone. Bomar Levit did.

Mr. Willes. Did you sign it the same day it was drawn?

A. Livingstone. I did; at the house of Whiffin at Enfield-Wash; I was a boarder with him then.

Mr. Willes. How long after Christmas was it that you signed it?

A. Livingstone. It was signed directly after it was wrote, the day it bears date; I have no reason to believe to the contrary. (*The note is shewn to the Jury.*)

John Whiffin *sworn*.

J. Whiffin. Ezra Whiffin is my father; I have been coachman to a gentleman at Hertford ever since February 14, 1753; before that I was at my father's from old Christmas day; I went with my father to Mrs. Wells's house on the 18th of January, new stile, he was going to the Globe at Wormleigh, to Mr. Mitcham. When we went into Mrs. Wells's she was gone over the way; we staid there till she came in, then my father and she went and fetched that piece of wood, and I carried it home and took the hooks out, and brought the wood back to her house again.

Mr. Gascoyne. In which room did you stay while they went for the wood?

J. Whiffin. I staid in the first room on the left-hand side.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see your father and Mrs. Wells go into that room where that wood was?

J. Whiffin. No; I did not go out of the room where I was till they came to me again.

Mr. Gascoyne. When did you return the piece of wood again?

J. Whiffin. I did in three or four days.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you know of the debt your father owed Mr. Proffer?

J. Whiffin. I did; and Mr. Livingstone entered his hand to the note to pay it to Mr. Levit.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Was you at home with your father from the old Christmas day to the 14th of February 1753?

J. Whiffin. I was.

Mr. Nares. Did you see Mr. Metcalf at your father's in that time?

J. Whiffin. I did.

Mr. Nares. Did he paint a sign for your father?

J. Whiffin. He did.

Mr. Nares. When was that brought home?

J. Whiffin. It was brought home before I was at my father's; I went there on old Christmas day; it stood then in the parlour.

Elizabeth Long *sworn*.

E. Long. I am daughter to Mrs. Wells; I have been a married woman; my husband is dead; my maiden name was Wells; I used very frequently, every day in the year 1753, to go to my mother's; I lived but three houses from her.

Mr. Davy. Was you at her house in the month of January in that year?

E. Long. I believe I was there every day in that month, and all over the house, excepting the garrets.

Mr. Davy. Who lived in the house the first and second weeks of January?

E. Long. My mother, and my sister, and Virtue Hall, and Fortune Natus and his wife.

Mr. Davy. When did you see Fortune Natus and his wife there?

E. Long. I had seen them there from before January; they were there from first to last about ten weeks.

Mr. Davy. Did you use to go up into this hay-loft?

E. Long. I have for Judith Natus, for her to come to my house to help me to do what I wanted to be done: I have frequently gone in that room to her; she used to lie there; I have seen her and her husband in bed in the month of January there.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see any body else in that room, in the month of January?

E. Long. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. Look at that young woman there, (meaning Elizabeth Canning.)

E. Long. I never saw her there; she never was at my mother's house, till she came down, and they were taken up.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember the furniture of that room?

E. Long. Yes, I do; the chimney is on the right-hand going up stairs, at the foot of Fortune Natus's bed.

Mr. Davy. Was there a grate in it?

E. Long. No, there never was in this world, I have remembered it 22 years; there was a great nest of drawers, three women's saddles, and a man's saddle, a tub that my mother kept her chaff in for the horse, and a great deal of hay, and a drawer of pollard for the sow and pigs.

Mr. Davy. Who fed the horse, sow and pigs, during that time?

E. Long. I know I went in, in January, to fetch some pollard out of the drawer, to feed the pigs, but I went in so frequently, I can't tell the particular days.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure there were three women's saddles and a man's saddle in the room?

E. Long. Indeed, there were.

Mr. Davy. Look at this pitcher.

E. Long. It looks like my mother's pitcher, but I will not be positive, she had such a one with a broken mouth, which she used every day.

Mr. Davy. Did you see it in the month of January?

E. Long.

E. Long. Yes; I have seen our people fetch water with it in January.

Mr. Davy. Look at that bed-gown.

E. Long. I never saw this in my life, till I was at my lord mayor's; my mother, my sister, and I, never wore it; it is none belonging to our family; my mother has never a bed-gown, as I know of; there was nobody at my mother's house had a bed-gown, that I am sure of.

Mr. Davy. Look at this handkerchief; do you know it?

E. Long. No, I do not; I never saw that till at my lord mayor's.

Mr. Davy. When did Mary Squires come to your mother's house?

E. Long. She came on a Wednesday, and was there from first to last, a week and a day, before she was taken up, which was on a Thursday.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever seen her before?

E. Long. No, never in my life; if I had, I must have known it, her face is a very remarkable one.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember her family that came with her?

E. Long. There were two daughters and a son; the old woman called one Lucy, the other Polly, and the son George.

Mr. Davy. Was you in the house when Elizabeth Canning came down there to take your mother up?

E. Long. I was coming out of the parlour, when she was carried into the kitchen; I had heard a great disturbance, and I went to my mother's house, after the gentlemen were got there.

Mr. Davy. Was the door going up into the work-shop open, when she sat upon the dreser?

E. Long. I think it was.

Mr. Davy. Was she removed to any other part of the kitchen?

E. Long. Never, as I know of.

Mr. Davy. Did any body ask her, if she knew that room?

E. Long. Not, as I heard; when she was brought into the parlour, my mother, Mrs. Squires, her two daughters and son, and Virtue Hall, and my sister, were sitting round the fire, she pointed to Mary Squires, and said, that is the woman that cut my stays off; she was sitting on the right-hand the chimney place.

Mr. Davy. Could you see Squires's face then?

E. Long. The gentlemen were all before me; I could not see her face, and she did not turn her face, as I saw; she had a hat and cloak on, and a clout on her head, instead of a cap, and sat holding her head down.

Mr. Davy. Was she smoaking a pipe?

E. Long. I can't tell whether she was or not.

Mr. Davy. Did she sit upright?

E. Long. I think she did not; she is not an upright woman. Canning spoke twice before Mary Squires heard her; one of her daughters got up, I don't know which it was, and said, mother, the young woman says you cut her stays off; then she got up, and said to the young woman, young woman, you are mistaken, I am a very remarkable woman, and

have got the evil in my face; and you may know me by night or by day; she shewed her face by putting her hand up to her clout on each side, to make her face bare.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear the young woman mention the time of the robbery?

E. Long. I can't say I did, or any body else.

Mr. Davy. Did George, or Lucy, then say where they were on the 1st of January?

E. Long. Not then, as I remember.

Mr. Davy. Did you come as a witness, when your mother was tried with Mrs. Squires?

E. Long. I came into the Old-Bailly yard, and the people would not let me come in; there were other witnesses, I subpoenaed them myself.

Mr. Davy. How many witnesses did you serve with subpoenas to attend at that trial?

E. Long. Eight: I had the subpoenas of a lawyer, Mr. Talmaish, he lives in Red Lion-street; I delivered one to Fortune Natus, and another to his wife, one to Mary Larney, one to Giles Knight; I can't recollect them all: somebody knowed me to be Mother Wells's daughter, and they pushed me out, and would not let me come in; they frightened me very much, and I went back again, and up two or three pair of stairs in a house in the Old-Bailly, and heard the mob cry out, *Mother Wells's daughter!*

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. Who was you with at that time?

E. Long. Mary Larney and Giles Knight were with me; I saw them go into the yard with me; I cannot say whereabouts they were.

Mr. Williams. Did John Larney go into the yard?

E. Long. I did not subpoena him.

Mr. Williams. Are you sure Giles Knight was refused being in the yard?

E. Long. I am not.

Mr. Williams. How long had you been parted from your mother?

E. Long. Not long; I had not been married quite a year, and I lived at home a quarter of a year after I was married.

Mr. Williams. Was you away a month?

E. Long. I am sure I was not; I lived in that house three quarters of a year, and don't know I missed a day in all that time going to my mother's house, and used to go into the work-shop sometimes for ashes to carry home for my own use.

Mr. Williams. What January do you speak of?

E. Long. I mean that January the young woman says; I think it is above a year ago.

Mr. Williams. What month is this?

E. Long. I can't justly tell of a sudden.

Mr. Williams. Is it May, or November, or December?

E. Long. May, I think.

Mr. Williams. Was you before Justice Tyshmaker, when they were carried there?

E. Long. They did not take me away, and I did not go there at all.

Mr. Davy. Was you often at this work-shop, within a week or fortnight, or three weeks before your mother was taken up?

E. Long.

E. Long. I was there every day; I used to go frequently to breakfast there.

John Howit sworn.

J. Howit. I am a carpenter; Mrs. Wells is my mother; I have lived at Enfield-Wash about seven years; I used to go to her house now and then: I was at work at Broman Green, about seven miles from thence; having done work, I was discharged from that place, on the 19th of January; about six o'clock at night I came to my mother's house.

Mr. Willes. Do you know the hay-loft?

J. Howit. I know the work-shop, and was in it on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of January.

Mr. Willes. What led you to go there?

J. Howit. My mother sent me up to serve the sow; and I had brought my tools and lodged them in that very room; and on Sunday the 20th, I went to fetch my axe and saw to cut some wood for my wife.

Mr. Willes. Was any body in the room then?

J. Howit. Yes, Fortune Natus and his wife were.

Mr. Willes. What business had they there?

J. Howit. They lay in that room.

Mr. Willes. How do you know they lay in the room?

J. Howit. Because I saw them in bed, or what they call a-bed; it was on the right hand side going up; they had sacks to lay their heads on, and what they thought fit to cover them.

Mr. Willes. Had they a pillow, or bolster.

J. Howit. I can't say they had.

Mr. Willes. Look at Elizabeth Canning, did you ever see her there in that room?

J. Howit. No; I never did.

Canning. I never saw him before as I know of.

Cross examined.

Mr. Moreton. You say you wanted your axe and saw to cut wood for your wife. Where does she live?

J. Howit. We live just by the ten mile stone, about a quarter of a mile from my mother's.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go home first to your house, or to your mother's, on the Saturday?

J. Howit. I went to my mother's first, and there I left my tools.

Mr. Moreton. Which is nearest your master's where you came from?

J. Howit. My mother's is.

Mr. Moreton. How came you to leave your tools at your mother's?

J. Howit. By reason that was nearest, and I was tired of them.

Mr. Moreton. What time of the morning of the Sunday was it you went for them?

J. Howit. About nine o'clock.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure you spoke to Fortune Natus and his wife, as they were in bed in that room?

J. Howit. I am positive of it.

Mr. Moreton. How came you not to be here, when your mother was tried?

J. Howit. Because I was never asked any questions before, nor had I a subpoena at all.

Mr. Moreton. Had you heard that this girl said she was confined in this room?

J. Howit. Yes; but I can't say how long.

Mr. Moreton. Then how came it, you did not come and give testimony against it?

J. Howit. I was asked no questions, and I was not to come without; I was up here, but the mob would not let us come in.

Mr. Moreton. Did you design to come in as a witness?

J. Howit. Yes, I did; we went to Mr. Leg's, in Green Arbour-Court, and like to have been knocked on the head, them that had got subpoenas, and them that had not.

Mr. Moreton. Who was your mother's attorney at that time?

J. Howit. Mr. Talmafh.

Mr. Moreton. Did you ever go to him, and tell him about your coming home, and going into that room three days together in January.

J. Howit. No; I never did.

Question from a Juryman. We should be glad to know, whether that drawer was in the chest of drawers, or a single drawer of itself?

J. Howit. It is one of them drawers, but it was not in it, it was swelled, and would not go in.

Robert White sworn.

R. White. I live at Enfield, and am a day labourer; I have been at Mother Wells's house a great many times.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you there in the year 1753?

R. White. I was in old Christmas, and new Christmas too; I was there commonly four or five times a week.

Mr. Gascoyne. What day in January was you there?

R. White. I am not so well learned to give an account of the day of the month.

Mr. Gascoyne. What Christmas do you mean?

R. White. I mean last Christmas was twelve months: Natus had quartered at my brother's, and I knowing him used to go and keep him company, and used to stay there sometimes till eight or nine o'clock, and used to come as soon as I had done my labour, at about seven.

Mr. Gascoyne. Which room had you used to be together in?

R. White. I used to be in the kitchen, at the right-hand going into the house.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know the door that goes into the hay-loft?

R. White. Yes, I do; it is the room that Natus and his wife lay in, but was not in it the time they lay there.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever see that door open that goes up into the hay-loft?

R. White. Yes, I have, and have seen Fortune Natus and his wife, both go in, and come out again; I remember they did on a Sunday morning in particular.

Mr. Gascoyne. Have you ever seen any body else go into that room?

R. White. No, sir.

Mr. Gascoyne. How long might you keep going to this house?

R. White.

R. White. I believe it might be almost two months, or nine weeks.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you ever in the kitchen any time when Mary Squires was there?

R. White. No; I never was.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know the day of the month she came there?

R. White. No; I do not.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see Mary Squires?

R. White. I saw her go by the barn where I labour, about four or five days before she was taken up; but I did not see her face then.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see any of the young one's?

R. White. I saw one of the daughters once go into the parlour one Sunday.

John Donoval sworn.

J. Donoval. I surveyed the room (Elizabeth Canning said she was confined in) on Easter eve, the 13th of April last.

Mr. Davy. Give the court the dimensions of it.

J. Donoval. It is 35 foot, 3 inches and a half, from quarter to quarter in the inside of the room upon the floor, by 9 foot 8 inches.

Mr. Davy. Is this, that is produced here, a true model of it, according to its proportion?

J. Donoval. This model is exactly in proportion with it, and there is the scale upon the roof. (There was the hole for the jack-line; a window on the opposite side to the stairs, another at the end, and a chimney at one corner, chest of drawers, and saddles, and jack-pullies, drawn on the wall, &c.)

George Talmash sworn.

G. Talmash. I having some knowledge of Mrs. Wells, and hearing of this extraordinary story, I went out of a curiosity to Bridewell to see her; when I came there, she addressed herself to me, and desired I'd be concerned for her, as her attorney; I did not care to be concerned in it, after that her daughter came to my house, with a list of witnesses to the number of eight, and desired me to take out subpoenas for them. I served them out; I remember one was for Fortune Natus, and another Judith Natus, another for Ezra Whiffin; I can't pretend to tell all the rest of their names now. I delivered them to the woman, and gave her directions to serve them.

Mr. Willes. When that trial came on, can you tell, why those people did not appear?

G. Talmash. No; no more than what they told me: I was concerned no more in it.

Elizabeth Mayle sworn.

E. Mayle. I am a midwife; I brought this girl, Elizabeth Canning, into the world, and laid her mother of more children; I am intimately acquainted in the family.

Mr. Davy. Was you at Mrs. Canning's house in February last, was twelve months?

E. Mayle. I was in the beginning of February; I saw the mother and the daughter also.

Mr. Davy. Can you mention the day?

E. Mayle. It was the second or third; it was the first week I am sure.

Mr. Davy. Where does she live?

E. Mayle. She lives in Aldermanbury Postern; the daughter was then lying on a bed in her mother's house.

Mr. Davy. Had you any conversation with the mother in the daughter's presence about the daughter's misfortunes?

E. Mayle. I had.

Mr. Davy. Was the daughter awake?

E. Mayle. She was; I had business by the house and I went in, in order to enquire if she had heard of her daughter Elizabeth. As soon as I came in, Mrs. Canning said, madam, O Lord, madam, have you heard of my misfortune? I said I had read it in the news-papers in the month of January, and asked her if she had heard of her daughter; she said, yes; she is come home as naked as she was born.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure she mentioned these words, *Naked as she was born*?

E. Mayle. I am positive of it: I immediately said, O Lord! what, without a shift on? she said, no, she had a shift on; then I asked her where her daughter was; she said, behind me: I turned about to the girl, and said, Lord bless me Bet, how came this about? She said, I was coming over Moorfields one night, and two men came up to me, one took hold on my two hands and pulled me along, and the other robbed me: I said, of what, child? She said, of half-a-guinea and three shillings and some half-pence, my gown and my cloak. I said, my dear, don't trouble yourself about these things, for God Almighty will raise you friends to get you more; I hope the men did not use you ill, for as to debauch you: She said, she could not tell, for she had her fits: Said I, what did they do with you after they had robbed you? She said, they carried me to Enfield-Wash. I asked her where Enfield-Wash was; she said, out of town. I asked what they did with her there? She said, they carried her into a house, and as soon as she came in, there was an old gipsy took a knife and cut her stays off, and put her hand into her pocket and pulled a farthing out, and put it in again, and hit me a slap on the face, and called me bitch, and bid me go up stairs. I said to her mother, Mrs. Canning, have you got this shift your child went abroad in? Sure never was such a case before. I said, I'll tell you, if any body has debauched your child, if you'll let me see it. She immediately reached it, and I looked at it, and said, Mrs. Canning, is this the shift your daughter went away in? She said, yes; then I said, I supposed it was washed since she had been gone; she said, no, how could that be? For she was in a room where nobody came to her.

Mr. Morton. Was the prisoner present, and heard all this?

E. Mayle. She was. We stood by her bed side. She said, she had been confined in a room, where she lived upon nothing but bread and water. I said, I think the shift is too clean, except you have had it washed since she came home. She said, no it had not been washed. I said, then, my dear, you may make yourself easy, for I can see by it, that no man had

had debauched your child; but it is uncommonly clean to be wore so long. Then the mother said, she never had a stool all the time she was gone: Then, I said, she must have a clyster given her, but I can assure you no man has debauched your child in this shift, unless it has been washed since. She again said, no, it had not.

Mr. Davy. Did the shift appear to be dirty enough to have been wore three weeks and some days?

E. Mayle. No; it did not, there were three little spots of excrement about the bigness of the upper part of my thumb: I don't think it was dirty enough to have been wore three weeks by any clean woman that ever sat still in a room, because every woman must go to bed and get up; and by sitting by the fire the dust will arise.

Mr. Davy. Do you think it had been wore three weeks?

E. Mayle. I don't think it had.

Mr. Davy. Did you take notice of the bottom of it, whether it was draggled?

E. Mayle. I did; I took particular notice of that; I saw no dirt there; there was a hole on the right side of the shift down one of the gussets, but there was no draggled tail, not at all.

Mr. Davy. How long did it appear to have been wore?

E. Mayle. It seemed as if it had been wore a week or such a matter; I can't tell how long it had been wore.

Mr. Davy. Had you been acquainted much with her?

E. Mayle. I had been acquainted with the girl from her birth.

Mr. Davy. How long do you think she might have been in making that shift so dirty as it was?

E. Mayle. About a week.

Mr. Davy. Did the girl herself say any thing to you on this occasion?

E. Mayle. Yes; she told me how she had been used, and the gipsy had cut off her stays, as I said before. I left her mother an order to give her a clyster; she said, will you examine her body to see if she has been hurt? I said, no; I never was before the face of a judge in the Old Bailey in my life, and I did not care to be in dirty work: Going away, she said to her little girl, go and call Mrs. Woodward over the way to me; when she came in, Mrs. Canning said to me, will you say what you said before? I said, Yes, Mrs. Canning, with all the pleasure in life; if this shift has not been washed, I'll make an oath before a judge no man had copulation with her. I went away; I had proposed to bring a doctor. I returned in about half an hour; I went to the bedside to the girl, and said, Bet, I was very sorry I did not ask you whether your feet were not very sore in walking barefoot: She said, no; they are not; I had my shoes and stockings on, they did not take them from me. This I look upon to be from the mother's agony of mind that made her say she was come home naked. I said, what more had you on? She said, my under-petticoat and an old bed gown, which I found in a corner of the room:

Then I said, good by child, and went away.

Mr. Davy. Did the mother seem to be pleased or displeased at what you said?

E. Mayle. She down on her knees and held up her hands and said, thank God my daughter is not a whore.

Mr. Davy. Was her mother angry with you for any thing you said or did, then or afterwards?

E. Mayle. She was not then; but she was two days after, when I came there, as I did not go the next day before the doctor, as I proposed. Then there were with her two young women and an elderly woman; I said, Mrs. Canning, I am come to ask if Bet has had a stool; she said, no. I said, then she must die without you have given her clysters; and she has relief that way, and asked her, why she did not give it her; she said she had; I asked her, if any thing came off with it, she said, yes, a little; I said, if nothing more came off, she is a dead girl, and all the world can't save her life; I went and took hold on the girl's right hand, with my left, and said, now she seems as cold as death, and if she has no passage, she must die, and all the world can't save her.

Mr. Morton. Was the daughter there when the mother was angry?

E. Mayle. Yes, Sir; a young woman in the room, said, how can you frighten the girl out of her life, to tell her she must die, when she has no fever; then I turned to another woman, and said, did you ever hear there was such a thing before; I said, there was one thing in her favour, she has not been debauched; I said reach the shift to this gentlewoman, (she was a grave woman) I said, let her judge the case, and see that your child has not been debauched, when that was reached out, the old gentlewoman said, I don't see nothing like it; I said look over it well, do you think this has been worn three weeks, and three days; no, says she, I don't think it has, I don't think that is likely; Mrs. Canning said she had no stool all the while; I said here is three spots upon it; I said, behold it, then Mrs. Canning said, *do you come here to set my other friends against me?*

Mr. Davy. Who was that other woman?

E. Mayle. I don't know her name.

Mr. Davy. Was it Mrs. Woodward?

E. Mayle. No; it was not.

Mr. Davy. Was it observed that there were no marks of her being, according to the course of other women's?

E. Mayle. That old gentlewoman mentioned it, and Mrs. Canning said her daughter had got cold, and had been out of order for three or four months.

Mr. Davy. What is the mother?

E. Mayle. She is a fine likely woman as any, and a woman that I respect as much as any woman, and the girl too.

Cross examined.

Mr. Williams. What sort of a character has she had?

E. Mayle. I never knowed no ill of the girl, or heard any in my life.

Mr. Williams. Have you been intimately acquainted with her?

E. Mayle.

E. Mayle. I have, and never heard any reflection upon her character, and I don't question but the mother was very anxious about her daughter not being debauched.

Mr. Williams. Might not that matter of excrement have been from the day before she was carried there?

E. Mayle. It might, and the mother told me so then.

Mr. Williams. What was your reason of being so inquisitive in this?

E. Mayle. I was so, as a lover of truth, and a friend, fearing the girl had been debauched.

Mr. Davy. Now we prove the defendant's information before Justice Fielding; in order to shew a material variance, both in that and her evidence on the trial, particularly in respect to the time of expending the water.

Mr. Brogden sworn.

Mr. Brogden. I am clerk to Justice Fielding.

Mr. Davy. Look on this paper.

Mr. Brogden. This is the information of Elizabeth Canning, taken before Justice Fielding, the 7th of February, 1753.

[It is read.]

The Information of Elizabeth Canning, of Aldermanbury Postern, London, Spinster, taken upon oath this seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord 1753.

THIS Informant, upon her oath, saith, that on Monday the first day of January last past, she, this Informant, went to see her uncle and aunt, who live at Salt Petre-Bank, near Rosemary-Lane, in the County of Middlesex, and continued with them untill the evening; and saith, that upon her return home, about half an hour after nine, being opposite to Bethelam-gate, in Moorfields, she, this Informant, was seized by two men, (whose names are unknown to this informant) who both had brown bob-wigs on, and drab coloured great-coats, one of whom held her, this Informant, whilst the other feloniously, and violently took from her one shaving hat, one stuff gown, and one linnen apron, which she had on, and also half a guinea in gold, and three shillings in silver, and then, he that held her, threatened to do for her, this Informant; and this Informant, saith, that immediately after, they, the said two men, violently took hold of her, and dragged her up into the gravel walk, that leads down to the said gate, and about the middle thereof, he, the said man, that first held her, gave her with his fist, a very violent blow upon the right temple, which threw her into a fit, and deprived her of her senses, (which fits, she, this Informant saith she is accustomed and subject to upon being frightened, and that they often continue for six or seven hours). And this Informant saith, that when she came to herself, she perceived that she was carrying along by the same two men, in a large road-way, and saith, that in a little time after, she was so recovered, she was able to walk alone;

however, they continued to pull her along, which still so intimidated and affrighted her, that she durst not call out for assistance, or speak to them. And this Informant saith, that in about half an hour after, she had so recovered herself, they, the said two men, carried her, this Informant, into a house (which, as she, this Informant, heard from some of them, was about four o'clock in the morning, and which house, as she, this Informant, hath since heard and believes, is situate at Enfield-Wash, in the county of Middlesex, and is reputed to be a very bad and disorderly bawdy-house, and occupied by one Wells, widow) and there, this Informant, saw in the kitchen an old gipsy woman, and two young women, whose names were unknown to this Informant, but the name of one of them this Informant hath since heard and believes is Virtue Hall; and saith, that the said old gipsy woman took hold of this Informant's hand, and promised to give her fine cloaths, if she would go their way, meaning as this Informant understood to become a prostitute) which this Informant refusing to do, she, the said old gipsy woman, took a knife out of a drawer, and cut the lace of the stays of her, this Informant, and took the said stays away from her, and one of the said men took off her cap, and then the said two men went away with it, and she, this Informant, hath never since seen any of her things. And this Informant saith, that soon after they were gone (which she, this Informant believes was about five in the morning) she, the said old gipsy woman, forced her, this Informant, up an old pair of stairs, and pushed her into a back room, like an hay-loft, without any furniture whatsoever in the same, and there locked her, this Informant, up, threatening her, this Informant, that if she made the least noise or disturbance, she, the said old gipsy woman, would cut her throat, and then she went away. And this Informant saith, that when it grew light, upon her looking round to see into what a dismal place she was, she, this Informant, discovered a large black jug, with the neck much broken, wherein was some water, and upon the floor several pieces of bread, near in quantity to a quartern loaf, and a small parcel of hay. And saith, that she continued in this room, or place, from the said Tuesday morning, the second day of January, until about half an hour after four of the clock in the afternoon, of Monday the twenty-ninth day of the same month of January, without having or receiving any other sustenance or provision, than the said bread and water, (except a small minced pie, which she, this Informant, had in her pocket) or any thing to lie on, other than the said hay, and without any person or persons coming to her, although she often heard the name of Mrs. and Mother Wells called upon, whom she understood was the mistress of the house. And this Informant saith, that on Friday the

" the twenty-sixth day of January last past,
 " she, this Informant, had consumed all the
 " afore said bread and water, and continued
 " without having any thing to eat or drink,
 " until the Monday following, when she, this
 " Informant, being almost famished with
 " hunger, and starved with cold, and almost
 " naked during the whole time of her con-
 " finement; about half an hour after four in
 " the afternoon, of the said twenty-ninth day
 " of January, broke out at a window of the
 " said room, or place, and got to her friends
 " in London, about a quarter after ten, the
 " same night, in a most weak, miserable con-
 " dition, being very near starved to death.
 " And this Informant saith, that she ever
 " since hath been, and now is in a very weak
 " and declining state and condition of health,
 " and although all possible care and assist-
 " ance is given to her, yet whatever small
 " nutriment she, this Informant, is able to
 " take, the same receives no passage through
 " her, but what is forced by the apotheca-
 " ry's assistance and medicines.

Sworn before me this

7th day of February

1753.

H. FIELDING.

The mark of

E C

Elizabeth Canning.

Mr. Deputy Molineux sworn.

Mr. Deputy Molineux. I was at Sir Crisp Gascoyne's when Canning came there, at the time that Virtue Hall was there; Sir Crisp was then lord mayor; I and others were desired to go and hear her examination, after my lord had concluded his examining of Virtue Hall, he turned to Betty Canning, and asked her, if she had any thing to say, she said, no, she had nothing at all more than she had said upon the trial; my lord said nothing further to her; the bed-gown and pitcher were on the table, Betty Canning was rolling up the bed-gown, in order to take it away, as I apprehended; my lord said, child, you must not take that away, you must leave that with me; upon which, she replied, and said, it is my mother's; it shocked me a good deal, because I had heard it said, that she came home in a bed-gown, and that she found it in the room where she was confined; I mentioned this to several people that very afternoon, that were very strong advocates in the affair.

Mr. Willes. Did she demand the pitcher at that time?

Mr. Deputy Molineux. I don't remember she did.

Cross examined.

Mr. Morton. I had not asked you a question, if I had not found you was at the examination of Virtue Hall. Was you there upon the first of her being brought in to be examined?

Mr. Deputy Molineux. I was, the first of that day.

Mr. Morton. Had she recanted that day?

Mr. Deputy Molineux. I had heard that she had; I heard my lord mayor say he had gone through the examination.

Mr. Morton. Was you there the day before she was examined publickly, the day

when she recanted?

Mr. Deputy Molineux. No; I was not.

Samuel Reed sworn.

S. Reed. I was present the time Mr. Molineux speaks of. I very particularly remember she was going to fold up this bed-gown; my lord mayor said, child, you must not have that; she said, it is my mother's; which struck me very much.

Cross examined.

Mr. Nares. Did any body ask her to explain what she meant by it?

S. Reed. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. We have several witnesses to call to the characters of those who have been examined; and desire to know the pleasure of the court, whether we shall call them now, or stay till they are attached.

Court. Stay till they are attached.

Mr. Davy. Then we have done for the present.

Mr. MORTON.

May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury.

I am council, in this cause, for the unfortunate prisoner Elizabeth Canning; and unfortunate she certainly is, whether, upon the whole, you shall think her guilty, or acquit her of the heinous crime of which she now stands indicted. For guilty of such an offence, at her years, she cannot have been, without having been very unfortunate in a most profligate and abandoned education; and should you think her innocent, most unfortunate must she surely be thought by all, because she is now brought to answer for a most foul offence in herself, merely from having done her duty in prosecuting others for the most unheard of violation of her own person and property, and the laws of her country. — But the more unfortunate such an accusation, under such circumstances, renders the defendant, the more, I am sensible, she will be entitled to that patience, which you have already shewn in the progress of this trial. And gentlemen, when I consider how long that patience and attention has been already exercised, when I see before me that even short minutes have swelled to no less than six or seven sheets, I am too sensible that I have neither ability nor experience to do my client that justice which the extraordinary nature of her case requires. But, as I have been unfortunately fixed upon for my present station.

I hope, the great length of the trial, the great pains taken by the gentlemen on behalf of the prosecution, the numerous facts and minute circumstances that have been laid before you, will be some excuse, at least, for the many defects and omissions that will appear in my opening for the defendant. And, before I go into the particulars of the case, I shall premise and agree with Mr. Davy in his opening, that if the perjury was corrupt and wilfully false, it is one of the most abominable and horrid pieces of corruption ever brought into a court of justice; a falsehood the most cruel and impious! so much so, that I will also agree with

with him, that if it should appear by the course of the whole evidence, that the defendant was never in the house of Susannah Wells, and that Mary Squires was not the actor of the mischief there supposed to be done. Canning's magnitude of offence deserves even a particular law, which this country has not yet thought proper to enact in cases of perjury.

But, gentlemen, you, as a jury, will guard your judgments against all impulses, which must necessarily arise from considerations of this nature: From reflections on the consequences of the crime, into the truth of which alone you are now to enquire. Facts alone are the proper objects of your attention; And glad I am, for the sake of justice and truth, that a fact of this importance, I say, of this importance (for, in a free country, the nature and circumstances of the crime, not the condition of the criminal, makes every enquiry more or less important) is to be investigated and determined by a jury of distinguished property and integrity. By a jury selected by the prosecutor, in a manner, I believe, unparalleled in any prosecution, when the crown is not directly concerned;—For, I believe, gentlemen, that you are the selected choice of the prosecutor, after no less than seventeen challenges:—And therefore, surely, the prosecutor can now have none. The defendant, I believe, never had any diffidence of the impartiality and ability of any jury, legally returned from the citizens of London.

And, gentlemen, in making such observations as may occur to me, to be material for the defence of my client, I shall, in the outset, beg leave to remind you, what the accusation is, against this girl now at the bar: it is for wilful, malicious, and corrupt perjury, committed in this court, and that with the aggravated circumstances of being designed to destroy the life of an innocent fellow creature. Let me add, that this crime, gentlemen, is supposed to be committed when the defendant was under the age of nineteen years.

This charge has been fully opened by Mr. Davy, and endeavoured to be supported three manner of ways; the *first* (it has been most relied upon, and, I think, with the prosecutor's council, is the most material part of the case) is the alibi defence of Mary Squires, and the positive proof they have brought of several persons being in the place of Canning's confinement, during the time she says she was there. If both these are proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, in your minds, then you must conclude Canning could not swear true in the manner she has.

The *second* method of proving this heavy charge, is endeavoured to be made out from the improbability of the defendant's own story, and, the *third*, by her own conduct, in the delays and precautions taken in not appearing to make an earlier defence. Mr. Willes makes use of a very remarkable expression, well known in the law-books, *fugam fecit*, she has flown from justice; and from thence would infer, (I mean legally) it is confessing her own guilt. I am very sorrowful this fact was at all observed upon; because, if it had not, I

might have been at liberty to have past over circumstances of persons and things, which I must now take notice of, in order to shew, that the delay of this day's trial can, in no humane and impartial breast, be any evidence of Canning's guilt.—Was a step that every person, in her unhappy situation, would have taken.—Was a conduct that those, who had then the care of her defence, would have been void of common sense, had they not advised it.—For, gentlemen, in these days, who would trust the trial and test of their character, and their liberty depending thereon, to the same person, both supreme judge and prosecutor.

However popish legends may have attempted to persuade us, that such impartiality has existed,—That a judge has even condemned, and passed sentence on himself;—Yet, in these happier times, when men are at liberty to see and judge for themselves, such traditions will never influence any man, endued with the least reasoning faculties, not to wish the provinces of judge and prosecutor, at least, may ever be distinct and independent in this country. I speak this without even the remotest thought of casting any reflection on the integrity and justice of any of those, who preside in our courts in these times.—There never was a time, when the subject was equally secure in this respect, but does it by no means follow from thence, that failings, inseparable from human nature, are not to be guarded against by those, who may suffer from them.—And that a prejudice to our own cause, is such a failing, is so obvious to every candid man's own breast,—That no man, with any pretence to an upright heart, would trust himself in such a situation, as the present prosecutor must have been in, had the present examination came on, when he so properly presided in the magistracy of this city.

But what was another known reason of this delay?

It is notorious, the girl was (and from motives not to be disavowed here, or in any other court) advised to remove her cause, from this place, to the supreme court of all criminal proceedings in Westminster-hall.

Was this a step that looks like an evasion of justice? Do those, who hope to elude the force of justice, voluntarily approach the most awful tribunal? Happy might it have been for her, and for the course of justice, had her design and attempt, in this particular, been agreeable to the rules of that court; for, however satisfied I am, that all here wish, and mean, to do compleat justice; yet the obstructions, which we have here met with, from a licentious rabble (the effect of which, on some men's minds, no one knows) would probably have been avoided, could the defendant's choice of a more solemn trial have been complied with.—But no sooner was one just cause of delay removed;—No sooner was the other, as just reason not to be complied with, by the course of legal proceedings,—Than Canning immediately submitted to her defence in the place she now stands.

If therefore I have wiped off all aspersions of her guilt, from a supposed intent to avoid her trial,

trial,—What arguments may I not justly raise in favour of her innocence, from her appearance here at all?

If she was conscious of the least fear of conviction, — (and what person, really guilty, is free from these fears?) Why did not she make her flight from justice? She had not even gratitude to detain. No friends were to suffer, either in person or fortune, by her flight. She was under no recognizance, either by self or friends.

In opposition to even the remotest apprehension of the punishment of the crime of perjury (and especially such a perjury) could the place of Canning's abode be the object of a moment's doubt? Whether a servant in London, or elsewhere, must be surely very indifferent to one in her station?

It may possibly be some comfort, even to be a servant in England, preferable to other countries. But suppose her only apprized of the nature of her crime, and she must know her residence here of a very short duration. Under such circumstances therefore can any one doubt, that such a delinquent would not have made her own choice of her place of exile, especially, when by such choice she should have avoided the most severe part of her punishment, if guilty,—That of slavery.

I hope therefore the imputation of her guilt, at least from this circumstance mentioned by Mr. Willes, is entirely wiped off.

I must now, gentlemen, beg leave to make two or three observations, in offering to you my thoughts on the prosecutor's own case, as it stands unanswered by any facts on our side. And in this part, I shall invert the order laid down by my two learned friends Mr. Davy and Mr. Willes; and begin first with the improbability objected to Canning's own tale, because (I think) even allowing the improbability of her story to be a sufficient proof to ground a conviction of perjury on, I can, by no means, think there is a greater share of improbability in the defendant's relation, than there is in many parts of the account given to contradict the truth of it.

It would be endless, in this place, to follow the learned gentlemen's example, and to observe, as minutely as they have done, on the several facts related by Canning and their evidence, to disprove them.

I shall therefore confine myself on this head of improbability, to the general facts related by Canning in her own story, and to some general objections, which that relation has furnished the prosecutor's learned counsel with.

And what are their objections to the improbability of her story? They consist in the circumstances of *the time of her absence, the nature of the place of her confinement, the particular manner in which she led her life there, the seemingly surprizing account of the first robbery.* — I cannot forbear observing in this place, to what forced and strange observations on facts, one of the gentlemen was driven, in order to keep alive his own cry of improbability.

Mr. Davy, I think endeavours to raise five

different objections of improbability from his observations. — The first is, It is very strange, says he, that there should appear no premeditation previous to the robbery in Moorfields. — Mr. Davy has had much more experience, particularly in this court, than I have had—I was, therefore, the more surprized to hear such an observation come from a gentleman, who must have heard so many unhappy wretches tried in this place, for crimes that would be doubly shocking, did all the circumstances appear the effect of design and premeditation in the authors: And shall it then be urged as an argument of every felon's innocence that we are not able to shew that his guilty act was deliberately premeditated. Such reasoning would, I apprehend, be as effectually serviceable to villany as a general pardon.

The next improbability is made to arise from the very great danger which these robbers (whom Mr. Davy must still suppose to be all coolness and deliberation) naturally foresaw in carrying Canning so far from the place of her robbery to her prison.

But, for my own part, only suppose any robbers, for once, rash enough to commit any robbery at all, between nine and ten o'clock at night in the middle of winter, in such a place as Moorfields, (and I would to God every day did not afford instances of such unpremeditated rashness) and where is then the improbability of the subsequent attempts.

Is it improbable that such villains should not at once be satisfied with the trifling sum of money, and the gown and apron? — Is it in the least incredible, that those, who were either of Mrs. Wells's or Mrs. Squires's gang, should be desirous of adding one more prostitute to the retinue of this notorious bawd, or smuggling gipsy?

Mr. Davy was so drove to support the improbability of Canning's relation in this part of his observation.

That we are now told, robbers themselves must be thought so wary and circumspect, that they must even have apprehended immediate discovery from the resort of those, who go to see the unhappy inhabitants of one side of this square. What! between nine and ten at night!

If the learned gentlemen has not already gratified this curiosity, I hope he will, at least, chuse a more seasonable house, lest the keepers there may be led to mistake the motive of so unexpected and unseasonable a visit.

We are then to see this improbability from the known humanity of street robbers.—These, he thinks, were never cruel on purpose.—This is, I own, an observation of great good nature. I wish there was the least foundation in fact for the support of it.—But because we cannot assign a motive or reason for every instance of cruelty and barbarity these ruffians commit, are we to shut out all belief that such acts of violence are committed.

Because, therefore, there is no design of murder proved, we must not believe that these humane, these deliberate, these wary robbers, could be tempted to offer any violence to Canning

Canning, that was not absolutely necessary to a supposed premeditated design of robbery.

There is one more observation, and that, perhaps, might afford an argument of improbability, and that is the prisoner's great caution in husbanding her water; for now I am accompanying Mr. Davy in his observations at Enfield-Wash. But how does this appear, that she did husband her water at all, in the manner Mr. Davy supposes?

Canning's evidence, or relation, at no one time, or place, justify this observation: all she tells, or swears, is, that the bread and water lasted to such a time; but no where does she relate, how regular she made her meals, if there is a possibility, this bread and water was sufficient to sustain human nature twenty eight days, all that part of the case of Mr. Davy's eking it out by ounce and ounce, falls to the ground.

Another observation was made, which would appear of some weight, if founded on facts, either admitted or proved.

Says Mr. Davy, if she had a mind to escape, she might, every hour of the day, have pushed out the plaister-wall. She did attempt, she says, to open the window, and could not. But where is there any proof, or admission, that she might have escaped every hour of the day, if she would? Another improbability is, to arise, that the people never came to see whether Canning was there or not. — But this, once more, rests solely on Mr. Davy's imagination, wants a support of proof. Canning herself says, she once saw a person look through the crack of the door, to see if she was gone. — From whence, therefore, are we to collect, that this improbability ever did happen; — For might not this observation through the crack be repeated a hundred times, and Canning not observe it.

We are now come to the last and great objection, which is for ever to overturn this story, on the foot of improbability. That is, that Canning should return from the wash, without attempting to take any shelter till she reached her own house. This, I admit, is a fact related by herself, and she is consistent, in this part of her story, on every relation of it; but I leave you, gentlemen, to judge, what inference of improbability arises from hence. — Is it possible for you to determine, in your own minds, what would be the conduct of any one, or more people in such a situation. Different judgments, and different resolutions, would be acted upon by very different ideas, under such circumstances. — And therefore I submit, that no argument of improbability can be drawn from this conduct in Canning, that would not equally have furnished Mr. Davy's Speech, had she acted a quite different part, and made her story known at the first house she came by.

Mr. Davy, having now finished his chain of observation, and, as he supposes, entirely destroyed all pretence to truth, in Canning's narration, — Yet thinks it necessary to ask one question, — Was ever a story attended with such improbable and incoherent circumstances? Many very improbable things, many very in-

coherent ones, have happened, and therefore I might safely answer to this doughty question. Yes. I think as improbable, as incoherent circumstances have been true. But the guilt or innocence of the defendant will not receive the least light or assistance from either question or answer.

And, therefore, allow such refined observations their utmost latitude (and as they have been thus relied on by the prosecutor's council, I have been obliged to take some notice of them) and let us then see, where just observations on facts will turn the weight of improbability.

This is a fact not disputed, Canning was certainly missing. — That she gave a particular account of her absence on her return home, January 29, 1753, is not disputed. — She was particular in circumstances of *place, persons,* and *things*. The remarkable pitcher now before you in particular.

Now on this state of *facts* all uncontradicted. — Permit me only to ask a few questions, as the properest answer, that can be given, to the observations on the head of improbability.

If Canning was absolutely ignorant of the place she was resolved to charge as her prison, could she have ventured to mention any one circumstance she did?

In such a sort of room, as the gentlemen themselves allow she did describe. — Even a chimney would have been a hazardous particular. — But, that she should descend to such a pitcher, as now produced, was risking the whole on a circumstance, that would fail her a million to one.

The very person of Squires, stamped, as Mr. Davy says, by God, with a particularity never to be forgot. — Would Canning have ventured to fix on such a person? Though Canning not equal in her description of Squires's deformity, with Mr. Davy; the account of the person, who robbed her, is too remarkable to proceed from mere invention.

Now it is certainly most probable, that if any person at all had been described to Canning, — It must have been Wells; — For, according to the prosecutor's account, Squires had come there, but a few days before Canning's return home; and yet Canning's description neither did fit, nor would she charge Wells on sight. The person of Wells, even by the prosecutor, was supposed as unknown by Canning, as that of Squires. The name, indeed, of Wells, or Wills, (now too supposed by the prosecutor to have been named by Skarrat to Canning) was mentioned by her at her first return, — And from this circumstance every body had predetermined mother Wells for the robber. — Mr. Willes assures you, nobody dreamed of a gipsy. — Every body had fixed on Wells, as she was known to be the mistress of the house, and as the house was infamously known to be capable of harbouring those that were capable of any villany. — Every body therefore fixed their attention on Wells. — And yet, gentlemen, the prosecutor's own witness, Mr. Aldridge, tells you, that Squires was directly pitched on by Canning. — She could not have

have been more ready, if she had received her description from Mr. Davy.

But, gentlemen, arguments and inferences on evidence of this kind would be endless.—No deduction from them can, or ought to, conclude your judgment on a charge of this kind; but the gentlemen for the prosecution have throughout grounded all their arguments on this head, that some story was necessary to be forged.—Suppose this granted, in order to argue with them in their own way, let me ask them,—Could a weak illiterate woman (however supported) have either invented, or when invented, be uniform in the proof of it? Would any one endued with the most common share of understanding herself, or assisted by those who were, have taken a tale so very difficult to have gained belief.

Surely; a description of *persons, places, and things*, really not existing, would as probably have gained belief, and yet have been much more easily managed, in case of more particular enquiries.

But however strange many of the circumstances of this tale may seem, I apprehend it is not so destitute of all presumptive proofs, as has been contended.

I have before said, no one doubts, that Canning was missing. That the condition of her body, on her return, was most miserable, has been proved by some of the prosecutor's witnesses; Will be confirmed by such of ours, whose characters and stations place them above all suspicion of being privy to, or capable of, supporting a fraud of any kind.

The same will prove, that several symptoms attending this unhappy girl's illness, were unerring tokens of some most extraordinary treatment she had received.

The answer attempted to these uncontradicted facts, is, all this was practised for the sake of gain.—To become a false object of charity, or, more probably, says Mr. Davy, to cover the reproach of whoredom. To this answer I will make no other reply, than ask this one question—What fact of distress, however uncontroverted, may not be supposed to have proceeded from a design to deceive and impose.—And, in this instance, we have had nothing but mere suppositions to induce your belief that all Canning's sufferings were fraudulent.

I will trespass with only one question more, on the head of improbability. Canning was missing—Where was she? After more than a twelvemonth's enquiry—That enquiry, backed with as active a prosecution as ever was carried on in this kingdom—That prosecution, made the universal object of argument and curiosity.—And yet not the least surmise of any other place of confinement than that alledged by Canning herself. To this we have had no other account than Mr. Davy's bare opinion—She was secreted somewhere—to conceal a pregnancy—or to get free of disorders incident to the gay and young.

If this was the fact, I shall venture to pronounce she might have made more of her means of secrecy, than by any distress she could counterfeit, even in these charitable days.—But

to give such a supposition, as Mr. Davy's, the least colour of truth, we must suppose that Canning, poor, illiterate and friendless, has succeeded in an attempt, that money, art, and friends have scarce ever effected.

I will, therefore, leave this part of the prosecutor's case, which, I am sensible, I have taken up more of your time, and the court's, than may have been necessary. Not only as I think the supposed motives of all Canning's story, at least, as improbable as the facts related by her, but also, as I hope this will be the last prosecution where I shall hear a conviction of wilful and corrupt perjury, contended for on the mere improbability of any facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths, and that too in a case where the merciful ear is ever most open. Since, gentlemen, it is not to be denied, here at least, where I can vouch the annals of this place for my assertion,—That things, seemingly impossible for human power to have performed, have been proved true—Things, the most unlikely to be attested as true, if false, have been credited, and yet have been utterly false.

There are two known instances of this kind, the one that most improbable ride from a place near this city to York in one day, on the same horse. I had almost said as improbable a performance as Mr. Davy's flight round the atmosphere! yet this was a certain fact done, was attested and believed in this court, and by that proof the prisoner was acquitted of a robbery, which he confessed himself actually guilty of as soon as acquitted.—Under the other head, is the well known story of a steward's son belonging to a noble family.—If I remember, it was the Gainborough family; but that is not material. There the steward was missing, and a large sum of money supposed taken from him, his own son accused himself, his mother, and his sister, of the murder and robbery, and that they had thrown the body into such a pit.—The pit was searched, and no body found, and yet, as the son persisted in his own accusation, they were indicted, tried and hanged.—Yet sometime after, the father returned, gave a particular account of his absence, and the cause of it.—Now in both these instances, who, on the first relation could either assent to the truth of the one, or would doubt the truth of the other.—And yet the one was uncontrovertibly proved to be true, and the other demonstrably false.—I mention these facts, to shew the great danger of acquitting or condemning against positive proof on oath, on refined arguments of improbability, which we see are thus capable of deceiving.

And, indeed, I cannot but express some degree of wonder in this place, that a point of this nature should have been thus laboured by the prosecutor,—as he has contended for, and has endeavoured to produce proof of facts, which, if credited, would make all resort to supposition useless.—I infer, therefore, that even touching on suppositions and arguments of improbability implies a diffidence in their proof of facts.

But having done with this part of the case, which rests on the head of improbability, it
now

now remains to examine how the charge is otherwise supported; and how it is to be answered on our part. And, after the great attention you have given, I need not remind you, that the stress of the proof has been levelled to shew Mary Squires was elsewhere; on which Mr. Davy has logically concluded, (*ergo*) Canning has wilfully sworn false. But this is not a necessary consequence. How does it necessarily follow, that though Squires was elsewhere, Canning has maliciously perjured herself? May there not be a similitude in deformity, that may deceive, as well as there may be in the more admired part of the sex?

But having, in general, denied the truth of Mr. Davy's inference: I shall wave this part of my defence so far as to agree with Mr. Davy, Squires is so stamp'd that it is scarce possible to be mistaken. Canning has sworn she is not mistaken, twelve men upon their oaths have believed her, and her defence now is, that she is not mistaken. It will be as needless as prolix, to go minutely through every branch of the prosecutor's evidence that is meant to prove the contrary. The witnesses are many, however all their force is direct and obvious, to a single point, viz. to prove Squires at Abbotsbury and other places, from the 29th of December 1752, to the first of February 1753. When we shall endeavour to prove she was at Enfield.

It is not quite immaterial to remark, that Hester Hopkins and Alice Farnham, the two first witnesses, are not quite positive, but believe only they are the persons.

You'll observe from hence, that Abbotsbury is to be the grand scene of contradiction; there all the witnesses, whether united by a long course of smuggling, or only occasionally there, are express and positive; other circumstances, surely not altogether common in the course of a gipsy's life, are reserved only for their residence at Abbotsbury. In all other places Squires is attempted to be shewn properly as a vagrant—fortune-telling—staying a night only in a place, and lodged in barns.

But when once brought to Abbotsbury, without any cause opened or proved, they are at once to halt, not as gipsies, but become, in an instant, remarkable guests, live in the new part of the house, instead of lying in a barn; instead of being gipsies, that every one avoids, except such as want to deal in fortune-telling and smuggled goods, they are now companions of those of the best rank in the place, and at two balls in one week; this so ugly and deformed woman, whom they have brought a man that subsisted on charity at Enfield, to swear that he chose rather to sit in the cold, than by the fire where she was in company. I say, this extraordinary piece of deformity you are to believe at Abbotsbury present at all meetings, usual at this season, and caressed as a principal guest.

One remark will suffice for all this particularity of description at Abbotsbury. This time was necessary to be consumed somewhere, or the alibi evidence prior in point of time would not defeat the gipsy's arrival at Enfield, in contradiction to evidence, which they are aware we have to produce. You'll now observe, that it has been thought necessary to have some

standard to resort to, as a reason for all this particular series of evidence and recollection, relative to all these three gipsies.—It happens, that most of the evidence have chose the late change of stile as their common object of memory.—Scarce one, who did not remember this, or that particular fact, by the æra of old or new Christmas.—I wish this may be the only scene of falshood and confusion, flowing from this law. I was myself against it, as I thought it likely to be productive of mistakes in evidence, and don't yet see any use it ever can be of to the public.

It is, however, I confess, natural to confirm our remembrance of particular persons, or things, by remarkable æras in point of time. But I much doubt whether this not the occasion of the whole mistake in this case; not, perhaps, designed by all, though by others calculated merely to add a credit to facts, that a mere positive averment would fail to establish.

And in the evidence of the second witness, Alice Farnham, at Winyard's-Gap, which was given with great modesty, and an air of truth, there is a particular, which induces me to believe, that the year must be mistaken by this witness. In order to convince you that she was not mistaken in the persons of the gipsies.—She recollects they told her they would come and see her again at old Christmas.

It was then the 31st of December.—These gipsies, as you have heard from all their own accounts, on their return hither to winter-quarters; Abbotsbury, a remarkable point in view; and yet all this must be defeated, if they had then the least intent of being at Winyard's-Gap again at old Christmas; but this is very reconcilable, supposing it the year before that these wanderers were in those parts.—And this is no unnatural supposition; for the change of stile was then enacted into a law, though it had not taken place, and therefore the 1st old Christmas was no uncommon day of return for these gipsies, as dissenters from the new stile, to fix on. But surely, gentlemen, if this extensive scene of alibi proof ought to find credit with you, it is evident George and Lucy Squires were the most proper evidence to support the truth of it.

To this I desired to appeal, as being the best evidence, when I observed those two in court, after all other witnesses were, by order, obliged to withdraw.—The prosecutor's council saw the force of this appeal, and agreed to call these two witnesses in succession.—George was called.—If Lucy had been ventured, and they two had agreed in points of facts, of persons, and times, as they must have done, if true in the accounts they gave.—I say, if this had been done, I then agreed, I still say, that I must have submitted, that the defendant was at least mistaken in her evidence against Mary Squires.

But, gentlemen, you have heard George alone. From his cross examination, the danger of a manifest contradiction became too apparent. George hardly supported himself.—If Lucy was called, and faltered, the whole alibi

alibi was gone.—Such a trial was therefore not to be ventured. I redemanded this test of the truth of the alibi; but the prosecutor absolutely refused it. — A reason indeed was assigned; but, like many others, the effect of a quick invention, unsupported by proof. Both these witnesses were, at once, made almost idiots. Nothing of this was mentioned in the opening, or, as an excuse for not calling them, when at first demanded.

But as Lucy was not called (which I really think would have determined this whole affair, let me remark a little on the conduct of George. And, gentlemen, where did there appear any defect of understanding, during his examination, on behalf of the prosecution? He was clear, quick, and minute, both as to times, *names*, and *places*, that were within the rout to be proved. Of other places certainly as remarkable, certainly as natural objects of memory, not a tittle was to be remembered; for to have remembered any thing, would have given a clue.

And, therefore, not a town out of the alibi, except Shaftsbury, through a tour, from August to December, from Surry, quite along the coast of Suffex and Dorset, is to be mentioned. Not a transaction of buying, or selling a single scrap of his goods, in any one place out of the alibi; and yet it is impossible but their trade must have been their view and support, in one part of their journey as well as another. But I submit, that some parts of the story, in which the prosecutor has allowed this witness to be capable of giving his testimony, afford strong suspicions of falshood. I will enumerate some of them that strike me in this light: First, that decrepid old woman's walk from Litton to Abbotsbury, and back again to dinner, and then to Abbotsbury the same evening, seems highly improbable. You are told by other witnesses, that such a walk would necessarily take up, more time, than other circumstances of George's story can possibly allow for it.—Add to this, the improbability of her being at Abbotsbury, and that too at Clarke's House, and yet not seen there by one of all her numerous acquaintance. You observe scarce a person there, but has known her intimately for many years. Here you have heard, from many of the witnesses, there was an halt of 8 or 9 days.—George then tells you, that the first day they went only to Possum, a very small distance, and from this place such forced marches, as amount to the highest degree of improbability. I asked him a reason for this immediate and unusual expedition.—This was one of the questions, which you find he did not expect to be asked. At last, it was a sister's illness occasioned this hurry.—We received a letter from her by the post on that account; he could not, however, tell where this letter was received, and, perhaps, that might be forgot; but, gentlemen, he could scarce receive this letter at Possum; because that was a mere occasional resting place, and if a letter, that really required and occasioned such expedition, was received at Abbotsbury, I desire to have it accounted for, how they came to at-

tempt no further than Possum the first day. It is obvious therefore to me, that the particular stages, this witness gives an account, were not in pursuance of this letter; but in order to be at Basingstoke on the 18th of January, for a purpose that is very material for the truth of their whole story, and which I shall take particular notice of, when I attend them at that place.

But first let me ask, If such a letter ever sent? If a sister ever sick? Why not that sister here to confirm the truth of this plain and simple fact? Is she too of so weak an understanding, as not to be trusted with this question? Did you write a letter to your brother George, in January, 1753, and to what place? Was you then ill, and did you inform so by such letter? An answer in the affirmative, to either of these questions, from a witness, whose character stands, and must stand, unimpeached by any thing, which now appears, would have had great weight with me at least, in confirming this part of George's evidence.

There is another most remarkable defect in George's account of this journey. — From Coombe to Basingstoke is forty miles: — He wanted, at first, to make this march in two days; but he was put right in his road here by the learned gentleman's Rota on his brief, or else they would have been too early at Basingstoke, for this material letter; — But, in this three days march of forty miles,—Not a single place known,—No witness called, that ever saw them; — And yet they eat, drank, and lodged, as in other parts of their journey, —And yet, to put the truth of this narration beyond the reach of a doubt, this witness has repeated his whole journey, accompanied by an attorney, not only to refresh his own memory, but to give his testimony a prop and support, which he was no doubt prudently advised it might stand in need of.

It is, surely, somewhat strange, that the nearer he arrived to his own home, the less he should be capable of remembring things and places himself, the less he should be able to produce persons to remember him, his mother, or his sister. But, gentlemen, this is a glaring objection to his testimony, both between Coombe and Basingstoke, and from Basingstoke to Brentford. But, at Basingstoke, a circumstance is pretended to have happened, and which, if it really did happen, makes it beyond a doubt, that they were really at Basingstoke on the 18th of January.

This is the letter, supposed to be wrote by the direction of Lucy, by the landlady at Basingstoke, to her lover Mr. Clarke, whom, you have been told, she danced with at Abbotsbury. You have also been told, that this pledge of Lucy's Love was unfortunately delivered to a wrong Mr. Clarke, by some mistake, of the Dorchester post-house. — Now, gentlemen, you will observe, all that makes this letter, in any degree, a material piece of evidence for the prosecutor, is the time it was wrote; for that these vagabonds may have been in all the places, through which the evidence has traced them. — That they might dance

dance at Abbotsbury, and that Lucy, whose beauty Mr. Davy himself seems to have been so enamoured with, might there also captivate the heart of Mr. Clarke, is very probable, but entirely immaterial. It was, therefore, incumbent on the gentleman for the prosecution to have fixed the time, at which this letter was wrote, without the least blot of any suspicion; and, not only the time, but that the gipsies actually came on this supposed 18th of January to Basingstoke, directly from Abbotsbury; for, otherwise, their being at Enfield-Wash, on the 1st, 2d, or 3d of January, and at Basingstoke, on the 18th are not, in the least, inconsistent; and therefore, gentlemen, I before took notice, that a most material part of this journey was very imperfectly accounted for by George Squires, and not any witness to assist him quite from Coombe to Basingstoke. How material therefore would it have been, in this part of their case, to have had this wrong Mr. Clarke, to whom this love epistle was sent by mistake. — We should then, at least, have been sure, that it was not of an earlier date than 1753; and, when I come to observe on the letter itself, as produced to the court, I think, some suspicions, on this head, will not appear to be groundless. Mr. Davy, with great confidence, asserted, that this piece of evidence alone was sufficient to detect the whole imposture. I have allowed how strong it would be accompanied with some requisites, that, I submit, do not now accompany it. — An essential one is, that the letter should, beyond a doubt, appear to you to be wrote on the 18th of January, 1753. — Mr. Davy and Mr. Willes have therefore, on all occasions, mentioned this date of the letter, as a fact not disputable, or, indeed, to be disputed. — But, gentlemen, you, on oath, must, from the appearance of the letter itself, at least, think this uncertain; for, however often the date has been repeated 1753, it, in fact, has no other figures than 175; the corner, where the 4th figure should stand, is torn or rubbed off. — That corner alone gentlemen, out of four, though all equally secured by the fold and make of the letter, has suffered by time. When an obliteration, or other accident happens in so material part of so very material a piece of evidence, it naturally excites some suspicion. And here again, how material would it have been to have had the wrong Mr. Clarke, who could not, I am sure, have perused so unexpected a letter, without some degree of attention; and from him we might possibly have known how the date appeared, when delivered to him.

'Tis also unlucky for this material point of evidence, that the post-mark is, by no means, plain enough to give any satisfactory account of the time, when this letter actually passed through the post. This, I own, a defect not in the prosecutor's power to have cured; but, therefore, it was the more incumbent on him to have authenticated the time and date of the letter, by such means, as were in his power; and, therefore, I think, the absence of Mr. Clarke greatly discredits the authority of this piece of evidence; for, as I have before said, on the truth and exactness of time depends

the whole force of this alibi evidence. — I doubt I have appeared very prolix on this part of the case; but, as the conduct of the prosecution seemed to make this so very material, I hope I have not seemed to trespass too much on that indulgence, which has been so remarkable through this whole cause. — I shall therefore close my observations on the other numerous witnesses to this alibi part of the case, that however they may agree, in general facts, that Squires was at this and that place, as sworn, such account may either be false or immaterial in this prosecution; may be, as other alibi defences too often are, absolutely false, or false in point of time; and the one, as well as the other, equally invalidates the whole of this, as relative to, or material in, a proof of Canning's guilt.

It is therefore one of the corner stones to the credit of this sort of proofs, that the several witnesses should be uniform in all their circumstances, and particularly in such, which they themselves might not think a necessary, or essential part of the case, which they are brought to prove. But, gentlemen, you may remember, that in such circumstances there were many contradictory accounts; one in particular was most material, either in establishing, or overthrowing George Squires's account of his mother's famous walk to Abbotsbury and back. To give this a seeming probability, all the subsequent witnesses were to bring them into Abbotsbury very late in the evening; and yet John Ford, one of the gang's most intimate and old acquaintance, swore positively that he kissed Lucy before three o'clock in the afternoon at Abbotsbury. Mr. Davy was aware, that so signal a token of remembrance would weigh strong against some of the former evidence; and therefore this witness is directly called drunk. There is another of this sort very material, Hawkins at Litton, though in and about his house the whole morning, remembers not a tittle of this morning's walk by the old woman to Abbotsbury.

Having gone through this range of the prosecutor's evidence, and troubled you with such observations, as occurred to me on those parts, which they seemed to lay their greatest stress on. I am now in course brought nearer home, and am to see how far another class of witnesses have produced any substantial charge against the defendant. And I hope, gentlemen, I shall have occasion to be much less prolix on this part; because the evidence, in its own nature, is much weaker, and whatever weight it may carry, allowing every tittle of it to be true, there are scarce any three persons to be found, who will agree in drawing the same inferences from the facts related by the set of witnesses I am now come to, that is, gentlemen, those witnesses, who have given you an account of the several occurrences before alderman Chitty, and at the time Canning was down at Enfield; and at other times, when she has either in ordinary discourse, or in obedience to the civil magistrate, made her confinement and delivery the subject of any description. I will not go through the several parts

parts of these transactions, which the gentlemen for the prosecutor have endeavoured to paint so contradictory to each other, as must necessarily stamp the whole for a fiction and forgery. You, gentlemen, have had these different accounts, both the written and related laid before you. Your understanding and judgment is too sound for me to imagine myself capable of reconciling you to the truth of any contradictions by any observations. It therefore becomes me only to state this branch of the evidence. If it contains any contradictions in facts material, I cannot lessen the force of them; but if you see what is artfully termed by the prosecutor, contradictory accounts in the light, I do in this branch of the evidence, I really and seriously imagine, that we have been wasting your time, both on the one side and the other. For what does it all amount to more than this, than that a general fact compounded of a variety of things done and said, when related on particular occasions, and at different times, has not always been minutely and exactly related the same way; and therefore, from this sort of defect alone, which I believe no various relations of a long story was ever free from, can any weight seem proper to be laid on this part of the prosecutor's case; and yet so far has this been pushed, that you have had a contradiction endeavoured to be made appear to you, even from the figurative expression of the unhappy mother, in describing her daughter's wretchedness on her return. The midwife telling you, Mrs. Canning said to her, Here is my poor daughter, returned as naked as she was born. — What! says Mr. Davy, did she say, as naked as she was born? The energy, gentlemen, of the question, was to remind you, that all Canning's accounts mentioned a handkerchief on her head, and a bed-gown on her shoulders. One can really be scarce serious in observing on attempts of this kind; and yet, gentlemen, much of your time has been taken up with arguments on such seeming contradictions. Pardon me in digressing in this place to one more remark, that arguments drawn from such seeming contradictions, have been the only materials, which the printed trash of Quacks, Inspectors, and Justices, have supplied on either side of this question; and yet, gentlemen, from this modern practice of acquitting, or condemning, in pamphlets, without judge or jury, it is easily foreseen, that not a trial of any importance will soon be laid before a jury, in that unprejudiced manner, which the cautious jealousy of the excellent laws of this country requires.

But to return, and to give one proof, how far these contradictions really did carry along with them any conviction of Canning's imposture, let us see whether those, who now make inferences of Canning's guilt from such circumstances, have acted the part, that men, supposed thus convinced, would or could have done.

For, gentlemen, you will observe, that Mr. Nash, Hague, and Aldridge, would now have you believe, that from the 1st of February, the time they attended Canning at Enfield,

they were all satisfied, that Canning was at least mistaken. I will not ask, whether the contradictions before alderman Chitty, or elsewhere, were the ground of their conviction in this particular. Satisfied they were, that Canning was mistaken; and yet, gentlemen, they were all at the trial of Squires. These men, hitherto of unimpeached characters, saw one life in great jeopardy for felony; another person trying as accessory to that felony, and yet offered no evidence in contradiction to that proof, which they then believed to be false, and saw was likely to be so fatal.

The reasons for not doing this act of necessary justice, you have heard. One of these convinced gentlemen was, if I remember, to attend a city feast. The other was so terrified with the perjury, that he could make no attempts to prevent the fatal effects of it. But there is something still more particular in the conduct of Mr. Nash: I produced a letter to him, dated the 10th of February, which he acknowledged to be his, and you will observe, this is almost a fortnight after he tells you, that he was convinced, that Squires and Wells were not justly accused.

And yet, gentlemen, what is the purport of this letter? It is wrote to one Mr. Lion, a known and zealous friend of the defendant, and it is to inform Mr. Lion, that considerable contributions might be raised about Enfield-Wash, for the poor unhappy girl, and that he wishes them good luck. Good luck! gentlemen, In what? Will you believe Mr. Nash wished them good luck in a contribution, by the means of which he must know, that innocence was designed to be arraigned? That an accusation, he then believed false, would be supported by perjury? Or are we now to believe, that Mr. Nash, thus convinced, was weak enough to think Canning, that poor unhappy girl, as to be a worthy object of his recommendation to charity? Let the former conduct of these three gentlemen explain and account for themselves if it can; but yet see how far they have been positive in facts, where we have nothing to do either with their observations or opinions, and which, from henceforth, I think no man can place any reliance on. They have all positively swore, that Canning continued fixed to her first charge on Squires; though the warrant was taken out against mother Wells, though all her friends, and the city officer, expected, nay pointed out, Wells as the criminal; though Wells was continually running her face close up to Canning's, and interrogating her, Is it me? Is it me, madam? Though the more artful gipsy, who is neither deaf or blind, as yet, during this transaction kept her face much concealed, till positively charged by Canning. Then, indeed, directly the mask of her deformity is produced, and made a defence, which, to a person conscious of no guilt, would have appeared a much more natural protection, by being never concealed at all.

While we are still on this scene at Enfield-Wash, if you are to suppose Canning's story all a fiction, nothing but a design to carry on a cheat. Why should Canning determine on the

the gipsy? The name of the gipsy had been echoed through all parts of the house. You cannot suppose Canning ignorant of the life these people lead; never fixed long in a place.—Mother Wells then at her usual place of abode,—Of an infamous character,—Facts both agreed to be known to Canning; and yet Canning, as the foundation of her cheat, determines on a fact (which, if she knew to be false) she must be morally sure would depend on her evidence alone, and that too, (from her own account) liable to be contradicted by the testimony of Vertue Hall; for, in all her accounts, she is uniform, Vertue Hall was there, when she was brought in; and if all this was a known forgery to Canning, could she have left such a witness's character unimpeached by her accusation; for could she then imagine, that instead of Hall's appearing to confute her, she would appear to confirm the truth of her whole testimony?

If inferences drawn from facts are in this enquiry to have their weight in opposition to facts themselves, I only desire this part of the transaction may be remembered, when you take the consideration of this case, under the head of *probable or improbable*.

Gentlemen, I have hitherto confined myself to observations and answers to such facts, as the prosecutor himself has made a part of his case. And as the facts we have to lay before you will not require the illustration of refined arguments and observations, I hope not to trespass much more on your patience. I am sorry my duty has obliged me to have done it so long already; but, before I give you the general state of our own evidence, which is all I shall attempt to do, in this part of our defence for the prisoner. Let me only remark to you the omission of a piece of evidence, so material in the confirmation of Canning's guilt, that I am sure the prosecutor's council could not have omitted it, had they really thought the story as false, as they have, by other sort of evidence, endeavoured to make it: that is, gentlemen, their not having called Vertue Hall here to support the truth of her recantation. They could have had her is certain, that she might give testimony, extremely material, on one side or the other, cannot be denied; that her word, or her oath, I know not which has been relied on, has been deemed void of all credit, cannot, I am sure, be asserted; because I am confident, that it must have been used as one argument, at least, for the application for that mercy, which has been shewn to Mary Squires. I say, gentlemen, these are some of my reasons why I think Vertue Hall has gained credit, since the time she was sworn here in confirmation of Canning's story; and therefore, gentlemen, Why is she not now brought here by the prosecutor to give a sanction to the truth of that recantation on oath? What, gentlemen, can the absence of this witness be imputed to, but that they were afraid (I do not mean, the council were afraid) but the prudent management of their cause was justly afraid of another solemn and public examination of this

witness. I think this observation a just one, or I would not have made it. The gentlemen have rather chose that I should make it, than risque another relapse from Vertue Hall. But, perhaps, whatever may be your verdict, her recantation will still serve for cases and newspapers.

Mr. Recorder. If she had been here, she has already discredited herself, and cannot be a witness.

Mr. Morton continues. With submission, sir, I must insist on the propriety of my former observation. Vertue Hall, by the known practice and rules of evidence, is a legal and competent witness. Courts of justice can take no notice of private recantations, or of discoveries, supposed to be made to magistrates in private, so far as to repell the testimony of a witness; I therefore rely on the propriety of my observation.

And now, gentlemen, I have gone through the *case*, the *evidence*, and the *conduct* of the prosecutor, I shall have occasion to be but very short in stating our answer to each of them; because, as I before said, I shall trust the merits of the defence to absolute facts, not to refined observations on them. Many of the facts, proper on our part, have been proved by the prosecutor's own evidence: such as the absence of Canning, her return, her account of herself, her real condition, her charge of Squires at Enfield-Wash, and many more circumstances, which I have already observed on to you. I wish a repetition of the same facts could be wholly excluded from our evidence, merely for the sake of time; but I foresee that is impracticable. But, gentlemen, these facts being already proved, the remainder of our proof is pointed to the absolute overthrow of the truth of the prosecutor's alibi of Mary Squires, at the time of Canning's robbery and confinement. In order to do this, we shall call you many witnesses, who have lived in and about Enfield-Wash, from 15 to 30 years, people of known and established credit.

The prosecutor has had a list of these witnesses now many days, and, in that respect, the necessary adjournments of this trial have given him an advantage and opportunity of impeaching the credit of all our witnesses, if their characters cannot stand the test of enquiry; I say, by a number of witnesses unconnected, in any respect, with the party, in whose behalf they now appear, we shall shew you, that this never to be forgotten image of Mary Squires was seen at Enfield on several of the days, which the witnesses for the prosecutor fix her to be in the different parts of her journey, in the west. We shall not, indeed, have so exact a diary of the various motions of these vagrants (I might say felons, for so they are by law) or of their various entertainments, their companions and amusements. Whether the want of such particular exactness in the relation of facts, in themselves, at the time performed, entirely indifferent, will diminish the credit of our account or not, I shall leave to your own observation. They all, as I have before said, stand

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free and clear of all imputation, as to credit; and they have, almost all of them, some natural as well as particular account to assign for their remembrance of the time of the abode of these remarkable strollers at the Wash.

Some will tell you of their dealing with them in one way, some in another. It would be inexcusable to be particular on this head.--- There are those who took money of them, and from a vulgar belief of some superior power in these people called gipsies, thought it necessary to purify the money so taken, lest it might be conjured from them by this left handed kind of divinity. There are others, who will tell you, that they have parted with their money to this very woman in her trade of fortune-telling.---Have been face to face with this remarkable impression of deformity.--- And therefore so far the alibi proved by the prosecutors has an express contradiction in proof. There are other ingredients in our evidence, which afford a light to those parts of Canning's own narration, which gives you both her journey to, and return from the Wash. I only mention all these, in general, because I shall rely on them, when we go into our proof. Whatever other observations either the prosecutor's case and proof, or our own affords, (and many they must be which I have omitted) I am satisfied the care and diligence of the gentlemen who are on the same side with me will amply supply.--- Tired, therefore, as I am, in having attempted to go through so very long a case.--- Tired, as I am sure you, gentlemen, must be, by that most laudable and impartial attention, which you have shewn through this whole enquiry, I shall only beg that attention to a very few general observations. The weight and credit of evidence is your province. The weight and credit of arguments and observations, in opposition to facts expressly sworn, you will know how to estimate.--- If, on the whole, only a just and rational doubt should remain on your judgments, the policy, the lenity, the justice of our laws, incline to mercy. In circumstances which must have been, nay, yet are doubtful, Squires has found mercy.

And tho' I am satisfied there never was a time, when the most rigid hand of justice was more properly required to the suppression of perjury. I am as fully convinced, there never was a time, when active and resolute prosecutions, for other reproachful villanies should be more cautiously deterred by such proceedings, as the present against the now defendant.

Mr. NARES.

May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury.

Notwithstanding this cause has taken so long time already, and no man upon earth is more sensible of the great care that should be taken not to mispend the time of the court unnecessarily, than myself; yet, as it is now become my duty to make some few observations, I shall make no apology for intruding on your patience somewhat longer, though, perhaps, in the consequence, it may be to little purpose.

I am not only of council, but, I will say, greatly concerned for the prisoner at the bar; who, to use the epithet of my learned leader, may be truly called extremely unfortunate, and that in many instances; unfortunate in being accused of any crime, if never so innocent; unfortunate in having once appeared in this court as a witness, and being so unhappy as to be believed; and unfortunate likewise in this respect, as she is now brought to her trial for a perjury in such a cause; and under such circumstances, as, I will venture to say, the annals of time cannot produce a similar instance. It is not my inclination, or my meaning, to reflect upon any man, I mean not to reflect upon the worshipful magistrate, through whose lenity, though, perhaps, a mistaken, or injudicious one, she now stands accused, tho' I cannot help observing, that this prosecution hath been carried on, and supported with more warmth and spirit than any I ever had the honour to attend; and if this warmth and spirit spring merely from a zeal of bringing a supposed criminal to exemplary punishment, far be it from me to blame or condemn it.---God forbid such a warmth should ever cool, or such a spirit grow degenerate.

Thus much I think it material to say for the prisoner at the bar, on the nature and manner of her prosecution; that it is totally unprecedented, that, as a prosecutor, who had convicted a criminal, she should now come to be tried to overturn that conviction. You know, as well as I, the unfortunate prisoner was a witness against Mary Squires and Susannah Wells; and you know, that they were both convicted; and you will recollect one circumstance well worth your consideration, and which I shall endeavour to enforce more strongly hereafter, that it was not on her testimony only that these persons were convicted, but her evidence was supported by the testimony of another person; which person's testimony you are now totally deprived of, because it hath been artfully insinuated to the world, as many other circumstances have been, that she hath now recanted all she swore at the trial, and therefore the poor prisoner at the bar dare not venture to call her, for fear she should, by any means, be induced to contradict her former evidence, which, if she did, the prisoner might be condemned, instead of acquitted, by the mouths

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of her own witnesses; how that recantation was brought about, I shall hereafter tell you from the instructions of my brief; --- but I cannot help making this observation, at present, that the gentlemen, on behalf of the prosecution, have not ventured to insinuate, nor attempted to prove what means were, or could be used by, or what influence that woman was, or could be under to the poor prisoner, and her poor relations, to induce her to swear as she did, if all she swore was so gross a falsity,

And, gentlemen, however the tenderness or lenity of a magistrate may think, for the sake of any particular persons, being convinced in their own private judgments, that such persons have been wrongly convicted, that such a prosecution is laudable; yet, give me leave to say, because I can speak it from great authority, that such enquiries into the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, after they have been legally convicted, are vastly inconvenient and improper; and although prosecutions of this nature may shew kindness to particulars, yet they may be attended with cruelty to mankind, in general, as they tend to interrupt, at least, if not overturn that common course of justice that the wisdom of this kingdom, in all ages, has established; and may, and must serve to intimidate and prevent numbers of people from commencing prosecutions to endeavour to bring the guilty to punishment, least by some strange alteration of affairs, they themselves, may, in their turn, be prosecuted.

And, gentlemen, when I say prosecutions and enquiries of this nature must be attended with great inconveniency to the community in general, I speak it from authority, in a case in which I was council for the prisoner.

There was a man, whose name was Williams, that was indicted at Stafford, for a robbery committed at Wolverhampton town's end, the 24th of December. It appeared in evidence, the moment the prisoner was charged with the robbery, he told the prosecutor he was that very day at Islington; the prosecutor however swore to the man, though it was by moon light, after which I called for the prisoner five witnesses, four of them from Islington, and another from Redbourn, near St. Alban's. In my life I never heard so circumstantial an account, and such a vast multitude of concurring circumstances, in point of time, and knowledge of the man, to prove him at Islington, at the time the fact was committed; inasmuch, that the learned judge who tried the prisoner, asked Mr. serjeant Haywood, who was of council with the prosecutor, What he could say to it? for that he never heard so strong a defence in his life. In reply, they called two poor persons, who swore they saw the prisoner at Wolverhampton, the day the robbery was committed. The prisoner was convicted. Soon after, as soon as the prisoner returned to goal, he declared his brother committed the robbery; and there being a great disposition in the country, in general, to save the prisoner, supposing him to be innocent, they directed the brother to be taken up, and, on being charged with this robbery, he immediately confessed it, and

several other robberies, for which he was immediately committed to Warwick goal; and and for one of which he was afterwards hanged. This account was brought to the judge at Shrewsbury, and he was so far prevailed on as to order the under sheriff of Staffordshire to write to his agent to enquire into the characters of the Islington witnesses. --- The agent accordingly enquired of the clergyman of the parish, and received for an answer, that they were all persons of good character. --- This account was sent directly to me at Gloucester, with a request from many gentlemen to wait on the judge with it. This request I complied with, and the judge read the account, but told me he had, notwithstanding, some reasons to apprehend him guilty, and however he might be inclined to extend his mercy to this prisoner in particular, yet he should not do it, as he thought it of the most dangerous consequence to the justice of the nation, in general, to try the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, after his country, on a fair and impartial trial, had found him guilty. After this the man was hanged, and after he was executed, twenty witnesses might have been produced, to have proved him at Wolverhampton, when he was sworn to be at Islington, and no person in the country doubted of his guilt. This I mention to shew how dangerous these subsequent trials must necessarily be. Why are they dangerous? because the supposing people wicked enough, either out of love to the party accused, or malice to the prosecutor, to meditate revenge on him two or three years after; for there is no time limited to call his prosecutor to an account, and to indict him for perjury; he may be brought to a trial, when, perhaps, all his witnesses are dead, and it will be totally impossible for him to support his testimony. When I have said this, I am sure these observations will and ought, at least, to weigh with you thus far, that if any doubt should arise of the guilt of the prisoner, you will not give the least encouragement to this sort of prosecution; for supposing people wicked enough, either to be tempted by rewards, or promises of rewards, there is not a man living safe or secure from some prosecutions of this nature.

I cannot help once more mentioning the great difficulties the prisoner lies under, in being deprived of the testimony of the only person, who could speak to the same facts the prisoner did, which would prove her innocent. Every body knows that Vertue Hall gave the same account that the prisoner did of the robbery; and what convinces me beyond all possibility of doubt, that what Vertue Hall said could not be dictated or taught her, is, she did not only go step by step with the prisoner's relation, --- as far as that went, but after she had left the story, Vertue Hall took it up again, and told you, what became of the stays, and the conversation that passed after she was put into the room, and what she feared from too nice an enquiry into it afterwards. This witness has not been called.

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In order to obviate any objections or observations that were expected to be made from not producing her, it hath been thrown out, that if she was produced, she could not be a witness, at least, on behalf of the prosecution, because the moment she came to charge the prisoner, she must confess herself perjured; but I beg leave to insist, that such an objection would only go to the credit, not to her competency; and it was so determined in this court, in an indictment against one Murphy for a forgery of a seaman's will; there was a pretended will set up and proved in the commons, the very man who forged the will, and had sworn in the commons, to obtain the probate, and to authenticate the will, was called on behalf of the prosecutor to prove, that he forged it by the directions of the prisoner. I made the same objection to his testimony, as is now hinted at with respect to Vertue Hall's, but the court over-ruled it, and the man was admitted an evidence, he came, and told the court all he had said upon oath in the commons was a contrivance between Murphy and himself; and that every word of it was false; and on his evidence, supported by some corroborating circumstances, the prisoner was convicted. ---If there wanted other arguments or cases to prove this sort of evidence admissible in this court, I need only mention the common case of subornation of perjury; there the person who hath been suborned, and hath sworn false, is generally, if not always, called to convict the suborner, and to shew and prove by what means he was prevailed on.

Vertue Hall then certainly would have been a proper witness, if they would have called her. I have already mentioned some great difficulties the prisoner is put under from her not being produced; I shall not mention only one more, the prisoner may, by this means, be deprived of an opportunity of shewing the court the methods that were used to bring about this recantation; and, as she may yet be called, which will make this account evidence, and, as I apprehend, it will be for the benefit of my client, I cannot conceal it. And, gentlemen, I am instructed to say, and have many witnesses in my brief to prove those instructions, that Vertue Hall's recantation was brought about in a very extraordinary manner: She was called upon in publick to declare, whether what she had sworn on the trial was true or false. And tho' I doubt not, but the magistrate meant well by it, yet when called upon thus publickly to make recantation. What did she say? She declared openly, *all she had sworn was truth*. She was asked the same question again, and she made the same answer; upon which some body or other suggested, it would be proper to take her in private. For God's sake! Why in private? I am sure, by the knowledge I have of the worshipful magistrate, he could never intend to seduce her by rewards or promises; but this may be the case, the poor girl might weakly imagine, that, if she altered her evidence, she might have some rewards, though the strict justice of the magistrate never could or would have

given her the least foundation for such a belief. But, as the poor and the ignorant are more liable to be led away with false fears or hopes, built on the weak basis of their own imaginations, the taking her into a private room was by no means proper. After she had been examined in private, she did return and made the recantation. But, if she did make that recantation, why does she not come here and swear and avow it? I dreaded, seeing her appear; because, if all she said was false, it must have been owing to some undue influence, and in consequence of some deep-laid plan, scheme, or contrivance of the prisoner at the bar, or some other person. Nothing of this nature hath even been suggested, then, what room can there be for any presumption of that nature? What could induce Vertue Hall, who had no friendship, nor even acquaintance with the prisoner, to turn evidence on her behalf, against her greatest friend in the world, in whose house she had lived, and, perhaps, been supported? Reward she could not have from the poor indigent prisoner, or any of her relations; and, therefore, the behaviour of Vertue Hall, if she did swear false, is totally unaccountable.

But now, gentlemen, having said this, in order to take off or counteract the prejudices that have artfully been raised against the prisoner, here she now stands at the bar, and she must be tried, however improperly she may have been brought upon her trial. I cannot help mentioning, happy she is, that she has got such a jury to try her; for, according to the best observations I can make, I never saw a jury attend with greater impartiality.

I should now consider what are the principles the council for the prosecutor have layed down, as the foundation for proving the prisoner guilty. They say, the story is extremely improbable, full of absurdities, so ridiculous, that no person, in his senses, could contrive or believe it; but, gentlemen, let me tell you, under the direction of the court, trials for perjury are not to be determined by matters of improbability. If a person is indicted for perjury, and one witness only is produced to swear directly the contrary, the person cannot be convicted; because there is oath against oath, and the justice of this country is never weighing the credit of witnesses in golden scales; but, if there is oath against oath, the presumptive innocence of each is equal. Then consider the prisoner hath sworn the fact, this is to be considered an oath by one witness of a fact, which is only attempted to be contradicted by circumstances, or by matter of improbability.

Mr. Davy has said, that no person living, nay human nature itself, is not capable of such cruelty as that of putting another person to pain, merely through wantonness. And I have seen an expression of a very great writer, to that purpose, tho' in other terms, "There is no man upon earth so wicked, as to play the Platonic with damnation." Let us consider how far that principle is applicable to the prisoner at the bar.

bar. There is a maxim never controverted, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I may safely say, no person leaped from exceeding good, to exceeding bad in a moment; it takes up a great deal of time to get rid of that natural modesty, which every person is endued with; a man must go by steps to the pitch of wickedness. In what state was this poor girl before this transaction? How do the witnesses, on behalf of the prosecutor, describe her, "A girl of as good a character as any in the world; I have known her from her birth, was the language of Mrs. Meal; and I have never heard any ill of her." How could this girl, from this very instant, a girl of a good character, turn that wicked and abandoned wretch, that she must be, to give all this false evidence against a person she had never seen in her life? Is it conceivable she could have had any scheme to injure Squires, who was an utter stranger? It certainly is not. Indeed, could that be conceived, she must be as wicked as Mr. Davy's rhetoric can paint her; but whilst she stands thus accused of wickedness, she must be acquitted of one dangerous part of her character, which hath been laid to her charge, which is art or contrivance; for no one can think her capable of either, who can suppose this a formed scheme; because, supposing it to be so, it is the only one that could not fail of being detected.

But the gentlemen have said, and would have you believe, the prisoner's friends have taken great care and pains, as far as possible they could, to fix this to be the place, and to ascertain the descriptions of it. 'Tis insinuated, a man went, came back again from meeting her on the road, saying, It is all right; here is hay. But when that comes to be observed upon, you will find no more foundation for that relation, than for some other evidence that has been given of the contrivance in ascertaining the place. But, could there be any contrivance in ascertaining the person? It would be a reflection on your understandings to intimate that you could think so. Wells was the person pointed out, and the person all the world thought it must be; her own character must have convicted her, she could never have set up a defence like this; the prisoner must have been sure to have fixed her at that place, at least during the time of her confinement. No person would have interposed to have saved her from the gallows. But how did the prisoner act when she came there? That very person, who had been thus pointed out to her, and whom she with safety and impunity might have accused, if she had had any scheme or design of injuring any one, she totally acquits of the fact of robbing her. It was asked, Did she rob you? Her answer was, No. In an instant she said for one of the company went so far as to say, There was mother Wells. What could be expected from that? but that she would have instantly said, That is the woman. But what does she say? That is not the woman that robbed me; there is the woman that robbed me (point-

ing to Squires.) A person, that no one there did, or could direct her to; because it was contrary to every body's expectation. Then Mr. Davy would have you imagine this was a concerted scheme between her and her mother to raise contributions. Let us try this suggestion upon any one principle of nature or reason. Upon my word I can scarce think of such a notion, and keep my countenance. I remember the saying of a very great man, which is the best answer that can be made to it: *The man that hangs, or beats out's brains,*

The devil's in him, if he feigns.

Would she go within a hair's breadth, nay to the very brink of death, to raise friends by way of contribution? Can you a moment doubt, upon hearing even Mrs. Meal's account of her; that her life was in the utmost danger? Indeed there was no hopes of her recovery, if you have any doubt of that fact, the prisoner hath other witnesses, who could prove it to a demonstration. What is this girl to kill herself, to have a subscription after her death, for the benefit of her family? It is inconceivable to the last degree. Then consider how consistent the mother acted with any scheme or design of that nature. If she intended her daughter should be almost starved, and should be concealed till this was brought about, Why did she advertise her daughter? which was the only means to discover her immediately, and marr the plot, if she knew when she was to return. How could she be (as it was beyond what could be feigned) so particularly affected at the sight of her, on her return? These circumstances must be totally laid out of the question, before you can believe it a scheme; or, if she did it designedly, it must be done without any view, either to benefit herself, or any of her family. But then the gentlemen have recourse again to improbabilities; they ask, How could she possibly go from mother Wells's to London, without telling her Complaint? Mr. Morton has mentioned many reasons, why she did so. Mr. Davy would have you believe the only one, that could be suggested, was for fear of meeting any of the people belonging to the house, and to answer this, he hath said, Why did not she call at gentlemen's houses? As she could never conceive she should meet with mother Wells, and her conspirators there? Think of this objection one minute, and you will not want an answer to it. How was this poor wretch in that condition? Wretched and almost frightful in appearance, without strength, (almost) to tell her story; to gain credit, if she had complained, she might as well have attempted to have told her story to the winds. She must necessarily argue thus with herself, if she had her senses, weak as I am, I must endeavour to get home before I tell my complaints; because I must go to the persons that know me, before I can be credited.

The moment she came home, she made known her story; and that was the proper time to make it known. But the manner, in

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which she related it, I shall observe on hereafter, as it very well deserves your attention.

Having now endeavoured to answer some of the objections made to this girl's story, let us attend a little to the witnesses on behalf of the prosecution, and consider how far these have been consistent with themselves, and how far they are the best witnesses, that could have been produced, in order to clear up this intricate affair; because if it should be obvious (as I dare say it is to every body) that the prosecutor has it in his power to clear up this matter, and yet hath left witnesses unexamined, who were the only ones capable of doing it in point of law, as well as reason, every thing must be presumed, that can be presumed, against the prosecution.

It will take up too much of your time to go into critical observations on every witness; therefore I shall only here and there point out some particular circumstances, which, perhaps, may have escaped Mr. Morton's notice, with respect to such inconsistencies. The gentlemen of the other side, conscious to themselves, that there have been some gross contradictions, have endeavoured to persuade you, that supposing some circumstances in the account their witnesses have given are inconsistent, and others entirely false; yet you are not to regard any thing that does not go to the very substantial point, which is, whether Squires was then at Endfield-Wash; and that little circumstances are always to be over-looked; yet, give me leave to tell you, that is not the way of trying the weight of evidence. And I am sure, when you come to consider what the nature of the evidence is, you will perceive it absolutely necessary to go out of the common road in the examination of the witnesses, in order to detect the villainy; you will easily think it is absolutely impossible a set of witnesses can contradict one another, in the very point they are called for, when they have been half a year conferring together on that point only; they know how to swear, as to that particular; they are upon their guard, as to that; they know how to answer you. Then how are these witnesses to be treated; they are to be taken, as far as possible, off their guard, and to be asked those things they thought never would be enquired into. It is by this means that you are to find out the inconsistency, because truth is always the same, and always consistent; it will be equally so with respect to the circumstances attending a fact, as the very fact itself.

Gentlemen, I shall begin with George Squires, the son, --- what did that man say? You observe Mr. Davy represented him as a weak, ignorant man, and almost stigmatized him for a fool the moment he appeared; and for what reason? 'Tis not difficult to assign the reason, because he was apprehensive that he would make some blunder; but was there the least signs of either a weak, an ignorant, or a foolish man during the whole course of his examination from Abbotsbury to London? There certainly was not; this examination he expect-

ed, he was apprized of it, and prepared.--- Then consider how he appeared, when taken out of the road from Abbotsbury to London? Mr. Morton asked him, Where did he set out from? He staggered a good deal, and desired to be asked no more questions; at last he went from Kent, from his sister Mary.--- Pray what house was she at?---I cannot tell.--- Where did you lie? Where did you trade? Or where did you buy your goods; or where did you dispose of them? In above 150 miles travelling, he scarce tells you he went into, or by any one town, or notorious place; what is the reason he can give no better account? Why, because he never expected to have been asked about it. In short, such a strange and improbable account I never heard in all my life. Then, consider the other evidence that has been given; far be it from me, from pretending to say they have not given you an exceeding strong account of this woman's being at South Perrot, and coming from thence up to London; but there is this observation to be made, even with respect to these witnesses; several of them have said, before the time of Squires's trial, they expected to be called upon as witnesses, and declared what they could prove; yet not one in twenty either did appear on the former trial, or were ever asked to appear; but this observation may be made as to the number of witnesses that have been examined, that wherever a story is talked of by one or two people, and they have declared that they had seen Mary Squires, the gipsy, and that they were acquainted with her, another person, to whom it is related, recollects he hath seen a gipsy, and being told that must be the same; would not any body be almost persuaded, in half a year's time, that they must mean the same person? When the centre is moved, there is a circle succeeds, and spreads from man to man; but supposing the first to be deceived, all the rest might depend upon his credit; whereas, had they been asked, upon recent reflection, abstracted from other peoples representations, they never would have spoke with that degree of certainty.

But supposing these observations to be justly made, Mr. Davy says, there is one set of witnesses that must prove the prisoner guilty, beyond all degree of doubt. We have, says he, some witnesses, which were the girl's friends; they went down to assist her as far as possible, not imagining she would tell a false story; but when her own friends turn against her, it is the strongest evidence in the world, to think, she was deceived. The principal witness called for this purpose was Mr. Nash, and he tells you, the very instant he came down to Endfield, he found the girl was in the wrong: He said to her, child, you are mistaken, you can never have been there. After what he hath here sworn, could you conceive that Mr. Nash, a man of sense, a man of prudence, a man of justice, could ever, after he was convinced the prisoner was in the wrong, continue to give any assistance to the girl in the prosecution? I am sure it is casting a greater reflection

reflection upon Mr. Nash, than I would chuse to do on any one, to suppose he could act such a part; but how do we find him acting? doth he behave consistently with such conviction of her being deceived? Ten days after he writes to a person of fortune and consequence, (who will be produced) to encourage a subscription in favour of the girl; this objection, I think, is not to be answered. Then another friend of the prisoner's, Mr. Aldridge, is called, and he said exactly the same thing; he was every bit as much convinced; he detested every thing the girl had told him; and, in short, he was the greatest convert that ever could possibly be imagined. I asked him, Have you had any conversation with Mr. or Mrs. Howard since that time? What does he say? I own I have, and I distributed a paper in favour of the prisoner; and, unless my instructions are false, he then declared he believed the story, and earnestly desired they should encourage the subscription.

I should almost have suspected my brief, which gives me an account of the behaviour of these 3 gentlemen, who have now been called against the prisoner at the bar, had not they themselves given such an instance of their own behaviour in this very court, as is not to be accounted for; they were all convinced of the mistake of Elizabeth Canning; they have now on their oaths sworn it; they were all convinced that her story was a falsehood, from the beginning to the end, and that the poor woman, the gipsy, who then stood in danger of her life, was as innocent of what she then stood accused of, as the child unborn; they were present in court when this innocent woman was so unjustly accused; what would you have expected they would have done? what common humanity, and common honesty, would immediately have suggested; would have interposed, and prevented the blow which was just then falling upon the head of the innocent. Did they act in such a manner? No, they acted in a manner which common humanity would make every one presume they were incapable of acting, had not they themselves sworn it. In short, one was engaged to dinner, another was butler to some great person, and every one had some trifling excuse to desert and forsake the poor wretch from falling into that destruction which she did not deserve, and which they only were capable of preventing. What conclusion can be drawn from such a behaviour? I will not say, it necessarily follows, that they are in this particular instance prevailed on to say, what they otherwise would not; but thus far I will say, that they have been, according to their own account, influenced by trifling and inconsiderable motives to desert those first principles of honesty and justice, which, notwithstanding all the temptations on earth, they ought obstinately to have adhered to.

Let us now consider the other head of evidence I proposed to observe on. Has here been any evidence omitted, that might serve to clear up the story? Indisputably there has. Why was not Mary Squires, the daughter, called? Why was not Mrs. Wells called, in

order to shew you, that all this was a falsity? With respect to Mary Squires, have you heard a hint against her character? She could have spoke materially to the fact of her mother's being at another place. She was at Brentford, she wrote to her brother, giving an account of her illness; she would have told you the time when she wrote this letter, and in what manner they went from Brentford to Endfield; but she has not been called. Why was not Lucy Squires called; she was more concerned in it; she, in short, was the very person that could have made this appear either a falsehood, to a demonstration, or thrown such a damp upon the whole prosecution, that they could never have gone on with it. She attended her mother thro' the whole rout, and could have confirmed every single circumstance her brother had related, supposing all true. Why was she not called? I need not mention the reason, it is so extremely obvious, The gentlemen on the other side have art and judgment enough not to call a person to do mischief; they saw how George Squires was baffled and confounded; in short, gave no sort of account whatsoever, when taken the least out of the settled rout, What are they afraid of, but that she might contradict her brother? which there seems great reason to imagine must have been the consequence of producing her. Then why was not Wells produced? There may be one good reason assigned for that; but the same reason they assign for not producing of her, must weigh greatly with every body as a corroboration of the innocence of the prisoner, and the truth of her account.

It may be said, that she was a woman convicted; but, she is now pardoned, and she is a witness in point of law; but then they will say, she is a woman of bad character, and no credit can be given to her evidence; when they say that, they admit her a woman capable of doing the act complained of, or receiving persons who could do it; they were apprehensive this would cut both ways; for had she been called, and the prisoner could have contradicted her in any circumstance of the story, I am sure you would not only have been induced to have disbelieved what she had said, but to have believed her guilty; and if you did believe that, it would be very hard to direct the line between the innocence or guilt of her and the gipsy; and you would have been able to have distinguished why one attempts a defence, the other not; because one is always fixed to a spot, and could never have set up this defence, the other is a vagabond; and it ever will be difficult to fix her habitation or residence, for one day together.

Gentlemen, these are all the observations that occur to me on the prosecutor's own evidence, except one particular circumstance with respect to the hay, said to be in the chamber. You have heard it said there was a great quantity of hay; and they would have you believe this hay was all a feigned story, founded on the representation of those who went down before, in order to prevent the prisoner's giving a false account. But what does Adamson say when he came back? Says he, she says there is hay in the room, and the description is

is right. Will you, upon your oaths, say, Adamson had told her there was hay in the room, and that she had never mentioned hay to any one before? No. The meaning of that part of the evidence is plain, the girl has told other people there was hay in the room, tho' she had not told it to Adamson before; and we shall prove she declared so, in the very first description she gave of the room; but Mr. Adamson himself will be called in behalf of the prisoner, and he will swear he never dictated to her, or gave her the least intimation to say there was, or was not hay in the room; and as there was hay in the room, beyond all doubt, I shall only ask this question, How came this description of the room (which is a very extraordinary one) to answer, if the prisoner never had been there, and all her story was an utter falsity? But, Gentlemen, there is one argument arising from the prisoner's evidence, that, to me, seems totally unanswerable; I myself have heard it mentioned; and it hath been artfully, though now it appears falsely, insinuated to thousands, in order to prejudice them against the prisoner, and to leave no doubt but she must be convicted, that the prosecutor would actually shew where she was at that time. I know the gentleman who related it. And I call on the prosecutor now to account but for any four hours out of the twenty eight days, and I shall be convinced all is a falsity; and that she is not only greatly deceived, but wilfully perjured. Has it been attempted to be proved? I beg leave to say it has not. What weight then ought this circumstance to have with you? It ought to have more or less, according to the time or opportunity that there hath been to prove where she was; had the fact happened but a week ago, I must confess it might, with truth, be said, there was neither time nor opportunity to make the enquiry? But let us consider the circumstances of this case; the fact committed a year and an half ago, talked of before it came to trial, from the time of trial to this time; I will venture to say there never was a fact that hath undergone greater or more particular enquiry. There have been accounts published, which have gone all over the kingdom; and, I believe, I may, with truth, say, all over Europe. I do not believe there is an individual in this great city that has not heard of this affair, nor hath a company met for one single evening, where this was not a subject matter of conversation. Then was there time or opportunity to enquire into it? There certainly was; and unless they can shew what has been suggested, I mean where she was, it is one of the strongest arguments in the world in favour of the prisoner. Thus then it stands on the evidence on behalf of the prosecution.

With respect to our evidence I shall again take notice, that, as to the facts themselves, one witness hath positively sworn to them; I mean the prisoner. You cannot now expect other witnesses to swear to confirm her's, as to them; there never was but one, and that the prisoner is now deprived of; therefore all we

can do, will be to support her by circumstances and probability; and in the first place we shall shew you the utmost probability for her going there, for two reasons: because she is traced in the road from thence (and not a tittle of evidence to say she was further) towards London, and not by one person only, or by persons who seemed to take no notice of her; but we have in our briefs no less than three, who saw her go by dressed in that very particular manner in which she came home, tracing her from that very place towards London; one of the men, at one of the turnpikes, where she enquired her way, went farther than merely describing her dress; he had an opportunity, by asking her questions, of seeing her face; and he will tell you, by the observations he made then, and by seeing her soon after, he verily believes her to be the same person.

When she came home, she gave the account you have heard; but the manner in which she gave it, is very well worth your consideration; it was not given in a wanton manner, not with that eagerness, or in that hurry an impostor would have told it, in order to run through the chain of her story, and tell it as soon as she could, fearing she should forget it. How does she tell it? more as if she was desirous of concealing it, than of artfully publishing. You find her at her first arrival so weak, that she could not run into a long detail; and when she grew more able to relate it, it came out only by answers to questions asked from time to time; in which she answered no farther than the question absolutely required, or obliged her. Is that like a formed scheme or story? It seems to me totally otherwise. But what will you say? when this same Mary Squires, who, as Mr. Davy hath urged, cannot be mistaken for another, who has that remarkable stamp upon her countenance, as he hath expressed it, is proved by twenty-five or thirty witnesses (many of whom are persons of figure and fortune) to be at Endfield-Wash, on the 16th or 17th of December. Was she only seen to go by as a traveller? No, that is not the case; many conversed with her; she talked of losing a little horse, and was lamenting her loss; she enquired after this horse of several; of some who were strangers to her, and of others that had known her for a long time; with respect to the first, they asked her, How they should know her horse? she not only described him, but told them that he had a lock on with her name; they then asked, What her name was? She told them, Mary Squires. We shall produce some farmers in whose barns she hath lain for three or four days together, to identify her person; and no one can suppose but that these witnesses are as little liable to mistakes, as any produced on behalf of the prosecution; and this observation you will carry with you, during the whole course of our examination, that we shall not produce one witness, who doth not live within ten miles of London, nor one that the prosecutor hath not long known of; they will be regarded or not, in proportion as their characters do, or do not stand impeached; and when I have said this, I defy the prosecutor to

impeach the character of any one witness. With respect to the witnesses, on behalf of the prosecution, it is absolutely impossible to know their characters, or, at least, to prove them; because one is picked up at one place, and another at another; and the prisoner could never know, before she heard their testimony, who was to be examined against her. Supposing you believe, from the girl's account, from the witnesses we shall produce, that Mary Squires was at Endfield, there is an end of all attempts of the defence that was set up; and I dare say you will believe it, when we prove to you (which we shall certainly do) from gentlemen that went down with the prisoner to Endfield-Wash, who had no reason to think Mother Wells's was the place, any otherwise than they were led to imagine it the place, from the account she had given of it; and, however, Mr. Lyons and Mr. Adamson may differ in point of opinion, yet they must and will tell you, that the place answered, as far as it could be expected, to the description that was given by the prisoner. We are not to catch at nice and minute circumstances, with respect to the description of the room; if you was to make that a rule of judging of the truth of the story, consider how the people that were in the house vary in their descriptions? There were also some pan-tiles, Judith Natus says, in the room; Did any body else mention them but herself? One man says, there was a tub in the room. Did any body else mention it but him? You observe it is impossible to be conceived, that this poor girl, who perhaps was, and, indeed, there is the greatest reason in the world to be certain, was in a fright, should be so very minute and exact with respect to every particular in the room; but then it is said, supposing the prisoner not contradicted in her account, in this respect, yet it is plain her mother and she contradict each other; for the mother was observed to cry out when her daughter returned, that she was naked. Mrs. Meal has given you an account of it, and great stress hath been laid on this observation; but if we consider this expression coolly; is there any weight in the world to be laid upon the words of a parent, who, at that time, was inflamed with indignation that her child had been used ill? is it strange or remarkable, that this mother might aggravate things? Besides the word naked was in this particular a comparative, not a positive term, and she might certainly be called naked, according to the prisoner's own account, comparatively speaking, to what she was when her mother saw her last.

But supposing this a feigned story; how happened it, that any one description, or circumstance, mentioned by the prisoner, should happen to coincide. And there are some circumstances, all must agree amazingly correspond. How came the chimney in the corner of the room? How came this pitcher to be in the house? It makes no difference whether it was in the room or not. How came it to be there at all, and so exactly to answer

what she described the first moment she came home? We shall shew you, by persons that went down, other circumstances, altogether as surprising, that confirmed her account. The gentlemen, as if aware of one, asked, Could any person get out of the window? You observe, White told you, because he was forced so to do, well knowing, that Adamson would say, so, that he perceived some lime, or lath and plaister, broke from the wall, as if somebody had got out; should that be the case, it is the strongest circumstance in the world. One more I must mention; an account was given from the first instant, her ear was bloody. A man, who lived over the way, came and found either a piece of iron, or a bit of lead, under that window, all bloody, and the handkerchief, produced here, is stained with blood; and, if that circumstance should be proved, it is a very strong one, and such as requires the utmost consideration. There is but one observation or two I shall mention, and that is, with respect to what has been called the hinge, or sort of criterion, or touch-stone, upon which you are to try this narration, and that is the letter. Mr. Morton has made some strong observations of it, and extremely strange it is, that this letter should not appear dated in such a manner as to determine the truth when it was wrote, or sent by the post. Was this date (for you will see the letter) put in any place where, either, by the opening the letter, by the wax coming near it, it might be possibly injured, there would be an end of any observations that could be made on the occasion; because you must know, who receive letters upon business, that it is impossible to unfold a letter, sometimes, without tearing a very material part of it. But how is this? The date is in the very corner of the letter, that corner, which was sheltered by the folding of it, and must have been the last that could have received any injury; it was not near the wax or seal, or liable to any injury on that account; and although the outside was all dusty, this part, being folded in, was as clean as possible; how, therefore, this part of the letter, in particular, came to be torn off, is a matter beyond my comprehension, and, I am certain, you will give this observation the weight it deserves.

Then thus it stands upon the evidence on both sides; and, gentlemen, I shall now only mention to you again, that, upon trials for perjury, we are not to convict a person merely upon conjecture, improbability, or argument. I told you before, and under the direction of the court, I shall repeat, that every person's oath, though perjury is assigned in it, is to be considered as one witness; if a man forswears himself in an answer in chancery, one witness only contradicting it, is of no signification, as both are to have equal credit; she then is the only person that speaks to the fact of this transaction, and that is not controverted but by circum-

stances and arguments, and, if any witness could have been produced, or any evidence given, that could have cleared up and explained this intricate affair (for so I will call it, even upon their evidence given) and the prosecutor hath omitted so to do, which to me seems plain to a demonstration, you will then presume in favour of innocence, as far as it is possible, and especially against those persons, by whom the whole might have been explained; and if you have the least doubt remaining, whether the person is innocent or

not, charity and christianity will induce you to take the favourable side, the consequence of which will be, that the defendant will be acquitted.

Mr. WILLIAMS.

We shall lay our evidence before you, and begin first with Mr. Lyon, the master of this girl.

[illegible]

Edward Lion sworn.

E. Lion. Elizabeth Canning had been my servant about ten weeks; on the 1st of January 1753, my wife gave her liberty to go to see her uncle, who lived at Saltpetre-bank.

Mr. Williams. Had you known her any time before?

E. Lion. I have known her sixteen years before she was my servant.

Mr. Williams. Pray, how has she behaved herself?

E. Lion. Very well: I believe her to be a very honest person. She not coming home that night, we inquired about, and sent to her mother several times, but heard nothing of her.

Mr. Williams. Who did you send?

E. Lion. I do not recollect any particular person.

Mr. Williams. Had she ever been guilty of such neglect before in not coming home?

E. Lion. No, not at all. The first time I saw her afterwards was on the 31st day of the said month before Mr. Alderman Chitty, she was there in order to take up a person that she said had used her ill at Enfield-Wash. I being a little thick of hearing, cannot give much account of what passed before the Alderman; but there was a warrant granted, and several of our neighbours went down to Enfield-Wash the next morning on horseback; I went in a coach, with Mr. Nash, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Aldridge, the prisoner and her mother went in a chaise.

Mr. Williams. Did she give you any description of the room she had been confined in?

E. Lion. Not to me, for I was not with her.

Mr. Williams. Give an account of what passed between you and a person that met you on the road.

E. Lion. Mr. Wintlebury came riding on horseback, and said, they had taken a number of people in Mrs. Wells's house. When we came there, I saw about ten persons, one man and the rest women, sitting round the fire, in what they call the parlour; after I had been there some time, Elizabeth Canning came, and was brought in and set upon the dresser; I went to her, and said, Bet, will you take any thing to refresh you, she said, no; I said, do not be daunted, for you have friends about you, and, on the other hand, be careful, and challenge nobody in this house without you are positive of them. Sir, said she, I will not; then, said I, you shall see them: Accordingly she was taken from the dresser, and led by two into the room; she saw Mrs. Wells first, and said, she had nothing to say to her, and upon seeing Mrs. Squires, she said, that is the woman that cut my stays off.

Mr. Williams. Did you see Squires then?

E. Lion. I did, very plain.

Mr. Williams. Was she sitting or standing?

E. Lion. She was sitting first, but she got up out of her chair.

Mr. Williams. When Elizabeth Canning fixed upon her, was she sitting or standing?

E. Lion. Squires was just got out as she charged her, and came towards her.

Mr. Williams. Attend to the question: Was she sitting or standing up?

E. Lion. The room was full of people, I cannot justly say whether, it was the time she was getting out, or got out: Several people got nearer than I did.

Mr. Williams. Have you any reason to think Elizabeth Canning saw her face before she fixed upon her person?

E. Lion. I believe she saw her face.

Mr. Williams. Why do you think so?

E. Lion. I think she would hardly charge her without the sight of her face; I have no other reason.

Mr. Williams. When Mary Squires was charged with being the person, what was done?

E. Lion. She came up to her, and said, I hope you will not swear my life away, for I never saw you, Then Betty Canning was carried into the kitchen,

Mr. Williams. Did you hear Mary Squires say where she was at the time?

E. Lion. I did not hear any thing of that.

Mr. Williams. Did you hear Elizabeth Canning, or any body else, say what day the robbery was committed?

E. Lion. No, I did not hear any body say any thing of it.

Mr. Williams. Did you see George Squires there?

E. Lion. Yes, I did; he was in the room before Canning came in; he pulled off his hat to me as soon as I came into the room; I said to him, how came you in this house? He said, I am a traveller, and came here to lodge; I said, could you not find a house of better character, that, however, you must give a farther account of yourself; then he sat down.

Mr. Williams. When Canning came in, was she asked whether she had any thing to accuse George with?

E. Lion. She saw Lucy before she did him; she said, that young woman was in the room when my stays were cut off; then she saw Virtue Hall, and said the same on her. But they did nothing to her, after that George Squires was brought forward to her, said she, that man looks very much like the man that robbed me in Moorfields, but I will not swear to him. He had pulled his great-coat off in the house, I think before she came; he had it on before Justice Tyshmaker, then, she said, she verily believed he was the man, and that was the coat he had on, which he put her gown under when she was robbed in Moorfields, but she would not swear to him.

Mr. Williams. Did you at any time receive a letter from Gawen Nash?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. Williams. Did he at coming home express any kind of doubt about this affair?

E. Lion. No. We all came home together in the coach; he seemed very well satisfied; I could see but very little otherwise.

Mr. Williams. Did he say any thing at all whether he was satisfied or not?

E. Lion. I cannot say but he did say something, but I cannot recollect what; I can recollect Mr. Hague said, he did not see any grate in the chimney, nor pictures in the front

of it. I said I never heard that mentioned, but these things are moveables, and may be moved; we had a little talk, after that we had a beef-steak at the Three Crowns at Newington, and were good friends.

Mr. Williams. Did Mr. Hague say any thing else?

E. Lion. No, he said nothing else; there were no matter of doubt between that time and the tryal of Mary Squires. Mr. Nash was once at my house afterwards, and as he was going out of the door he made use of a very odd expression; he said, Mr. Lion, I hope God Almighty will destroy that model that he made that face by, and never make another by it; a very odd expression, I remember it very well, meaning the gipsy.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. Was you at the Four Kings last Wednesday?

E. Lion. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. I would be glad to know where you live.

E. Lion. I live at Aldermanbury.

Mr. Davy. What is your Business?

E. Lion. I am a carpenter.

Mr. Davy. How long had Elizabeth Canning lived with you?

E. Lion. She had lived with me about ten weeks.

Mr. Davy. Had you any knowledge of her before?

E. Lion. I knew her in Mr. Wintlebury's service; I believe near upon two years. I had before that employed her father.

Mr. Davy. When was the last time you saw her before the 29th of January?

E. Lion. I saw her in the morning before she went out on the 1st of January.

Mr. Davy. Can you tell whether the door from the kitchen to the hay-loft was open or shut when Elizabeth Canning set upon the dresser?

E. Lion. I cannot say that, for the room was full of people.

Mr. Davy. Was the motive of your going down (besides the taking the people up) to make as many observations as you could?

E. Lion. No doubt of that, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Then why did you not observe towards what part of the kitchen her face was directed, when she sat upon the dresser?

E. Lion. I must have shoved people down, if I had, for the room was full of people.

Mr. Davy. Was you with her in the parlour?

E. Lion. I was just at, or hardly in the parlour door.

Mr. Davy. How many people were there between you and Mary Squires?

E. Lion. It is impossible I should tell there might be five or six between me and the people in a circle round the fire, the parlour was almost full of people.

Mr. Davy. When they were all in the room, and Canning also there, and you at a distance, whether you could see Mary Squires sitting by the fire?

E. Lion. No otherwise than this, in a clift between the people's shoulders.

Mr. Davy. Did you see her sitting?

E. Lion. I did, this was all in a very little time before Canning charged her with robbing her.

Mr. Davy. How far is the chimney from the door?

E. Lion. It may be ten or eleven feet.

Mr. Davy. Did you see her after Canning was in the room?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. Davy. Had you seen her before?

E. Lion. I had; she was sitting smoking a short pipe by the fire before Canning came down.

Mr. Davy. Was her face or back towards you?

E. Lion. She was sideways, partly to me.

Mr. Davy. Did you see her sitting on a chair after Canning was in the room?

E. Lion. No, I did not, till after she got up, but saw her sitting by the fire, between the people, just at Canning's coming into the room.

Mr. Davy. How long was Canning in the room before she charged her?

E. Lion. She charged her in a very little time.

Mr. Davy. What did the gipsy do upon that?

E. Lion. She took her hat off, and opened the clout which was upon her head, her face was almost hid with them before.

Mr. Davy. Could you see the side of her head, when you was at the door?

E. Lion. Not then, but before and after I did.

Mr. Davy. How far was Elizabeth Canning from you?

E. Lion. She was within about three or four feet of me.

Mr. Davy. Was she in a direct line between you and Squires?

E. Lion. No; she was partly in the center in the half moon, and Squires was upon an angle.

Mr. Davy. Was Canning at your right or left-hand?

E. Lion. She was more to my left-hand.

Mr. Davy. Have you any other reason for believing Canning saw the face of Mary Squires, than from your good opinion of her?

E. Lion. No otherwise.

Mr. Davy. What was the first thing Squires did or said, after she rose from her seat, to convince Canning, that she was not the person who robbed her?

E. Lion. No otherwise than by telling her, as I have told you.

Mr. Davy. Did she desire Canning to take notice of her face?

E. Lion. I did not hear; I am thick of hearing at some times, and I was then; I am more in winter than at other times.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear Canning say at what time she had been robbed?

E. Lion. No, I did not.

Mr. Davy. Did Mary Squires continue speaking after the words you before mention'd?

E. Lion. Very little; the girl was moved away presently afterwards, so that they were in that position but a very little time.

Mr. Davy. Did Mr. Hague, Mr. Nash, and

and Mr. Aldridge and you, return home together after this?

E. Lion. We did.

Mr. Davy. What was your discourse coming home?

E. Lion. We had very little talk in the coach about it.

Mr. Davy. Did you return good friends?

E. Lion. We did, and were very jocular, as we were when we went down.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear or understand any doubt they had touching this affair?

E. Lion. No, I did not.

Mr. Davy. Was either of them dissatisfied at the account she had given, and at her behaviour when in the house?

E. Lion. No, none at all; we were as agreeable as we were when we went down.

Mr. Davy. Recollect yourself, and seriously answer, whether you had any conversation with these gentlemen about Canning's mother dreaming a dream?

E. Lion. I never did, nor never mentioned any such thing.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever say any thing about her mother's going to the conjurer?

E. Lion. Going to a conjurer has been mentioned, but not by me.

Mr. Davy. Did the mother tell you five days before her daughter's coming home, that a conjurer had told her she was in the hands of an old woman, and would come home the next week.

E. Lion. She had told other people, as I heard, but not me; I never heard it from her mouth; I never conversed with her about it.

Mr. Davy. When did you hear it?

E. Lion. I don't know.

Mr. Davy. When did she return?

E. Lion. On the 29th of January.

Mr. Davy. Have you ever talked with her since her return home of any thing that passed during the time of her absence?

E. Lion. I can say nothing in particular.

Mr. Davy. If you have had any conversation with her about it, it must be particular.

E. Lion. I know nothing, but how do you do Betty, but as to relating how she was used, or any thing like it, I can't tell any thing in particular.

Mr. Davy. Then what do you remember upon the whole?

E. Lion. I have often seen her and talked with her since, but cannot remember any particular part, or words, that have been related.

Mr. Davy. Whether you expressed to her any surprize concerning the account she gave to you of her ill usage?

E. Lion. She has never gave me an account in a particular manner; it was always to other persons.

Mr. Davy. Had you any talk with her since her return, relating to a cunning man?

E. Lion. No, none at all, nor don't know she has heard it; one thing, I think, I recollect at Mr. Marshall's house I was with her, and asked her thus, Bet, if you know any thing of this affair, that you believe you are mistaken in, or such like, I desire you will let me know it;

don't deceive us upon any account. Sir, said she, I have said nothing but what is really true.

Mr. Davy. Have you had any dispute or falling-out with Mr. Hague, Mr. Aldridge, or Mr. Nash, on account of this affair?

E. Lion. No, not on any account. Some few words, that I related, were concerning the grate and pictures over the chimney; Mr. Hague was saying there would be some marks left where they had hung.

Mr. Davy. Were you formerly very intimate with them?

E. Lion. I was with Mr. Nash and Mr. Aldridge, but not with Mr. Hague. I have done business as a carpenter for about sixteen years for the Goldsmiths company.

Mr. Davy. Are you acquainted with them now?

E. Lion. We have no conversation now.

Mr. Davy. What is the reason of the discontinuance of your acquaintance with Mr. Nash?

E. Lion. My reason is this, that he did not appear. That he should seem to have something to say, and not say it. I thought it was an odd thing not to appear, and then to appear afterwards.

Mr. Davy. Did that break your acquaintance?

E. Lion. It has so.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever hear him say before the trial of Squires and Wells, that he did not believe a word of the defendant's story?

E. Lions. No; not at all, upon no account.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever hear Mr. Aldridge say so?

E. Lion. No: Mr. Aldridge I have seen casually pass and repass. Your humble servant, and so on; but I was not in his company. When I saw Mr. Nash on the morning the trial of the gipsy was. Your servant, and so on; but no conversation. I never was with Mr. Aldridge since the time of coming from Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Davy. Had you used to be frequently with him before?

E. Lion. No; but casually.

Mr. Davy. Have you been as intimately acquainted with Mr. Nash since, as before?

E. Lion. I have been at his house. I did not keep from his house on that account. There was no difference as I know of. I never shun'd his house on that account.

Mr. Davy. Did you belong to a club at his house?

E. Lion. We had a club of all the workmen belonging to the Goldsmiths company at his house; that is, plumbers, bricklayers, and others.

Mr. Davy. How often did you usually meet?

E. Lion. Sometimes once a fortnight, sometimes three weeks.

Mr. Davy. Did you go pretty constantly?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. Davy. Have you frequented that club, and drank there, as you used to do before?

E. Lion. I declared off upon that very account, because he did not appear on Squires's trial; and after that, Mr. Nash making use of my

my name in fundry places, I repented it.

Mr. Davy. Then I desire to know of you, whether from the time of your return from Enfield-Wash with Mr. Nash, and Mr. Aldridge, to the trial of the gipsy, your intimacy was the same with them as it had been before?

E. Lion. I had not seen Mr. Aldridge. I had no dislike against him till afterwards, that things went in such a line that were disagreeable. Mr. Nash had been at my house, as I observed before. I did not keep from Mr. Nash on that account, till after the trial of the gipsy.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure of that?

E. Lion. I aver it. I know nothing to the contrary. I had no dislike to him, till after that trial.

Mr. Davy. During that period of time between your return from Enfield-Wash, and the trial of Mary Squires, did you ever hear Nash say any thing of his disbelief of Canning's story, or that he thought it improbable?

E. Lion. Indeed, I did not.

Mr. Davy. Whether Mr. Nash, Mr. Aldridge, and Mr. Hague, when they went with you to Enfield, had not the same evidence of the truth of the story, and all its circumstances, as you had?

E. Lion. I know the coach stopped two or three times, as for Mr. Aldridge he was very little there; Mr. Nash was in the house, and saw as much as I did.

Mr. Davy. Why had not you subpoenaed those three persons to give evidence on the trial of Squires?

E. Lion. I was not concerned in the thing, there were other persons concerned.

Mr. Davy. Who were fixed upon as prosecutors?

E. Lion. I don't know.

Mr. Davy. Was you examined before the grand jury?

E. Lion. No, I was not.

Mr. Davy. Did not you, on the 15th of February, set your name to a paper to encourage contributions to carry on the prosecution?

E. Lion. There was my name in print to an advertisement, when there were several gentlemen together.

Mr. Davy. Did they make use of your name without your consent?

E. Lion. No, they did not: They mentioned this, they thought, as I was the master, it would be more agreeable to put it in; I said, gentlemen, if that is the case, put it in.

Mr. Davy. Did not that contain a reward for the apprehending two men concerned in carrying her down to Enfield-Wash; and did you advance any money towards paying that?

E. Lion. I was half a guinea; the rest were the same. As to paying in particular, that was not mentioned.

Mr. Davy. The advertisement concludes with these words. *Whoever will take or apprehend one, or either of them, &c.*

Francis Roberts, } *Aldermanbury.*
Edward Lion, } *Aldermanbury, the Girl's Master.*

Mr. Davy. Did you consent to the publication of this paper?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. Davy. Whether there was not a subscription going on, in order to encourage her for her virtue? Was you one of those?

E. Lion. I did not go about to get her any money; there were persons that did.

Mr. Davy. Did you contribute to the expence of the prosecution of the gipsy and Wells at the Old Bailey?

E. Lion. I did not act; I had no manner of the delivery of the money; the subscription was not made then; I subscribed nothing to that; what I did was since that.

Mr. Davy. How much did you contribute towards the carrying on the prosecution of Squires?

E. Lion. No more than that half guinea then.

Mr. Davy. Did you give evidence on that trial of what past at Wells's house?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. Davy. Do you think Mr. Nash, Mr. Aldridge, and Mr. Hague, could hear what passed as well as you?

E. Lion. They could hear better than I.

Mr. Davy. Did you see them in the room where she says she was confined?

E. Lion. I can't tell whether they were in the room; I saw them in the house.

Mr. Davy. Why were the three not called to give evidence against Squires and Wells, as well as yourself?

E. Lion. I as much believed, that Mr. Nash, when I saw him in court, came upon that affair, as ever I believed any thing in my life.

Mr. Davy. Did you at that time believe he would give evidence for or against the gipsy?

E. Lion. I believe he would against the gipsy, as I did.

Mr. Davy. Was there no club day betwixt your going down to Enfield-Wash and the trial?

E. Lion. I can't tell whether there was or not, if there was, I might not be at it; I remember going home after the trial was over; Mr. Aldridge sent his servant after me, who said his master gave his service to me, and desires to know how the affair went, I said they are both cast. I went directly to Mr. Nash's, and drank a glass of cyder, but don't know that I saw him.

Mr. Davy. Was you then angry with Mr. Nash?

E. Lion. No.

Mr. Davy. When you was at Justice Tyshmaker's, was George Squires there, and how was he dressed?

E. Lion. He was, he then had his great coat on.

Mr. Davy. Was it put on in order for the defendant to see whether that was the man or not?

E. Lion. I don't know that.

Mr. Davy. Did not you say upon the trial of Squires and Wells, that she said he looked more like the man after he had that coat on?

E. Lion. She did say to that purpose.

Mr. Davy. How came the Justice not to commit him?

E. Lion.

E. Lion. Why we mention'd that it was a pity they were not all committed.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear George desire he might be committed?

E. Lion. No, I never did. So different from that, that when the mittimus was writing, he look'd over a woman (and seem'd to quiver a little) to see whether there was a mittimus making for him, as I took it, but I did not hear him express a word about it.

Mr. Davy. It seems you believed the girl's story from the first hearing?

E. Lion. I did.

Mr. Davy. Did you take any method, from that time to this, to satisfy yourself about it?

E. Lion. I got farther evidence of the story as far as I could, in questioning the girl at Mr. Marshal's, as I mentioned before; I had no doubt at all.

Mr. Davy. You bid her be careful, do you believe she was careful?

E. Lion. I believe she was.

Mr. Davy. Then why did you desire her to recollect herself, to see if she was mistaken?

E. Lion. Because there was such a great clamour about it, and I was willing to ask her again.

Mr. Williams. Whether you did not give the gentleman a true answer before, when you told him you had been instrumental in bringing them to be discovered in the advertisement of twenty pounds?

E. Lion. Yes, I had been, and would have turn'd out something.

Mr. Williams. My Lord, we are now to read the letter that Mr. Nash owns to be his hand writing.

Mr. Williams. Is this the letter that you receiv'd?

E. Lion. This is it; (*he takes it in his hand*) it appears to have been wrote on the 10th of February.

Mr. Williams. Did not you think he was a wellwisher to the discovery of this affair?

E. Lion. Indeed I did, and all the time afterwards, to the time of the trial.

Mr. Williams. How old is the girl now?

E. Lion. I believe about 19 years of age.

The letter read.

Mr. Lion, Feb. 10, 53.

I am inform'd by Mr. Aldridge, who has been at Endfield, that if a person be appointed there to receive contribution, some money would be rais'd in that place for the unhappy poor girl. I wish you success, and am yours,

Gawen Nash.

Directed on the back, To Mr. Lion, Aldermanbury.

Thomas Colley sworn.

T. Colley. I am uncle to the prisoner, and live at Saltpetre-Bank, I am a glass-blower; on the 1st of January was twelve months, she came to my house and staid from 12 o'clock to about 9 in the evening. She lived servant then with Mr. Lion. After we had supp'd, I and my wife went along with her homewards, to the end of Houndsditch; we parted with her there.

Mr. Moreton. How was she dressed?

T. Colley. She had a sort of a strip'd gown on, I can't tell the name of it.

Mr. Moreton. Was she well and hearty at that time?

T. Colley. She was.

Mr. Moreton. Where did she say she was going?

T. Colley. She told me she was going to her master's, and was in her way there when we left her.

Mr. Moreton. Had you any reason in the world to doubt but she was going there?

T. Colley. No; I had not.

Mr. Moreton. How near, and what a-kin is she to you?

T. Colley. My wife is her father's sister.

Mr. Moreton. Had you upon your oath, any reason to believe that she was a breeding?

T. Colley. No; I had not.

Cross examin'd.

Mr. Willes. What time did she come?

T. Colley. About 12 o'clock at noon.

Mr. Willes. Did any body come with her that day?

T. Colley. No, no-body.

Mr. Willes. Was she in perfect health.

T. Colley. I never saw her better as I know of.

Mr. Willes. What had you to dinner?

T. Colley. Some of a cold shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which was dress'd the Sunday before.

Mr. Willes. Did she eat a hearty dinner?

T. Colley. She eat as hearty as she could; she seem'd to eat as hearty as I did.

Mr. Willes. This being New-year's-day, what did you give her to drink?

T. Colley. She drank some ten shilling beer, which I had in the house. I was at work in the afternoon.

Mr. Willes. Does your wife drink tea in the afternoon?

T. Colley. She generally does, whether she has company or not.

Mr. Willes. Have you seen your niece drink tea?

T. Colley. I have.

Mr. Willes. Do you think your wife and she had tea that afternoon?

T. Colley. I do really believe they had.

Mr. Willes. Does your wife generally have bread and butter or toast with her tea, or not?

T. Colley. She generally chooses toast and butter.

Mr. Willes. What time did you return home from work?

T. Colley. At about seven in the evening.

Mr. Willes. What had you for supper?

T. Colley. We had some of a furloin of beef roasted.

Mr. Willes. Did your niece eat of that?

T. Colley. She eat a small quantity of that, but could not eat much.

Mr. Willes. What did she drink after that?

T. Colley. She drank a small quantity of ten shilling beer.

Mr. Willes. How far did you go with her?

T. Colley. I went with her to the end of Houndsditch, almost to the Blue-ball.

Mr. Willes. Who went with you?

T. Colley. None but my spouse and her.

Mr. Willes. Did you stop at all by the way?

T. Colley. We did not.

Mr. Willes. What sort of a hat had your cousin on at this time?

T. Colley. She had a sort of a chip, a white hat.

Mr. Willis. Had you any other entertainment than what you have mentioned, either at noon or night?

T. Colley. No; we had no other.

Mr. Willes. Had you any mince-pyes in your house?

T. Colley. No; I had not.

Mr. Willes. Do you know of her buying a penny-pye?

T. Colley. I can't tell where she came by that.

Mr. Willes. You are sure you gave her none at your house?

T. Colley. I had none, and gave her none.

Mr. Willes. You don't know what money she had about her?

T. Colley. My wife told me, she ask'd her to go with her into Rosemary-Lane to buy a cloak when I was at work; but I can't tell how much money she had in her pocket at that time.

Mr. Moreton. Was the toast butter'd on both sides do you think? here has been a great many questions asked in order to force a fool.

T. Colley. I can't tell.

Mr. Moreton. When did you hear she was missing?

T. Colley. I heard that the same evening, her mother's apprentice came to my house that same night, and call'd and awak'd me and my wife out of our sleep, as nigh as I can guess between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Mr. Moreton. How far is Houndsditch from Aldgate?

T. Colley. It may be about ten yards; I told the apprentice I parted with her at the end of Houndsditch.

Mr. Moreton. What did the apprentice say?

T. Colley. He said, the girl's master had been at his mistress's house, and wanted to know where she was, and upon that account he came to know.

Alice Colley sworn.

A. Colley. I am wife to the last evidence and aunt to Elizabeth Canning; she came on New-year's-day was twelve-months, about 12 o'clock, to our house, having a holiday, and staid till about 9 at night, then my husband and I went along with her as far as the corner of Houndsditch towards her master's house, there we parted with her.

Mr. Nares. Was she in good health?

A. Colley. She was, in all appearance, as well as I am now, to outward appearance. I stood and lean'd across a post, and saw her go directly on her way down Houndsditch, then we went home to bed, and about 12 at night the apprentice came, and ask'd, if Betty was here: my husband said, No, I and my wife went with her as far as Houndsditch, and there parted with her; then the apprentice went away, and came about 6 in the morning, and my sister along with him; she knock'd at the door and cry'd, *Let me in*, which I did, and the

apprentice went to the glass-house to my husband; she told me, Betty's master had been with her once or twice, and they did not know where she was; we were all much surpriz'd.

Cross examin'd.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she look to be very hearty?

A. Colley. She did.

Mr. Gascoyne. What had you for dinner that day?

A. Colley. We had the remains of a cold shouler of mutton and potatoes.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she drink tea?

A. Colley. Yes; she did.

Mr. Gascoyne. What had you with your tea?

A. Colley. We had toast and butter; she eat but a very little, not very heartily; but I can't say I minded her so much.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you go to an alehouse?

A. Colley. No; we did not. I took her once or twice to the glass-house to see my husband work some time in the afternoon.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was that before tea or after?

A. Colley. I can't tell.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was any body else with you that afternoon?

A. Colley. No, no-body but she and I.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you go with her to Rosemary-lane?

A. Colley. No; I did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever separate?

A. Colley. No; only when supper was ready I desir'd her to go and ask her uncle to come to supper. She went, and they came together.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you send her any where else after that?

A. Colley. No, I did not, only to him to an alehouse, the *Black-boy*, not above seven or eight doors from me, and he came with her directly in a few minutes.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she tell you what money she had to buy her a cloak?

A. Colley. No; nor I did not see what money she had.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you hear your husband examin'd?

A. Colley. No; I did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time did you part from her?

A. Colley. We parted with her at Houndsditch about half an hour after nine.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you pass by a pastry-cook's in going?

A. Colley. We did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you buy a pye to treat your niece?

A. Colley. No; I did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is the Blue-ball in Houndsditch in the way to her master's house?

A. Colley. It is.

Recorder. When did you see her first again?

A. Colley. On king Charles's martyrdom, and never till then.

Recorder. Did she complain she had been confin'd?

A. Colley. She did, and was in bed, and very ill, and there were a gentlewoman talking to her nam'd Polly Lion; we did not care to ask

ask her many questions, she being very ill and in a low condition; she could hardly speak she was so very faint.

Recorder. Can you tell what it was occasion'd by?

A. Colley. By being us'd very ill, and half starv'd.

Elizabeth Canning sworn.

E. Canning. I am mother to the girl, she was nineteen the 17th of last September: in December, 1752, she lived with Mr. Lion in Aldermanbury.

Mr. Williams. Did you know of her going to her uncle's Mr. Colley's?

E. Canning. I did; she call'd at my house, it was on a Monday, New-year's-day, and told me, she was going to her uncle.

Mr. Williams. Was there or was there not any account brought to your house that night, that she was not come back?

E. Canning. Mr. Lion her master came to my house just after nine o'clock, and said, he wonder'd she staid so long; I was frighten'd out of my wits; I sent my three children into the fields to see after her, and I sent my apprentice to Mr. Colley's, her uncle; they said, they had parted with her after nine o'clock at Houndsditch. I sent again in the morning, and I went myself before it was light; Mrs. Colley was a-bed then, I said, let me in, let me in; Mrs. Colley got up, and said, O lack, has not she come in yet? I said, no. She said, she left her there. Her husband was call'd from the glass-house, and I was ready to run distracted.

Mr. Williams. From that time, to the 30th or 31st of January, did you hear any thing of your daughter, or know where she was?

E. Canning. She came home the day before king Charles's martyrdom, at a quarter after ten o'clock; I had advertised her in the papers the first time on my own head, and then afterwards one Mrs. Maynard, a turner's wife, came to me, and said, have you advertised her any more? I said, I did not think to do it; indeed it was out of my power, it was very hard with me.

Mr. Williams. Did you hear any thing in consequence of this advertisement?

E. Canning. One gave me a shilling, and another gave me a shilling, so I advertised her two or three times, and had no account of her.

Mr. Williams. Upon your oath, did you know any thing of her during the time she was gone?

E. Canning. No; I did not.

Mr. Williams. On this night, what time did your daughter come home?

E. Canning. A quarter after ten.

Mr. Williams. Where was you when she came home?

E. Canning. I was partly getting into bed, and my apprentice was going to fasten the door. He call'd and said, here is somebody at the door. I said, who is it? He said, Betty. I said, what Betty? He said, our Betty. My little girl ran screaming up to the chimney; I said, feel her, feel her: I thought she was an apparition. She came in in this posture, (describing it, which was almost double, and walk-

ing side-ways, holding her hands before her) when she came up so, I took her to be an apparition.

Mr. Williams. What was her dress?

E. Canning. She had a loose bed-gown, and a rag about her head, and her ear was bloody and the rag was bloody.

Mr. Williams. Did you before she brought that bed-gown home ever see it before?

E. Canning. No; never in my life. I never wore such a thing, so poor as it is with me.

Mr. Williams. Did any of your neighbours come in after your daughter came home?

E. Canning. After my daughter came home, the first that came in was Mrs. Woodward, my apprentice James ran and fetch'd her and Polly Lion next door to me, and the third person was Mrs. Myers, then Mr. Roberts's maid and Mr. Wintlebury.

Mr. Williams. Now when these people were come in, was your daughter interrogated by them where she had been?

E. Canning. They asked her where she had been? Her master Wintlebury took her by the hand, and said, where have you been? She said, sir, I don't know; but only by seeing my mistress's coach, the Hertfordshire coach; she was not able to say the place where she had been at.

Mr. Williams. Was she able to give an account of the persons?

E. Canning. No; she said, there was an old woman, and two young ones, and she should know them again if she saw them, she thought.

Mr. Williams. Did she give an account unto you what sort of an old woman it was?

E. Canning. No; she did not.

Mr. Williams. Did she give an account what befel her after her uncle Colley had left her in Moorfields?

E. Canning. She said, she had been robb'd, and by what sort of men, but she could not tell who they were; but that it was the same two men that robb'd her that dragg'd her away.

Mr. Williams. Who ask'd her?

E. Canning. We all asked her; she gave an account they pull'd her along, and after they gave her a blow, she could tell no more, and that she was confin'd where there was hay in the room; she said, she liv'd upon bread and water; that from the Friday to the Monday she had none to subsist; on and she gave an account of the mince-pye she bought for her brother?

Mr. Williams. Did she give a description of a pitcher?

E. Canning. She said there was a broken pitcher of water that very night.

Mr. Williams. What was done to her that night? did you put her to bed?

E. Canning. I did, and it was five o'clock in the morning, before I could get any warmth in her feet.

Mr. Williams. Look at this pitcher (which she did).

Mr. Williams. Is this your pitcher?

E. Canning. It never was mine.

Mr. Williams. Did you carry that pitcher down with you?

E. Can-

E. Canning. I did not. I pull'd off my own stockings and put them upon her, and in the morning you might have wrung the things about her, she was in such a sweat; Polly Lion brought some wine, and Mrs. Woodward and she mull'd it, and when she had some pour'd out, she could not swallow it, she was in an extreme deplorable condition in regard to her health.

Mr. Williams. The next day were any body sent for by way of skill in a physical way?

E. Canning. Mr. Backler the apothecary; his man came in that night, he wip'd her ear and put a plaster to it, he gave her some drops, and then went away. His master came in the next morning, he order'd something for her, to give her, in bottles; he asked her as to the state of her health.

Mr. Williams. What is his name?

E. Canning. His name is Backler.

Mr. Williams. Did the apothecary give her any thing in order to cause a stool?

E. Canning. She had no stool, till she had three glisters; she continued extremely ill.

Mr. Williams. Had you the advice of any other?

E. Canning. We had the advice of Dr. Eaton; I had not conveniency for her, having but one room, and the room where the boy lay in, so she was carry'd from my house to a house over the way.

Mr. Williams. How came there to be a suspicion that it was at mother Wells's that she was confin'd.

E. Canning. She nominated the name of mother Wills or Wells that night, she did not know which, that she heard them call it very plain; I believe Mr. Wintlebury, Mr. Skarrat, Mrs. Woodward, and Polly Lion all were there at that time.

Mr. Williams. Had any body that was there given her the least hint of Wills or Wells, or any name like it?

E. Canning. No soul never spoke to her, till her own mouth mention'd it.

Mr. Williams. How was it first known or believed that this mother Wills or Wells liv'd at Enfield-Wash?

E. Canning. I don't know, fir, because she had described it to be upon the Hertfordshire road; upon this there was application made to Mr. Alderman Chitty.

Mr. Williams. Who fix'd it down to be the house of mother Wells at Enfield-Wash?

E. Canning. I don't know, there were a great many people, and I was so concern'd, I did not hear all their talk.

Mr. Williams. Was there any proposal to go down to Enfield-Wash?

E. Canning. There was; we went down on the Thursday after she came home; she came home on a Monday night: there was Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Garrott, my girl and me, and a young child in my arms: we went in a chaise.

Mr. Williams. Do you recollect any body that met you on the road before you got down?

E. Canning. Yes; Mr. Adamson.

Mr. Williams. Did he give you or your daughter any, or what description of the house of mother Wells?

E. Canning. Upon my oath he did not.

Mr. Williams. Did he ask Betty any questions?

E. Canning. His horse would not stand still: he said, drive coachman, I wonder you stay so long; the coachman said, the road was so bad, and such a load he had, he could not go faster; he asked her what sort of a place she was in, and if she could remember it? And she said, she could; then he rode on, and we came after; when we came down there, I was only in the parlour and kitchen.

Mr. Williams. Upon your oath, did you ever go up in that room which goes up where your daughter was confined?

E. Canning. I went up one or two steps and said, oh! oh! this is confinement, and a gentleman shov'd me and said, get you down, get you down.

Mr. Williams. Recollect, when you came back, did Mr. Adamson bid her tell what was in the room, if she could?

E. Canning. I don't remember he did.

Cross examin'd.

Mr. Davy. I think you say, one Mrs Maynard, a turner's wife, apply'd to you to advertise her?

E. Canning. She did the second time, but the first time I did it myself.

Mr. Davy. (*He shews her a paper*) I should be glad to know whose hand writing this is?

E. Canning. I don't know whose hand writing it is.

Mr. Davy. When you advertised her, did you carry the paper to the press?

E. Canning. No; a young woman did for me; her name is Mary Northan.

Mr. Davy. Who wrote the paper that Mary Northan carry'd to the press?

E. Canning. I believe Alice Colley, her aunt, wrote the first advertisement, but I am not sure.

Mr. Davy. Did you see it before it was carried?

E. Canning. I did, and read it.

Mr. Davy. Is this it?

E. Canning. I cannot tell.

Mr. Davy. Are you acquainted with Mrs. Colley's hand writing?

E. Canning. No, fir, I am not.

Mr. Davy. The first was on the 4th of January, and the second was two days afterwards, was it not?

E. Canning. I believe it was.

Mr. Davy. Who wrote the second?

E. Canning. Indeed I cannot tell, if you would give me all the world.

Mr. Davy. Did you write it?

E. Canning. No, fir, I did not, Mrs. Maynard, the turner's wife, advised me to it.

Mr. Davy. Did she write for you?

E. Canning. No, she did not.

Mr. Davy. Who carry'd it to the Advertiser?

E. Canning. Mary Northan carried all the papers.

Mr. Davy. Who deliver'd them to her?

E. Canning. I believe I did; I know I did the first?

Mr.

Mr. Davy. Did you or did you not deliver the second paper to be carry'd to the press?

E. Canning. I did, I think; I am positive they were deliver'd in my room, and in my presence.

Mr. Davy. Who were in the room at that time?

E. Canning. Her aunt Colley was at the first time.

Mr. Davy. Who else?

E. Canning. I don't know there were any body but the young girl that carried it, and my children, that time.

Mr. Davy. Who were in the room when the second paper was deliver'd?

E. Canning. I believe none but the young woman and my children then.

Mr. Davy. Who had you the first paper of?

E. Canning. My sister Alice Colley wrote it in my room.

Mr. Davy. Do you know her hand writing?

E. Canning. I have seen her write twice before; but don't know her hand writing. She wrote scowerer instead of sawyer.

Mr. Davy. I see upon it scowerer is struck out, and sawyer wrote; who had you the second paper of?

E. Canning. I believe it was done at the White-Lion, at the end of Fore-street, facing the gully-hole, by either the master or some body there, Polly Northan can tell, for she stay'd the writing of it.

Mr. Davy. Now, had you at that time heard any thing of your daughter's being in Bishopsgate-street?

E. Canning. Yes; I heard it of a gentlewoman at an oil-shop, at the sign of the two Jars through Bishopsgate, towards Cornhill. She inform'd me, she heard a young voice scream out in a coach, but whether it was a man's or woman's voice she could not tell.

Mr. Davy. How long was that (before the 6th of January the time of sending the second paper) that you had this account from that gentlewoman?

E. Canning. I don't know but it was the night or two nights before.

Mr. Davy. Then her screaming in Bishopsgate-street was wrote in the paper by your order?

E. Canning. It was. I thought I would leave no stone unturn'd to find her, and so I told Polly Northan of that.

Mr. Davy. Where had you the third draught of an advertisement?

E. Canning. That was wrote in my kitchen, by one Spencer, he did it by the directions of the gentlewoman at the oil-shop for me, as I was advis'd by my friends to do it.

Mr. Davy. Who advis'd you to put a reward in?

E. Canning. It was her uncle bid me do that, and said, he'd pay that, if he stripp'd his skin.

Mr. Davy. Had you any knowledge at that time, how much money your daughter had in her pocket on the 1st of January?

E. Canning. Yes, I had; for I lent her a little box to put the half guinea in; for I was to have gone out with her on that afternoon to buy her a cloak and a pair of mittens.

Mr. Davy. When was that agreement made to buy a cloak together?

E. Canning. She made that agreement with me, before she went from me to go to her uncle's, she intended to return to me that afternoon, but they would not let her return till she had had a hot supper, because they had nothing but cold victuals for dinner.

Mr. Davy. How much money had she in her pocket at that time?

E. Canning. She had half a guinea, three shillings, and a farthing. I saw the half guinea put into the box, and she put the three shillings loose into her pocket, and the night she return'd, she gave the farthing to her brother.

Mr. Davy. Was thirteen and six-pence farthing all the money she had?

E. Canning. It was.

Mr. Davy. When you advertis'd her the last time, did you know then what money she had in her pocket?

E. Canning. Her brother said, she had chang'd a six-pence, and gave every one of them a penny, and Mrs. Lion told me, she had given her half a guinea in gold, and three shillings in silver.

Mr. Davy. Did your child tell you she had changed six-pence.

E. Canning. Yes; and that she did not give him his penny, because he huffed her; but I find with his penny she bought a penny mince-pye.

Mr. Davy. Was it a halfpenny or a penny each she gave them?

E. Canning. I don't know whether it was a halfpenny, or a penny a piece.

Mr. Davy. Did she turn out her pocket to you?

E. Canning. No; she did not. She shew'd me the money, half a guinea, three shillings, and a farthing is all I saw.

Mr. Davy. Did she tell you it was all she had?

E. Canning. No; she did not.

Mr. Davy. How many children had you then?

E. Canning. I had five in the whole with her, with the child in my arms.

Mr. Davy. Who was to have had the mince-pye?

E. Canning. My little boy.

Mr. Davy. How came you to advertise she had twelve shillings, nine-pence halfpenny?

E. Canning. I took it so that she had but twelve shillings, and nine-pence halfpenny.

Mr. Davy. Here is by way of postscript, *had in her pocket twelve shillings, nine-pence halfpenny.*

E. Canning. I order'd it to be advertis'd; she had six-pence more for what I know.

Mr. Davy. I observe these words *twelve shillings, nine-pence halfpenny* are scratch'd out on this paper, how came that?

E. Canning. I fix'd upon that sum, thinking she might have chang'd some money to give halfpence to the children.

Mr. Davy. Who wrote the third advertisement?

E. Canning. I can't tell who.

Mr. Davy. How came part of the writing on the paper to be scratch'd out, and I observe that part is not printed in the daily paper?

E. Canning. I can't give the reason if you would give me the world.

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Mr.

Mr. Davy. When it was deliver'd to Polly Northan, was it scratched out?

E. Canning. I don't know.

Mr. Davy. I find in this paper, *this is the last time of advertising*, that also is scratched out, and both these are in different ink and different hands.

E. Canning. I don't know that I order'd her to be advertis'd, *this is the last time of advertising*. I could not have advertis'd her had I not had assistance, and my neighbours put me upon it. I don't know that I order'd any thing to be scratched out.

Mr. Davy. Did you order Polly Northan to carry the papers directly to the printing-office, or else where?

E. Canning. To the printing-office.

Mr. Davy. After you mis'd your daughter so long a time, you took all the means in your power to know what was become of her?

E. Canning. Sure I did. I went to all the agents and places where I could think of, fearing some casualty.

Mr. Davy. Did you go to Wood-street-Compter?

E. Canning. The people told me, if there were any quarrels, they would take all away good and bad together, was the reason I went there.

Mr. Davy. Did you go to a conjuror?

E. Canning. I Did. They call him the astrologer.

Mr. Davy. Where does he live?

E. Canning. He lives in the Old-Bailey.

Mr. Davy. What is his name?

E. Canning. I don't know his name. He had a black wig over his face.

Mr. Davy. When did you go to him?

E. Canning. I don't know when I went.

Mr. Davy. How long after your daughter was missing?

E. Canning. I don't know. It was before she return'd.

Mr. Davy. What was done there?

E. Canning. I told him I had lost my child, and after he had got my money, he bid me go home and advertise her; he said, make yourself easy, she'll come home again.

Mr. Davy. Did he tell you when she would return?

E. Canning. No; he did not. He only ask'd me two or three questions, and wrote scribble, scribble, scribble along.

Mr. Davy. Did he tell you she was in the hands of an old woman?

E. Canning. No; he did not.

Mr. Davy. Recollect yourself.

E. Canning. I don't know whether he did or no. He might for what I know.

Mr. Davy. Or what misfortunes had happen'd to her?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Whether he did not tell you she was in the hands of an old black woman?

E. Canning. The word *black* I don't remember. I know he frighted me. When he shut the door and lighted the candles up, he looked so frightful, I was glad to get out at the door again.

Mr. Davy. What was his first question?

E. Canning. I think, he first ask'd me, what I came for? I said, for my child.

Mr. Davy. What were the other questions?

E. Canning. I can't recollect them. It was about her going away. I believe he ask'd her age.

Mr. Davy. Did he ask what state of health she was in?

E. Canning. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. Nor when was the last time you saw your daughter?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Did he ask any thing about Bishopsgate-street?

E. Canning. I believe I told him that; he bid me advertise her again, makes me think I did?

Mr. Davy. Did you tell him of a dream you had?

E. Canning. No; I did not.

Mr. Davy. Had not you had a dream or a vision about it?

E. Canning. I don't know of any such thing.

Mr. Davy. Or an apparition?

E. Canning. No; but I had wandering thoughts.

Mr. Davy. What did you mean just now, by saying you had wandering thoughts?

E. Canning. I say, I never had rest night or day, for my thoughts were wandering.

Mr. Davy. How came you to imagine she was confin'd by an old woman?

E. Canning. It never came into my thoughts that she was; I more thought she was murder'd in Houndsditch, and throw'd into some ditch there.

Mr. Davy. At this time, upon your oath, had you ever heard of the name of mother Wells when you went to this cunning-man?

E. Canning. I never heard of that name till she came home.

Mr. Davy. Did you mention the name of mother Wells to him?

E. Canning. No; I did not. He said an old woman, I believe.

Mr. Davy. Did you mention 12 s. 9 d. half-penny to the conjuror?

E. Canning. I believe I did not. I was not there long, for I was all of a fright when I was there.

Mr. Davy. Was there any other person there?

E. Canning. I saw no other besides himself, he let me in, and I went by myself.

Mr. Davy. Who advised you to go to him?

E. Canning. A great many of my neighbours; one gave me 6 d. and another 3 d. till I got a shilling, and then I went directly.

Mr. Davy. What are their names who gave you the money?

E. Canning. I can't recollect any of them. I believe a gentlewoman that liv'd cook or chambermaid, who lodges at a house over the way, her name is Mrs. Johanna, being out of place; I was wringing my hands and taring about, and she advis'd me to go to the cunning-man. There were a crowd of people about the door like a fair about me.

Mr. Davy. You advertis'd her as lost or stray'd. Why did not you advertise your suspicions of her being murder'd?

E. Canning. I never did.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember your saying that you

you had pray'd to God, and had an answer to your prayers, so as to assure you that your daughter would return?

E. Canning. I never had no answer. I pray'd by myself, and gave up bills in the church, both at Aldermanbury and Cripplegate, and at the meetings and Mr. Westley's. I did not leave a meeting or a place where I could put up a bill in.

Mr. Davy. Of what religion are you?

E. Canning. I am of the church of England, and was baptized at Cripplegate.

Mr. Davy. Did you not, about a quarter of an hour before your daughter return'd, mention to the apprentice, you had pray'd for your daughter's return, and that she would return presently?

E. Canning. I said, to James, the last thing you do, pray for her; he said, he never went to prayer but what he did. This was just before she came in; I bid him every night pray for her, and I repeated it.

Mr. Davy. Did you mention that you believ'd your daughter would be at home that night?

E. Canning. No; I did not.

Mr. Davy. Where has this apprentice been ever since?

E. Canning. He has never laid a quarter of an hour out of my house since.

Mr. Davy. Has there been any care taken to prevent people seeing him, and his being ask'd questions?

E. Canning. Here was a young man came and said, he'd give half a crown to see him; I was told this was some scheme or skit, and thought it would not be convenient, and so it was concluded he should not be seen. There were about a dozen sawyers there.

Mr. Davy. Did they not impose another person upon him instead of the apprentice?

E. Canning. Yes, they brought over another sawyer instead of him to the young man.

Mr. Davy. And so bilk'd him out of half a crown?

E. Canning. They did.

Mr. Davy. How soon after your daughter's coming in was it that the apprentice was sent for these people.

E. Canning. He help'd her into a chair, and went out directly, and immediately came in Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Mears, and Polly Lion, and in two minutes the house was full.

Mr. Davy. What things of the room at Wells's did your daughter mention that night?

E. Canning. She mention'd the chimney and the grate in the room, and said, she took the gown out of the grate.

Mr. Davy. Did she mention any thing of the jack-line, or pulley, or broken casement?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Or saddles, or chest of drawers?

E. Canning. No; she mention'd hay, and a pitcher.

Mr. Davy. Did she mention how much hay?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Did she say she lay upon hay?

E. Canning. She said, she did now and then, or always, I don't know which.

Mr. Davy. Where did she say the hay was?

E. Canning. She said it lay of a lump in a corner.

Mr. Davy. Did she mention it was spread out like a bed?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Had your daughter had a stool, did she say?

E. Canning. It is a constant method with her to go a fortnight without a stool. I have another little girl at home now, commonly goes sometimes ten, and sometimes eleven days without a stool.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever mention this to any doctor before the 1st of January?

E. Canning. When she was little I mention'd it to Dr. Catridge, who liv'd in Aldermanbury.

Mr. Davy. Did they use to give her clysters?

E. Canning. No; they us'd to give her physic, that was when she was ill.

Mr. Davy. Was any method us'd to occasion a stool before the first of January?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Had she her health perfectly well?

E. Canning. She had, only she was troubled with pain in her head.

Mr. Davy. Had she a good stomach to her victuals?

E. Canning. She had a very little stomach always, that they know where she liv'd.

Mr. Davy. Was she very thirsty?

E. Canning. She drank very little, without it was a dish of tea; but not plentiful of that.

Mr. Davy. When your daughter came home and told you this story, did you think it was a very strange one, or did you believe all she said?

E. Canning. No; I did not think it strange at all. I have known her, at home, to live upon half a roll a day, when things have gone hard with me.

Mr. Davy. Did she tell you in what manner she escaped?

E. Canning. Yes; out of a window by pulling down a board.

Mr. Davy. Did she mention any thing of a penthouse?

E. Canning. No; she did not.

Mr. Davy. How did she look when she came home?

E. Canning. Her face was swell'd, bloated, and black, and foddren, as if it had lain in water, and her arms black. She swallow'd nothing hardly.

Mr. Davy. Did she eat any thing that night?

E. Canning. No, nothing but a little wine and water, that she could scarce get down.

Mr. Davy. Were her teeth loose?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Nor no soreness in her mouth?

E. Canning. No.

Mr. Davy. Do you know Mr. Skarrat?

E. Canning. I have known him within this twelve month.

Mr. Davy. Did Skarrat come the first night she came home?

E. Can-

E. Canning. He did.

Mr. Davy. How lately before your daughter return'd had you seen him?

E. Canning. I never had any acquaintance with him before that. I don't know but I might see him go by a good many times; but I never spoke to him in my life before; but I hear since he is a neighbour.

Mr. Davy. Did he tell you he had formerly been at mother Wells's?

E. Canning. No, never.

Mr. Davy. Did you never hear him say he had jump'd out of the window himself?

E. Canning. No; I never did.

Mr. Davy. How many rooms have you got in your house?

E. Canning. I rented the house in my husband's time; and before he died, Mr. Roberts took the two garrets, the chamber, and a little room I had below, which he has put to his Compting-house, for which he paid 7*l.* per year, and after that I desir'd he'd pay that to my landlord. So I have but two rooms.

Mr. Davy. Was any thing mention'd of Endfield-Wash the night of your daughter's return?

E. Canning. I don't know when it was first mention'd. I believe it was when they came all together the next morning.

Mr. Davy. Was your apprentice a witness upon the former trial?

E. Canning. No; he was not.

Mr. Davy. Was he subpoena'd?

E. Canning. I don't know what a subpoena is.

Mr. Davy. How came you not to mention the grate, the pitcher, nor the bed-gown on the trial?

E. Canning. Because it was not ask'd me.

Mr. Davy. Was Mr. Adamson present when your daughter mention'd the hay?

E. Canning. He did not see her the first night, nor till we went down to Enfield.

Mr. Davy. Was Skarrat there when hay was mentioned?

E. Canning. I don't know, the house was full of people.

Mr. Davy. Do you know one Mr. Dod a Surgeon?

E. Canning. I do not.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever hear your daughter say, she was afraid to lie on hay, fearing there should be a dead man under it?

E. Canning. I never heard her mention that, to my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Did you never say so to any body?

E. Canning. No; not to my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Can your daughter write?

E. Canning. She can a little; it is a sad hand.

Mr. Davy. Can she write a letter well enough for you to find out the meaning of it?

E. Canning. She can hardly write at all.

Mr. Davy. Can she write her name?

E. Canning. I believe she can. I have seen her write it.

Mr. Davy. How long was she at a writing-school?

E. Canning. About a quarter of a year.

Mr. Davy. When did you see any of her hand writing?

E. Canning. I don't know that I have seen her hand writing these six years.

Mr. Davy. Look at this paper (*it was a notice of trial with her name to it, the name wrote by her*) is this name her hand writing?

E. Canning. I believe it is her scribbling like.

Mr. Davy. Do you think when your daughter could write, she would only make her mark?

E. Canning. I don't know for that.

Mr. Davy. I ask this, my Lord, because in her information before justice Fielding, there she only makes her mark, and by this paper I see she writes an exceeding good hand.

Mr. Davy. How was your daughter's head cover'd when she came home?

E. Canning. With this rag upon her head, (*holding the half handkerchief in her hand*) and an old ragged handkerchief she had in her pocket tied over that, *producing it*.

Mr. Davy. Whether you did not swear upon the trial of Mary Squires, that your daughter had a cap on when she came home?

E. Canning. No, not to my knowledge; she had no cap on to my knowledge.

Mr. Davy to Thomas Gurney. You hear the evidence this woman has given; look at your minutes, and give an account of what she said in her evidence on that trial, as to the state and condition in which her daughter came home, and particularly how she was dress'd.

Gurney. She said, she had nothing on but a ragged bed-gown and a cap.

Mr. Davy. Read the account she gave to that.

Gurney. She said, after she was missing from New-year's-day, she advertised her three times. She came back on the day before king Charles's martyrdom, about a quarter of an hour after 10 o'clock; she had nothing but a ragged bed-gown and cap on.

Mr. Davy. Were these her own words?

Gurney. I have here mention'd the person *she* where she said *I*. I will not take upon me to say these are the very words she made use of, or that she made use of no more words; it is my method, if a question brings out an imperfect answer, and is oblig'd to be ask'd over again, and the answer comes more strong, I take that down as the proper evidence, and neglect the other; for instance, here has in the course of this trial been many questions ask'd, which have not brought out any satisfactory answer to the Counsel, which when ask'd in other words, and upon recollection, have produced more proper answers, which I have put down. It is not to be expected I should write every unintelligible word that is said by the evidence.

Mr. Davy. Are you certain the witness, on that trial said she had a cap on?

Gurney. She did, or I had not put it down; and had she said a handkerchief, I doubt not but I should have found it in my minutes.

Alice Colley again.

Mr. Moreton. Look at this paper (*which was the first advertisement sent to the Daily Advertiser*) is this your hand writing?

A. Colley. I believe it is.

Mr. Moreton. Here is the word *scowerer* scratched

scratched out, and another word put for it over it, is that your hand writing?

A. Colley. That other word is not my hand writing, nor the P. S. at the bottom is not my hand writing.

Mr. Moreton. Look at this other paper (which was the second advertisement).

A. Colley. I did not write that, I never saw it before.

Mr. Moreton. Did you write the first of your own accord, or did any body dictate to you?

A. Colley. Her mother did; she told me what to write down.

Mr. Moreton. were you two alone then?

A. Colley. I believe there were several strangers by at the time.

Mary Northan sworn.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember carrying any papers to be printed in the Daily Advertiser?

M. Northan. I carried three.

Mr. Nares. Who wrote the second?

M. Northan. (She takes it in her hand) I can't remember indeed who wrote it. I think Mrs. Canning sent me to the corner of Moorlane, at the White-Lion, there it was wrote.

Mr. Nares. Who wrote the third?

M. Northan. I can't justly remember that.

Cross-examined.

Mr. Willes. Did you go by yourself or in company with any body?

M. Northan. I went by myself.

Mr. Willes. How came you to put in these words, any coachman?

M. Northan. The mother gave directions to put in about the coach, because she was a sober body, and we thought she might be forc'd away in a coach.

Mr. Willes. How came the circumstance of the coachman to be inserted?

M. Northan. Because her mother had been inform'd by a gentlewoman in Bishopsgate-street, that she heard a coach drive in great haste, and a young person screaming out in it, and that she had no body at home, or she would have sent and stopped the coach.

Mr. Willes. Was this writing on the backside one of the papers on it when you carried it to the printer?

M. Northan. I don't know; if it was read to me I could tell better.

It is read.

Note, It is suppos'd she was forcibly taken away by some evil disposed person, as she was heard to screek out in a hackney coach in Bishopsgate-street: if the coachman remembers any thing of the affair, by giving an account as above, he shall be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

M. Northan. This was wrote at Mrs. Canning's house I believe, but I cannot tell by who; I did not mention about the coachman at the White-Lion.

Mr. Willes. During the time it was in Mrs. Canning's house, was there any thing wrote in it, or on the back of it by any body there.

M. Northan. No; there were not.

Mr. Willes. Can you read?

M. Northan. I can't hardly read at all. (She looks at it) There was nothing on the backside when I carry'd it.

It is read.

Elizabeth Canning went from her friends between nine and ten on Monday night, betwixt Houndsditch and Bishopsgate, fresh colour'd, pitted with the small pox, high forehead, light eyebrows, about five foot high, well set, had on a purple masquerade stuff gown, black stuff petticoat, a white chip-hat, bound round with green, white apron and handkerchief, blue stockings and leather shoes.

Mr. Willes. Is this all you mentioned to the person who wrote?

M. Northan. It is, I believe.

Mr. Willes. Do you know who scratch'd out these words? (any coachman remembers taking up such a person, and can give any account where she is, shall have two guineas reward, to be paid by Mrs. Canning in Aldermanbury postern, sawyer, which will greatly satisfy her mother.)

M. Northan. The other is all I gave directions for, I don't know who scratched this out.

Mr. Nares. I dare venture to say this alteration was made by the printer, for I observe he has alter'd the English and spelling all the way through by the printed paper, he saw there was some suspicion of a coachman put in in a stupid manner, and he began to alter it on the backside as it is put down.

Mr. Willes. Here is the third paper, do you know who wrote this?

M. Northan. I don't know; Mrs. Canning sent me to carry it to the printer.

Mr. Willes. Here are two lines scratched out in this, how came that?

M. Northan. The printer scratched them out, and said, they were of no use.

Mr. Willes. In the third letter here are two lines scratched out, were they so when you carry'd it? the words are, *bad in her pocket twelve shillings nine-pence halfpenny.*

M. Northan. The printer read it, and scratched them out, he said, it was not material to name the money.

James Lord sworn.

J. Lord. I have been apprentice to Elizabeth Canning's mother between six and seven years. I remember her being missing upon New-year's-day was twelve months. Mr. Lion came to our house first about nine o'clock, then about ten, to know whether mistress know'd whether Betty was come home to her house; then I was sent directly to her uncle Colley's, at Saltpetre-Bank; they were all a-bed, Mrs. Colley answer'd and said, they had left her about half an hour after nine o'clock, upon the other side Aldgate-church in Houndsditch: then, after that, I came home and acquainted mistress with it; there was great enquiry about the neighbourhood all night long almost; I enquir'd of several neighbours that night.

Mr. Williams. When was the next time you saw her?

J. Lord. On the 29th of January, the night before king Charles's martyrdom, about a quarter after 10 o'clock, I was just going to make fast the door, going to bed, somebody lifted up the latch, it goes with a bit of string, mistress was down upon her knees a praying to see her apparition before she came in.

Mr. Williams. Did you see her down on her knees before Elizabeth Canning came in?

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J. Lord.

J. Lord. She was down on her knees some time before ever she lifted up the latch.

Mr. Williams. From the first of January to this time, did you ever see the mother on her knees?

J. Lord. Yes, I have several times, praying to God to hear somewhat of her, whether she was alive or dead.

Mr. Williams. This prayer that you mention, and the position of her being down on her knees on the 29th, was that any thing particular, or was it no more than what she had done before?

J. Lord. It was the same as she had several times done since she miss'd her daughter.

Mr. Williams. You was giving an account that Elizabeth Canning lifted up the latch, and you was going to make fast the door, go on, and give an account in what manner she came.

J. Lord. I had the candle in my hand, and was going to make fast the door, and she came in; mistress was praying; mistress ask'd who was there? I then look'd her up in the face, and thought it was somebody else came to enquire tidings after her, I did not know her at first; after I had look'd her in the face again, she frighten'd me, because she look'd in such a deplorable condition; I said to mistress it was Betty; she said, what Betty? I said, our Betty; upon that mistress fell in a fit directly, and continued so some minutes, I cannot say how long.

Mr. Williams. Upon your oath do you think it was a real fit or a sham fit?

J. Lord. I never saw her in a fit before, it was far from a sham fit; when Elizabeth Canning came in she was e'en almost spent, I took her by the arms and set her down in a chair, she was e'en almost dead, as black as the chimney stock, black and blue; she was dress'd up with an old bit of an handkerchief round her head, and an old dirty ragged bed-gown, what they properly call a jacket.

Mr. Williams. Did you see what was upon her head?

J. Lord. She had no cap, nor hat, nor stays on; her ear was cut and all bloody.

Mr. Williams. Did it bleed as if it had been fresh cut?

J. Lord. It was a bleeding.

Mr. Williams. Was there any blood upon the handkerchief?

J. Lord. There was some blood upon the handkerchief that was about her head; she had an old handkerchief in her hand, and a bit of one upon her head.

Mr. Williams. What colour were the handkerchiefs?

J. Lord. One was white, but I cannot say for the other.

Mr. Williams. What condition did she seem to be in with regard to her health?

J. Lord. She seem'd to be almost spent, just gone, and if it had been much further, I believe she must have dropt down.

Mr. Williams. Who were in the room at that time?

J. Lord. There were none but my mistress and children in the room; as soon as my mistress recovered out of her fit, I was order'd

by mistress, to call Mrs. Woodward, Polly Lions, and Mrs. Myers; they came, she began to say where she had been confined, the woman was either nam'd Wills or Wells at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Williams. Was this that night?

J. Lord. It was the same night. So many people came in, I was obliged to keep the door, to keep people out.

Mr. Williams. Who asked her where she had been?

J. Lord. My mistress; and she said, she had been at Enfield-Wash, and heard the name of Wills or Wells, she did not know which, for she heard them go backwards and forwards in the house, and heard them call her by her name.

Mr. Williams. Did she say how she came to go there?

J. Lord. I was not much in the room all the time, I was oblig'd to keep the door.

Mr. Williams. Then you can't give an account of what she said any farther?

J. Lord. I know nothing farther than that she is an honest, industrious, sober girl.

Mr. Williams. Upon your oath, do you or do you not know where Elizabeth Canning was from the first of January, to the Day before king Charles's martyrdom, or any part of that time?

J. Lord. No; nor never set eyes on her, or heard any thing where she was till she came home.

Cross-examined.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time was you sent to Colley's house to enquire for the girl?

J. Lord. It was between 11 and 12 at night when I got there.

Mr. Gascoyne. How came you to sit up so late that night?

J. Lord. Mr. Lion came to our house, as nigh as I can guess between 9 and 10 (which is generally about the time we go to bed) and ask'd mistress if she know'd any thing of her daughter? She said, no, she thought she had been come home to his house. The next morning mistress and I both went to Mr. Colley's to enquire.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you not go to Mr. Lion's first?

J. Lord. I think I did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time in the morning did you go to Mrs. Colley's?

J. Lord. I believe we went out about six o'clock.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time did you get home again?

J. Lord. I believe about 10, and I went out to enquire after her again; I went one way and mistress another, to the neighbours about.

Mr. Gascoyne. To what places?

J. Lord. I can't tell all the places, I did not go particular to any place.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where did your mistress go?

J. Lord. I can't tell, she did not tell me; she was just like a madwoman.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she order you to go to any place?

J. Lord.

J. Lord. I had no directions from her to go to any place in particular.

Mr. Gascoyne. When did you go to your work?

J. Lord. I did not go to work till after dinner.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time do you generally dine?

J. Lord. About 1 o'clock.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was your mistress at home when you came home from work?

J. Lord. I don't know.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was the door open?

J. Lord. It always is.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you in the room when your mistress first kneel'd down the night the girl came home?

J. Lord. I was.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she not advise you to kneel down?

J. Lord. She did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. What was you doing?

J. Lord. I was praying to God, in my heart, that she might hear of her.

Mr. Gascoyne. What particular conversation passed between you and your mistress that night before she kneeled down?

J. Lord. I cannot say, I do not take notice of all the words.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she say she had more reasons for praying that night than at any other time?

J. Lord. No; she did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Upon your oath, whether she did (before the time she kneeled down) say she should see her?

J. Lord. No; she did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she say she had any reason to expect her that week?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she say, she had some knowledge, or some body had told her she would come home that week?

J. Lord. She did not expect her coming home that night, or that week, no more than any other.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know any thing of your mistress's going to a cunning-man?

J. Lord. I know nothing at all about it. She did not acquaint me with it.

Mr. Gascoyne. What, not of going to a conjuror?

J. Lord. No. She does not acquaint me with all her affairs.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you never hear her mention she had gone, or would go to a cunning-man?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you never hear your mistress relate a dream or vision she had had?

J. Lord. No; not to my knowledge.

Mr. Gascoyne. Are you sure?

J. Lord. I might or might not hear it, I cannot tell; the care of my mistress's business lies upon me, and I have other things to mind.

Mr. Gascoyne. Give me a direct answer, whether you ever heard any such transaction concerning your mistress going to a conjuror or having been there?

J. Lord. There was some talk of a cunning-man; but I did not know whether she had been with one.

Mr. Gascoyne. What was said of the cunning-man?

J. Lord. I do not know. I remember there was mention made of a cunning-man that lived in the Old-Bailey.

Mr. Gascoyne. What cunning-man was that that lived in the Old-Bailey?

J. Lord. He used to tell fortunes.

Mr. Gascoyne. How came this cunning-man to be mentioned?

J. Lord. I believe mistress or somebody did go to him, but I do not know who.

Mr. Gascoyne. For what did they go?

J. Lord. To hear somewhat of her daughter.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you hear this before or after she had been there?

J. Lord. I believe it was after.

Mr. Gascoyne. Who did you hear speak of it?

J. Lord. To the best of my remembrance it was my mistress herself.

Mr. Gascoyne. What conversation passed upon that when your mistress first informed you of it?

J. Lord. I did not hear a word what he said to her. I heard no more than that she had been there.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were any body by at that time?

J. Lord. I cannot say who were in the house at the time, or whether there were or were not any body there but ourselves.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you not enquire what the cunning-man told her?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever hear any body else, in conversation, speak of what was done at this cunning-man's?

J. Lord. No. Nor have I heard to this time; I always believed he could not tell.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever hear who your young mistress was with?

J. Lord. No; I never did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Nor any thing about an old woman?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. Gascoyne. have you not heard your mistress say any thing about it?

J. Lord. I have heard her say, she fear'd some rakish young gentleman had catched her up, and so carried her away. And I have heard her say, she suspected she was murder'd.

Mr. Gascoyne. What was your own opinion?

J. Lord. I could not tell what to think.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever hear your mistress say, she was taken away in a coach?

J. Lord. No; I never did.

Mr. Gascoyne. As to the night she came in, you say the door was upon the latch, and your mistress fell into a fit; how came you not to be afrighted when she came in?

J. Lord. As soon as she came in, all the blood of my body was in my face, and when I recover'd myself, I said, it was our Betty.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was you ever afrighted at the thoughts of an apparition before?

J. Lord. No; I never was.

Mr. Gascoyne. How did she appear as to her face?

J. Lord. She was black and blue on her face and

and arms, like the stock of a chimney.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did she look as if she had been beat?

J. Lord. She did, just in the same manner, her face and hands would compare, for blackness, to a hat almost.

Mr. Gascoyne. Had she black eyes?

J. Lord. I did not see that any more than other persons are.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did the black and blue seem to be bruises?

J. Lord. The colour of her flesh was next a-kin to the colour of beating.

Mr. Gascoyne. How long did she continue so black and blue?

J. Lord. I was kept out of the room, and a doctor attended her; it was not so proper for me to go there.

Mr. Gascoyne. Can you remember, the day she went to her uncle's to dinner, what time she was to have come back again?

J. Lord. Yes; towards the evening, and go with her mother and buy a cloak.

Mr. Gascoyne. What time did she call at your house?

J. Lord. About 11 o'clock.

Mr. Gascoyne. When she came home, what had she on as to cloaths?

J. Lord. She had a piece of an old handkerchief about her head, and a black petticoat, I believe an upper one. I think it was the same she went away with. She had nothing over her but that jacket.

Mr. Gascoyne. How many petticoats had she on?

J. Lord. I can't say that.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did the petticoat look clean or dirty?

J. Lord. It look'd as if it had been draggled in country dirt, with dirt and mud.

Mr. Gascoyne. How do you know the difference between country dirt and London dirt?

J. Lord. Because London dirt is black, and the other lighter.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you see the ear was fresh bleeding?

J. Lord. It was.

Mr. Gascoyne. Have you ever been examin'd before you came into this court?

J. Lord. No.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever make your affidavit before.

J. Lord. No. I never was examin'd upon oath before.

Mr. Gascoyne. Look at this bed-gown.

J. Lord. This is the bed-gown she came home in the day before King Charles's martyrdom.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever see it before you saw it upon her the night she came home on the 29th of January?

J. Lord. No; I never did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Is it your mistress's?

J. Lord. No; I am positive it is not.

Mr. Gascoyne. What reason have you to say that is the bed-gown?

J. Lord. It looks like it. I am almost positive to it. I saw it the next day after it was pull'd off.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you make your enquiry any other day after the 2d day she was missing?

J. Lord. No; I kept on with my mistress's business.

Mr. Gascoyne. Upon your oath do you believe your mistress did know where she was?

J. Lord. Upon my oath I am positive if my mistress had know'd where she was, she would have fetched her home, where ever she was.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did your mistress say, she expected to see her on the Sunday night?

J. Lord. No; she did not.

Mr. Gascoyne. In what position was she when the girl came in?

J. Lord. She was on her knees by the bedside.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever hear she expected her home that night, or was told so by the cunning-man?

J. Lord. No.

Robert Skarrat sworn.

R. Skarrat. I heard Elizabeth Canning was come home on the 29th of January, at night. And as I had never seen her, or spoke to her in my life, to my knowledge, I went in out of curiosity to see her.

Mr. Moreton. Had you heard before she was missing?

R. Skarrat. I had. The very next day after she was missing.

Mr. Moreton. What passed after you went in?

R. Skarrat. I was there some time before she spoke a word; Mr. Wintlebury came in after me; he said, Bet, how do you do? She said, O sir, you don't know what I have suffer'd. He ask'd her where she had been? She said, she had been on the Hertfordshire road. He ask'd her, how she came to know that? She said, she saw the coachman, that us'd to drive her mistress into Hertfordshire, go by. She was ask'd, how far she might have been in the country? She said, it might be about 9 or 10 miles.

Mr. Moreton. Did she give any reason for that?

R. Skarrat. I did not hear her. I ask'd her, if she knew the name of the person, and said, I'll lay a guinea to a farthing, she has been at mother Wells's, for that is as noted a house as any is? She said, her name is mother Wills or Wells.

Mr. Moreton. Was that answer after you had said you would lay a guinea to a farthing she had been at mother Wells's house?

R. Skarrat. It was; I ask'd her about the house. She said, she had been confin'd in a longish, darkish room, and saw the coachman thro' the crack of the window, and that there were some boards nail'd over it. I ask'd her, whether the window fronted the road? She said, it did not; and when she got out, she turn'd down a little lane, and then turn'd into the fields on her right-hand. I ask'd her, if she took notice if any of those fields were ploughed up? She said, she believed there was. I ask'd her, when she was in them fields, on which hand was the road? She said, on the right-hand coming to London. I ask'd her, when she came out of these fields, whether she observed coming over a little brook? She said, she

she did. I ask'd her, if she thought it was a tan-house? She said, she believ'd it was. I said, it was Mr. Neal's, a tanner, at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Moreton. Did you know that road?

R. Skarrat. I did very well; and that there was such a house, and what sort of a character it bore, that it was a very bad house. She said, she met a man, and ask'd her road to London. She said, she had been robb'd, and describ'd the person that cut her stays off, to be a tall, black, swarthy woman.

Mr. Moreton. Who ask'd that question?

R. Skarrat. It was ask'd, but I can't tell by who. I said, I had seen mother Wells, and, to the best of my knowledge, that description did not answer to her.

Mr. Moreton. Did she tell you any thing else?

R. Skarrat. She said, there were two young women, one with black hair and the other fair, stood laughing at her while her stays were cutting off.

Mr. Moreton. How did she appear to be for health?

R. Skarrat. She appear'd to be very weak and feeble, sitting on a little stool; to the best of my knowledge, she had on a dirty bed-gown and black petticoat, and a foul cap of her mother's. I went down to Enfield-Wash with Mr. Wintlebury and Mr. Adamson, on the 1st of February; the people were all taken into custody.

Mr. Moreton. Did she give an account of any particular things where she had been confin'd?

R. Skarrat. She describ'd a black jugg, broken about the neck, that might hold about four or five quarts. And she said, she believed there might be about four quarts of water in it, and the jugg was left in the room when she came away; that she had some bread, but it was so hard, she was forced to dip it in the water.

Mr. Moreton. Who was the first that went into the room?

R. Skarrat. I believe several of her friends had been up in the room before she came down.

Mr. Moreton. Upon your oath, when did you see the black pitcher first?

R. Skarrat. Upon my oath I had never seen it, till I saw her fix upon it in the room.

Mr. Moreton. Was you there when she was in the parlour?

R. Skarrat. She was brought into the parlour, supported by two men. I was in the parlour then. We made them all sit down, that is, the people that were taken up; the room was full of neighbours and people that went down; Susannah Wells was on the left-hand of the fire, and Mary Squires sitting by the fire, with her head and knees together. Canning look'd very hard at her, and whether any body bid her look up, I can't say, she fix'd upon her, and said, that is the woman that cut off my stays, and pointed to her. The gypsey got up, and said, dear madam, don't swear my precious life away. Canning said, I know you very well, I know you

too well to my sorrow. She was ask'd, if she knew any body else in the room, and if she knew a young man, which was George Squires? She said, she did not say she did; she pointed to the gypsey's daughter and Virtue Hall, and said, the young woman, meaning the gypsey's daughter, was leaning on the dresser when her stays were cut off, and Virtue Hall was standing by her, when she went into the room. She was then carry'd up the stairs that front the door. I saw her in one room, but did not in the first she went into; that was the last she went into there. Coming down stairs, she said, there was another room; when she came into the kitchen the door was shut; she said, through that door is the place where I was confin'd; then the door was open'd, and she went up.

Mr. Moreton. Was you one of the first that went up?

R. Skarrat. No; I was not. I saw her there with the black jugg in her hand, she said that was in the room. She look'd round, and found a tobacco mould, and said, that was there when she was there. She said, an old cask and a fiddle or two she left there.

Mr. Moreton. Was she positive that was the place?

R. Skarrat. She pointed to the window, and said, she broke out at that window.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go before justice Tashmaker? what account did she give there?

R. Skarrat. I did; she gave the same account there, to the best of my knowledge, as she did here. When the people were taken up, George Squires had a great-coat on, and a slouch'd hat; he pull'd the coat and hat off; he was made to put them on again, in the house, before he got into the cart to go before the justice; but Canning would not swear to him.

Mr. Moreton. Had he the hat and coat on at the justice's?

R. Skarrat. He had.

Mr. Moreton. Upon your oath, did you not from the 1st of January, to the 29th, know where she was?

R. Skarrat. I never saw her, to the best of my knowledge, till she came home.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know, at this hour, any body that does know where she was?

R. Skarrat. No; I do not.

Q. from a jurymen. Which window did she point to, where she said she got out at?

R. Skarrat. To the end window.

Cross-examined.

Mr. Davy. Do you know Wells's house?

R. Skarrat. I do, by passing and repassing.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever been in her house before January 1753?

Mr. Moreton. Though you should stigmatize yourself, let not the truth go undiscover'd.

R. Skarrat. I have been there.

Mr. Moreton. How long ago is it, that you was in her house?

R. Skarrat. It is some years ago.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever in the hay-loft?

R. Skarrat. I never was.

F f

Mr. Davy.

Mr. Davy. Are you very certain of that?

R. Skarrat. I am.

Mr. Davy. Did you never jump out at a window in that room?

R. Skarrat. No, I never did; I don't like jumping so well.

Mr. Davy. Where did you live, when you went there;

R. Skarrat. I was then servant to Mr. Snee.

Mr. Davy. How often was you there, and when?

R. Skarrat. I was there once or twice, about four or five years ago.

Mr. Davy. With whom?

R. Skarrat. With two or three friends.

Mr. Davy. Men or women?

R. Skarrat. Men.

Mr. Davy. Were there no women?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. Did you never take a girl there?

R. Skarrat. No; never in my life.

Mr. Davy. Was you never there with a woman?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. When was the first time you was in the hay-loft?

R. Skarrat. I never was in it, till the time I went down with the girl and them.

Mr. Davy. What room in the house had you been in before?

R. Skarrat. The kitchen and parlour, and no other.

Mr. Davy. Was you never above stairs?

R. Skarrat. No; never before in my life, till I went down with them, and they were taken in custody. I never, till then, know'd there was such a room, as the place where the prisoner was, till then.

Mr. Davy. Were there a good many people in the room, when the girl told you this?

R. Skarrat. Yes.

Mr. Davy. How came you to pitch upon the house of mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. I judg'd it might be that house, because I did not know any other house on that road so likely.

Mr. Davy. Did you make that reply before you ask'd any questions?

R. Skarrat. I said that, when she said she had been on the Hertfordshire road.

Mr. Davy. And would you then have laid so much odds?

R. Skarrat. Though I said it, I don't know that I should have laid it.

Mr. Davy. What name did she say she heard mention'd?

R. Skarrat. She said, she heard the mistress of the house call'd Wills or Wells.

Mr. Davy. Was the apprentice by, when she mention'd this?

R. Skarrat. I don't know that he was. Mr. Wintlebury was the first person that she spoke to, as I heard. I was in the room some time, and some people spoke to her; but she spoke to none, before she did to him.

Mr. Davy. Had you any acquaintance with Mrs. Canning, or her daughter?

R. Skarrat. No, I had not.

Mr. Davy. What led you to go to Canning's house, having no acquaintance?

R. Skarrat. A maid-servant came into the house, where I bedded and boarded, and said, *Betty Canning is come home, Betty Canning is come home*; which was the cause of my going there?

Mr. Davy. Then you mentioned several things to her very familiarly?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. Davy. What were her answers to them?

R. Skarrat. Her answers were, Yes; she believed; or, she was sure; or to that effect.

Mr. Davy. Did you, in the examination of this girl, recollect as many particulars of the house and about it, as possible you could?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. Davy. Was you able to describe the house, the road, the pond, &c.?

R. Skarrat. I did not mention the pond, nor nothing in the house. I mention'd the tanner's house, and a little bridge that crosses the brook; and ask'd her about the road, and the field, whether it was plough'd up.

Mr. Davy. Did you mention one single particular, to which she answer'd in the negative?

R. Skarrat. That question is answer'd; she said the road was so, and the fields so.

Mr. Davy. Did it never occur to you, to ask her about any thing that you knew was not there, in order to be better satisfied, whether she had been there?

R. Skarrat. I don't know I thought of such a thing.

Mr. Davy. How soon after she was taken out of the chaise was it, that you saw her at Enfield-Wash?

R. Skarrat. It was in the room, where the prisoners were.

Mr. Davy. When she came into the kitchen, did she immediately fix upon that door, and say, this is the door of the room, wherein I was confin'd?

R. Skarrat. She said that herself; no body spoke a word to her.

Mr. Davy. Suppose she had been in the kitchen, and the door open, might she not be more positive, than if it was shut?

R. Skarrat. More positive, to be sure, she must be.

Mr. Davy. If you had been with her in the kitchen before, and the door had been open, and she had not fix'd upon the room, and after that had been carried to all the other rooms in the house, should you not have doubted of her veracity?

R. Skarrat. I don't doubt, but she would have fix'd upon that room at first.

Mr. Davy. Attend to the question. Supposing it had happened, as I have put it, whether that would have led you to doubt her sincerity?

R. Skarrat. I should.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear what she said before Mr. Alderman Chitty?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. Davy. Did she give the same account on the trial of Squires, she did there?

R. Skarrat. She did, to the best of my know-

knowledge; but I can't remember in particular.

Mr. Davy. Did she, before the Alderman, mention any thing of passing thro' Bishopsgate-street?

R. Skarrat. No, not to my remembrance.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember, she told him of four, five, or six pieces of bread, or twenty-four?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember any particular pieces of bread.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember any question of an old stool?

R. Skarrat. Not, to my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Nor an old table?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. Nor old pictures over the chimney?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. Nor hay?

R. Skarrat. No, not to my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Can you remember all the particulars of her making her escape?

R. Skarrat. No, I can't.

Mr. Davy. Was you examin'd as a witness on the trial of Mary Squires?

R. Skarrat. I was.

Mr. Davy. In the evidence you gave, did you not swear, that you had her examin'd before the sitting Alderman, and that before him she had given the same account as on that trial?

R. Skarrat. It corroborated, to the best of my knowledge. I swore to the best of my knowledge, she did.

Mr. Davy. Did you do that, in order to make her whole story the better to be believ'd?

R. Skarrat. I spoke to the best of my knowledge, and so I do now.

Mr. Davy. Did you soften your evidence, by saying you believ'd?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember that I spoke generally to it. I can't keep such things in my head now.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever hear her mention any hay in your life?

R. Skarrat. I never did.

Mr. Davy. Did you not hear her say upon the trial, there was hay in the room?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember she did.

Mr. Davy. Was you in court the whole time of the trial?

R. Skarrat. I was.

Mr. Davy. Have you read the sessions-paper since?

R. Skarrat. No, I have not.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear her say before the Alderman, how she made her escape?

R. Skarrat. I did; in getting out through a window.

Mr. Davy. As you was in court all the time, you must hear what she said of the manner of making her escape?

R. Skarrat. She gave the same account then, as before the Alderman, to the best of my knowledge. Then I remembered her evidence before the Alderman a great deal better than I can now.

Mr. Davy. Do you think you could then have repeated every particular?

R. Skarrat. I can't say I could; it corroborated, to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Was not the evidence she gave on the trial contradictory to what she gave before the sitting Alderman?

R. Skarrat. I can't exactly remember it.

Mr. Davy. Did you, or did you not, tell Mr. Alderman Chitty, the person she describ'd could not be mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. I did not mention such a thing to him.

Mr. Davy. Did she take the person that cut her stays off to be the mistress of the house?

R. Skarrat. She did.

Mr. Davy. Did she know who was the mistress of the house?

R. Skarrat. No, she did not.

Mr. Davy. Did you know there was a warrant granted?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. Davy. Against whom was it granted?

R. Skarrat. Against Mrs. Wells in particular, for cutting off her stays.

Mr. Davy. Was you not sure it could not be mother Wells, according to Canning's description?

R. Skarrat. No, I was not. I said it might not be her.

Mr. Davy. How came you to remember every particular of what was said at the house of Canning, and forget what passed before the Alderman?

R. Skarrat. We were a great while before the Alderman, and I could not contain it in my head.

Mr. Davy. Did you know the outside of Wells's house?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. Davy. Did you not know whether there was a penthouse, before you went down?

R. Skarrat. I did not.

Mr. Davy. Did you, or did you not, before Mr. Alderman Chitty hear her say she lay on bare boards?

R. Skarrat. She said she had no bed to lie upon. I don't remember hearing her say she did lie down.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember you heard her say there was a grate in the room?

R. Skarrat. I do not remember that.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear her mention a saddle?

R. Skarrat. To the best of my knowledge, she described a saddle and an old cask; but I can't say.

Mr. Davy. How did she describe the room, when you went down with her?

R. Skarrat. To the best of my knowledge, she said it was a long darkish room, but I am not positive; but I am positive she said it was a long darkish room, before she went down.

Mr. Davy. Where did she say that?

R. Skarrat. I believe before Alderman Chitty; if she did not there, it was in her mother's house.

Mr. Davy. Are you positive to all the questions you ask'd her at her mother's, and her answers?

R. Skarrat.

R. Skarrat. I am.

Mr. Davy. Did you write any of it down?

R. Skarrat. No, I never did.

Mr. Davy. Did she describe the jugg before the Alderman?

R. Skarrat. I believe she did.

Mr. Davy. And the bread?

R. Skarrat. I believe she did.

Mr. Davy. How many pieces of bread?

R. Skarrat. I don't remember how many pieces; but it was about a quartern loaf.

Mr. Davy. Are you still in the service of Mr. Snee?

R. Skarrat. No; I have left it three years this month, old stile.

Mr. Davy. In what employment are you now?

R. Skarrat. I work for Mrs. Waller in the Old-Change. I am a hartshorn-rasper, and live at Mr. Carlton's, a potter, in Aldermanbury-Postern.

Mr. Davy. How long have you liv'd there?

R. Skarrat. I have boarded in that house about a year and half. I boarded there before I lodg'd there.

Mr. Davy. Have you boarded or lodg'd at any other house, since this affair at Endfield-Wash?

R. Skarrat. No, I have not.

Mr. Davy. How far is Mr. Carlton's from Mr. Lion's house?

R. Skarrat. Mr. Lion lives in Aldermanbury, and the other is in Aldermanbury-Postern, they are about seven or eight hundred yards distance.

Mr. Davy. How far is Mr. Carlton's from Mrs. Canning's house?

R. Skarrat. It is next door but one.

Mr. Davy. Whose servant came and told you Elizabeth Canning was come home?

R. Skarrat. It was the apothecary's maid.

Mr. Davy. Did you lodge there then?

R. Skarrat. I did; and believe I had bedded and boarded there a year before.

Mr. Davy. Did you lodge there the whole month of January?

R. Skarrat. I did; and did not lie out of the house one night.

Mr. Davy. And work'd for Mrs. Waller then?

R. Skarrat. I did.

Mr. Davy. Did you work every day?

R. Skarrat. No, I did not; but I did that month from the 5th to the 27th, to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Where was you from the 1st to the 5th of January 1753?

R. Skarrat. I was backwards and forwards at Mr. Carlton's; I eat and drank there.

Mr. Davy. Are you certain you dined at home from the 1st to the 5th?

R. Skarrat. No, I am not, it being holy-day-time.

Mr. Davy. Where did you dine the 1st?

R. Skarrat. At Mr. Carlton's.

Mr. Davy. What did you do after dinner?

R. Skarrat. I went to see a play in Covent-Garden house; but being too late, the house was full, we return'd home between nine and ten at night.

Mr. Davy. Who were with you?

R. Skarrat. Mr. Knowles, a coal-merchant, and his wife. We tried to get in at Covent-Garden, then at Drury-Lane. When we found we could not, we made the best of our way to Mr. Knowles's house, and there I staid.

Mr. Davy. How long did you stay there?

R. Skarrat. I might stay there till almost nine o'clock, and then I went home with Mr. Carlton's daughter, who is since my wife.

Mr. Davy. How long have you been married to her?

R. Skarrat. Better than eleven months.

Mr. Davy. I hope you had your health at that time?

R. Skarrat. I had, to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Davy. Was you not under the care of any surgeon, or quack?

R. Skarrat. No, I was not.

Mr. Davy. Was you perfectly well at that time?

R. Skarrat. I can't give an answer for a cold, or the like.

Mr. Davy. At what time of the day did you go out on the 1st of January after dinner?

R. Skarrat. I went out about three o'clock.

Mr. Davy. At what time was you at Mrs. Carlton's at night?

R. Skarrat. I was there before ten o'clock.

Mr. Davy. How did you dispose of yourself, on the 2d of January?

R. Skarrat. I don't know whether I was at work, or not.

Mr. Davy. I thought you said you did not go to work till the 5th.

R. Skarrat. I carried work home on the 5th; on the 2d in the evening I was at a club in the Old-Bailey, and I can bring the club-book to satisfy you of that.

Mr. Davy. How came you to be so extremely particular at this distance of time, where you was on the 1st and 2d of January?

R. Skarrat. By looking over Mrs. Waller's book.

Mr. Davy. What led you to be so particular in all these circumstances?

R. Skarrat. I don't know any thing in particular.

Mr. Davy. Did you expect to have been ask'd any thing about it in this cause?

R. Skarrat. I have heard that it should be alledg'd against me, that I took the girl away.

Mr. Davy. When was it at first so suggested?

R. Skarrat. I can't remember that; it is since the time of finding the bills against the Abbotsbury people; but I can't say the time I did first hear it.

Mr. Davy. How long have you been acquainted with mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. It is four or five years ago.

Mr. Davy. Have you been in her house, since you left Mr. Snee's service?

R. Skarrat. No; not in her house, nor near her house since; that is three years ago.

Mr. Davy. Had you never a quarrel with mother Wells?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, did you never threaten that you would be reveng'd on her?

R. Skarrat. No; upon my oath, I never express'd any such words.

Mr. Davy. Where does Mr. Snee live?

R. Skarrat. He has a country-house at Edmonton.

Mr. Davy. How often have you been in the house of mother Wells.

R. Skarrat. I have once or twice.

Mr. Davy. Will you venture to swear, that you have not been there oftner than twice?

R. Skarrat. I may have been there two or three times.

Mr. Davy. Have you been there no more than three times, upon your oath?

R. Skarrat. I cannot say, whether I have or have not. I have call'd, may be, three or four times, I don't know.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, have you not been there five times?

R. Skarrat. I don't know; I can't say how many times.

Mr. Davy. Will you take upon you to say, you have not been there six times?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, will you take upon you to say, you never was there ten times in your life?

R. Skarrat. No, I never was.

Mr. Davy. Will you swear, you have not been there eight times?

R. Skarrat. I believe, I have not.

Mr. Davy. Are you positive of that?

R. Skarrat. I believe, I could swear I never was there eight times in my life.

Mr. Davy. Was you at Edmonton before the 1st of January was twelve month?

R. Skarrat. Yes; I was in the Christmas week.

Mr. Davy. What was your business there then?

R. Skarrat. I went to see some acquaintance and friends for my pleasure, and, I believe, I lay at Mr. Hubbard's, a shoe-maker, two nights.

Mr. Davy. Had you any women there?

R. Skarrat. No.

Mr. Davy. How did you divert your self, while you was there?

R. Skarrat. I did not divert myself there.

Mr. Davy. When did you dance there last?

R. Skarrat. I don't know, how long it is ago. I was dancing at the farther Bell at Edmonton, last Edmonton statute.

Mr. Davy. Who was your partner?

R. Skarrat. She that now is my wife.

Mr. Davy. When you came into Mrs. Canning's house, what made you be so particular in asking questions?

R. Skarrat. There were others ask'd a great many questions, besides me.

Mr. Davy. Where had you us'd to ride your master's horse to water, when you liv'd at Edmonton?

R. Skarrat. Sometimes to one place, and sometimes to ano her.

Mr. Davy. Did you never water your horse near Mrs. Wells's?

R. Skarrat. I have at the brook on this side her house.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever put your horse up there?

R. Skarrat. I once did; I believe he was hung at the door; I don't remember any of my master's horses being put in the stable.

Mr. Moreton. Did you ever ride your horse in at the window, where the girl jump'd out at?

R. Skarrat. No; fir.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure, that between the hours of nine and ten on the 1st of January you did not go to see Bedlam?

R. Skarrat. No, fir; I am positive of that.

Mr. Moreton. Tell me the truth, or perhaps half Bedlam will be call'd to contradict you?

R. Skarrat. No; I did not, fir.

Mr. Moreton. Was you in Moorfields that night?

R. Skarrat. No, I was not.

Mr. Moreton. Did you take away Betty Canning that night up to Houndsditch?

R. Skarrat. No; fir.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see that door to the room open, where Betty Canning was confin'd, when you was there with her?

R. Skarrat. No; I did not, fir.

Mr. Moreton. If the door had been open, and she had look'd in, and she had not fix'd upon the room, should you have believ'd her story?

R. Skarrat. I verily believe I should not.

Mr. Moreton. Was your situation such, that it was expected of you to be more particular than other people?

R. Skarrat. No; there were a great number of people there. I did not regard any more than any body else.

Mr. Moreton. Had you any thing to do, to direct Mr. Alderman Chitty against whom he should make out a Warrant?

R. Skarrat. No, fir.

Recorder. Was there any lock upon that door leading to the hay-loft?

R. Skarrat. I believe there was none at all; but I did not take notice of that.

Mary Myers sworn.

M. Myers. I live in the neighbourhood, and know the mother and daughter.

Mr. Nares. How long have you known the daughter?

M. Myers. About eleven years. She is a very sober honest girl, as any in England; she always behav'd very handsome to every body.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember her being missing on the 1st of January?

M. Myers. I do.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw her after?

M. Myers. On the 29th at night, at her mother's house. There were her mother, Mrs. Woodward, and Mary Lion there. Elizabeth Canning was sitting by the fire-side in a very black, dirty, bad condition; her face, arms, and hands were black; I took it to be a cold, or numbness occasion'd by cold; her nails were as black as my bonnet, and her fingers stood crooked.

G g

Mr. Nares

Mr. Nares. How was she dress'd?

M. Myers. She had a black quilted petticoat on, all torn about the knees; she had a bed-gown on, and a rag about her head, I believe it was a muslin half-handkerchief; she was very low in her spirits. I kneel'd down on my knees, to ask her what was the cause of her being in that condition; she told me, she went on the 1st of January to see an aunt and uncle, and stay'd with them till night, and they saw her into Houndsditch; and how she was robb'd and stripp'd in Moorfields by two men, and they gave her a blow of her head, and depriv'd her of her senses, and was carried into a house by these two men; and when she came in, there were an elderly woman and two young ones; the old woman took hold of her arm, and ask'd her if she would go their way, and she said no; that then she went and took a knife out of a drawer, and cut the lacing of her stays, and took them off, and gave her a great slap on the face, and told her she should suffer in the flesh; and open'd a door and shov'd her up a pair of stairs into a room; and after she was in, she d——d her, and said, if she mov'd or stirr'd, or made any resistance, she would come and cut her throat.

Mr. Nares. What time did she say she was carried in there?

M. Myers. About four in the morning, as she reckon'd.

Mr. Nares. Were there any other people in the room, besides what you have mention'd?

M. Myers. There were several others.

Mr. Nares. Did you see Skarrat there?

M. Myers. I did not know he was there, till I got off my knees from talking to her.

Mr. Nares. What did she tell you was in the room?

M. Myers. She told me there was hay there, and a pitcher with water in it, she believ'd about a gallon of it; and that there was a fire-place in it, and about the value of a quartern loaf of bread in pieces.

Mr. Nares. Did she say there was a grate in the room?

M. Myers. She did; and that she took the bed-gown and rag out of the grate in the room.

Mr. Nares. Did she give any description of the size of the room, whether long, round, or square?

M. Myers. No; I can't say she did. She said she got out at the window at the end, by pulling down 2 boards, and put her head and shoulders out and took out some part of the window, and pull'd out her legs, and so dropp'd down; and that she tore her ear in coming out. I look'd at her ear, and it appear'd to be a great scratch; there was a great deal of blood appear'd to be fresh, and dropp'd of blood (while I was there) upon her shoulder. She was ask'd how far the house was off, she said about ten miles out of town. She said, while she was in the room, there was a stair-case lay close to the room, and she heard people run up and down in the nights, and she heard the name of mother Wills, or mother Wells, mention'd. I was close by her, and heard every word she said; she spoke very low.

Mr. Nares. Had Skarrat spoke to her before she said mother Wills, or Wells?

M. Myers. I don't know that he had.

Mr. Nares. If he had spoke to her, should you have known it?

M. Myers. I should. I did not hear him speak to her at all then.

Mr. Nares. Tell the court what she said farther?

M. Myers. She said she escaped about four in the afternoon, and ask'd her way to London; She was so low, that I could scarce hear what she said.

Mr. Nares. Did you go before Mr. Alderman Chitty.

M. Myers. No, I did not.

Mr. Nares. Did you go down to Enfield-Wash afterwards?

M. Myers. I did on the Thursday after her return. There were in the chaise with me, the mother and daughter, and Mrs. Garret; and several other people went down, some on horse-back. Mr. Adamson was one on horse-back. We met him, as we were going. He had been there. He spoke to the coachman, and ask'd him what made him so long in coming; and said they were out of patience in waiting.

Mr. Nares. Did he say any thing to the girl?

M. Myers. He said to her, Bett, what sort of a room was you in? she said, sir, it is an odd sort of a room, there is hay, and a fire-place in it. He said again, what do you say, is there hay in it, Bett? that is all he said, and went away directly.

Mr. Nares. When he spoke to the girl in this manner, did he tell her there was hay?

M. Myers. He did not. We then proceeded on, and came to the house at Endfield-Wash; and Bett was carried into the kitchen, and from thence into the parlour. The gentlemen desir'd her there to be very cautious and careful, what she said, and take time; and after that up stairs. After she had look'd about, she pointed to Mary Squires, and said that is the old woman that cut my stays off.

Mr. Nares. Was she sitting or standing then?

M. Myers. I cannot say; there were a great crowd of people, I could not get to the sight of her.

Mr. Nares. Did the description she had given of the old woman, she told you of, on the 29th at night, tally with the old woman, when you saw her?

M. Myers. Indeed, it did. She then said these two young women were in the room, (that was Virtue Hall and the gipsy's daughter); the old gipsy woman said she never saw her in her life before, and hop'd she was not come to take her life way, or something to that purpose.

Mr. Nares. Was the day mention'd, when Elizabeth Canning said she was robb'd?

M. Myers. I don't know that.

Mr. Nares. Did you hear the old woman say she had been any distance from Endfield-Wash?

M. Myers. No, I did not; but I heard the old woman say she had lain there but three nights,

nights, and George said so too; after that they carried Elizabeth Canning up one pair of stairs, and into two rooms, one of them was lock'd, and the key sent for; she said none of them were the room in which she was confin'd; then she was carried thro' the kitchen and up into another room; then she said, gentlemen, this is the room that I was in; but here is more hay in it, than there was when I was here.

Mr. Nares. Was you in the room then?

M. Myers. I was. She took her foot, and put the hay away, and shewed the gentlemen two holes; and said they were in the floor, when she was in it before.

Mr. Nares. Had you heard her mention them two holes before?

M. Myers. No, I never did. Mr. Adamson set his back against a window, and ask'd her what she had ever observ'd out of that window. She said, hills at a distance.

Mr. Nares. Which window was this?

M. Myers. That next to the fire-place; she had told us there was a pewter bason there, and a saddle; but when we came there, there were two saddles.

Mr. Nares. Did you look out at the window?

M. Myers. I can't say I did.

Mr. Nares. When he put his back to the window, could she have seen what was to be seen there?

M. Myers. No, she was not so high up to it.

Mr. Nares. Did you find the pewter bason there?

M. Myers. We did.

Mr. Nares. Did she mention what colour the pitcher was at her first mentioning it?

M. Myers. I can't say she did; but said it would hold a gallon of water.

Mr. Nares. Where did you first see the pitcher?

M. Myers. In the kitchen.

Mr. Nares. Did you go to justice Tashmaker's?

M. Myers. No, I did not. The other woman and I were a-cold, so we went over to a public house.

Cross-examined.

Mr. Willes. Was her linnen dirty when you was with her on the 29th of January?

M. Myers. I look'd all about the neck and shoulders, it was not very dirty, but it was dirty, it was soil'd from her body.

Mr. Willes. Was you by when she was undress'd?

M. Myers. No; I was not.

Mr. Willes. Do you know what number of petticoats she had on?

M. Myers. No; I do not.

Mr. Willes. Pray did any of you know Mr. Skarrat?

M. Myers. I knew him.

Mr. Willes. Do you believe old Mrs. Canning had any knowledge of him?

M. Myers. I believe she might.

Mr. Willes. Did you hear her call him by his name?

M. Myers. No; I did not.

Mr. Willes. Why do you think she might know him?

M. Myers. Because he liv'd in the neighbourhood, next door to her but one.

Mr. Nares. Who was there when you was there?

M. Myers. There was Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Lion, and Elizabeth's Canning's mother.

Mr. Nares. Did you hear Skarrat examine Elizabeth Canning where she had been?

M. Myers. No; I did not.

Mr. Nares. Did you observe the blood to drop very fast from her ear?

M. Myers. No; it had dropp'd upon her shoulder, and another drop was then at her ear.

Mr. Nares. Was the handkerchief then on her head?

M. Myer. It was.

Mr. Nares. Was there much blood on the handkerchief?

M. Myers. There was a pretty deal upon it.

Mr. Nares. Was you at Enfield-Wash when Canning was carry'd into the kitchen?

M. Myers. I was.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember the door to be open that leads up into the hay-loft when she was there?

M. Myers. I don't remember it was.

Mr. Nares. Upon her being carried into the kitchen, did she say, she had been there before?

M. Myers. No; I did not hear any thing of that.

Mr. Nares. When Mr. Adamson ask'd, what prospect there was out of the window, did not she say, there were trees near it.

M. Myers. Not as I heard.

Mr. Nares. I think you say, she describ'd the elderly woman?

M. Myers. I heard her describe the two girls that were by, one was a black girl, the other a fair one, and the old woman, a tall black swarthy woman.

Mary Woodward sworn.

M. Woodward. Elizabeth Canning's mother sent for me the night she came home. I went there about half an hour after ten, and staid till about one. There came Mr. Skarrat, Mr. Wintlebury, and others after I was there. Mrs. Canning ask'd me, who she should send for? I said, send for her best friends. I mention'd Mr. Lion and his wife, and others. She sent the apprentice, he return'd, and said, he was gone to bed. There came Mrs. Myers and Polly Lion, the latter lives servant with Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Williams. Had you any conversation with Elizabeth Canning?

M. Woodward. I had; the first word she said to me was, Mrs. Woodward, I am almost starv'd to death. (She was sitting in the chimney corner, and lift up her head, and put her hands together) I have had nothing, said she, but bread and water since New-year's-day at night, and I have had no bread ever since Friday. I ask'd her, where she had been? She said, she had been confin'd in a room in a house on the Hertfordshire road.

Mr.

Mr. Williams. Was this before any body came in?

M. Woodward. Upon my oath, this she said before any body came in. I knowing nothing of the Hertford-road, ask'd her no more of it.

Mr. Williams. Do you remember her mentioning any body's name?

M. Woodward. I did not observe through the whole time I was there, that she mention'd any body's name. I mull'd her a little wine, but was never out of the room. I ask'd her, what was become of her cloaths?

Mr. Williams. Go on, you need not give a particular account of the first robbery in Moorfields.

M. Woodward. She said, about half an hour after she came to her senses, she came to a house where she was confined, there were three women took hold of her; the old woman ask'd her, if she would go their way? she answer'd, no. Upon that she went to a dresser or dresser-drawer, and took a knife, and ripp'd the lacing of her stays, and after that took up her petticoats and look'd at them, and took her a slap on the face, and said, d—n you, you bitch, I'll give you that, and turn'd her up a pair of stairs into this place, where she was confin'd, with threatening oaths to cut her throat if she heard her cry out. I ask'd her, what sort of an old woman this was? She said, she was a tall, black, swarthy woman, and the young women did nothing but laugh at her. I was there with her best part of half an hour before the others came in.

Mr. Williams. Was there any thing from your examination that could possibly lead her to give her answer?

M. Woodward. No; nor her mother never spoke to her, during the whole time I was talking to her.

Mr. Williams. Did she tell you this of her own accord?

M. Woodward. She began and went on, after I ask'd her where she had been confin'd.

Mr. Williams. Did she say, during her whole confinement, that she saw any body?

M. Woodward. Not as I remember. She was in a most deplorable condition; she had an old ragged bed-gown on, and a bit of an handkerchief.

Mr. Williams. Look at this bed gown, is this the same?

M. Woodward. I do really believe this to be it, but I will not take upon me to swear it.

Mr. Williams. Had you ever seen it before that night?

M. Woodward. No; never.

Mr. Williams. Upon your oath, do you know whether that is her mother's?

M. Woodward. Her mother never had such a thing on her back in her life.

Mr. Williams. Look upon this half handkerchief.

M. Woodward. This I know is the same she came home in.

Mr. Williams. You say you mull'd her some wine, did she drink much?

M. Woodward. I gave her about half a tea-cup full, and about the value of a nutmeg in quantity of bread soak'd in wine; she roll'd

it about in her mouth, and said, Mrs. Woodward, I can't swallow it, and spit it out. She spoke very faint and low.

Mr. Williams. Do you believe she was really in that bad state of health, in which she appear'd to be.

M. Woodward. I believe she was as bad as she appear'd to be, I am sensible of that; she supp'd about a spoonful of the wine, whether she swallow'd it all or not I don't know. She gave an account of having no stools in that time, and the apothecary did all he could to assist her in that case.

Mr. Williams. When was she able to go abroad?

M. Woodward. On the Tuesday sevensnight after she came home (which was on a Monday) she came to my house, and was there almost three weeks, she was ill all the time, and the doctor and apothecary came to her, during part of the time she was at my house, she was dangerous ill. She was brought in a man's arms, and put in a chair to go to Mr. Fielding's, the day after she came to my house.

Cross-examined.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you observe her ear at all?

M. Woodward. I did not that night she came home, but the apothecary's man did; the handkerchief was all bloody, it bled so that it shock'd me, I could not look at it; it was very cold weather, and the blood had congealed and was thick upon her ear, and sitting by the fire I fancy that made her bleed afresh.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember Mrs. Mayle enquiring for the shift that she came home in?

M. Woodward. Yes; she saw it, her mother shew'd it her.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you know it was the shift she came home in?

M. Woodward. I do.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember Mrs. Mayle's observation?

M. Woodward. I do; that was, that she would take her oath that no man ever lay with her, for if there had there would have been nature on one side or other.

Mr. Gascoyne. Do you remember whether she observ'd whether it was clean or dirty?

M. Woodward. Upon my oath, she did not observe any thing else in my hearing.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was the shift dirty?

M. Woodward. It was; but not so dirty as if she had been at hard work in it?

Mr. Gascoyne. What did you think of it?

M. Woodward. It was dirty.

Mr. Gascoyne. Was it as dirty as if it had been worn by a person that was dragg'd from London to Endfield-Wash, and lay upon hay so long afterwards?

M. Woodward. Yes, it was.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you ever express yourself to the contrary to any body?

M. Woodward. No; I never did.

Mr. Gascoyne. Whether you ever express'd you were surpriz'd that the shift was no more dirty upon being worn so long?

M. Woodward. No; I never said such a thing.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you observe any splashes of dirt on it?

M. Wood-

M. Woodward. I did not ; if there had been any I must have seen them.

Mr. Gascoyne. Were there no spots on it at all ?

M. Woodward. There were no spots of any kind in the world.

Mr. Gascoyne. Take care, you are upon your oath.

M. Woodward. I am so.

Mr. Gascoyne. Did you think the shift was not so dirty as it might have been, if she had work'd in it all the time ?

M. Woodward. I think it might have been as dirty in a week, if she had worked in it all the time.

Recorder. Did you see Mrs. Mayle there ?

M. Woodward. I did.

Recorder. Did not she say, it could not have been worn above a week ?

M. Woodward. No ; I never heard her.

Recorder. Whether Mrs. Mayle and Mrs. Canning did not quarrel ?

M. Woodward. No ; not in my hearing.

Recorder. Was she there above once ?

M. Woodward. I never knew she was.

John Wintlebury sworn.

I have known Elizabeth Canning the mother about 14 or 15 years ; she lives in Aldermanbury-postern, and bears as good a character as any in the parish. I have known the daughter, I believe, 12 years ; she is a very sober girl as any I know ; and I believe the whole neighbourhood will say so. She lived with me about 18 months, about 3 or 4 months before this happened. She always behaved herself in a very sober manner. I keep a public house. I have a back-room, where she would commonly be. She very seldom came forward.

Mr. Moreton. Did she shew a disposition to be forward, or gay ?

J. Wintlebury. Quite different. I don't believe she went out once in a quarter of a year. When she went away from me, many of the neighbours would have had her.

Mr. Moreton. Do you remember her being missing on the 1st of January ?

J. Wintlebury. I do. And of her coming home on the 29th. And saw her that night at her mother's house, sitting by the fire.

Mr. Moreton. How came you to go there ?

J. Wintlebury. A neighbour came and told me, she was come home.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know who that neighbour was ?

J. Wintlebury. I do not.

Mr. Moreton. Was it Mr. Skarrat ?

J. Wintlebury. No ; it was not. I went ; and when I came into the room I met with ten or a dozen people : there was the girl, in a very bad condition ; with a handkerchief wrapped about her head, and, I think, it was bloody on one side. She was very weak. I took hold of her hand, and said Bett. She said, O Lord, Sir, you don't know what I have gone through, or something to that effect. Said I, you are at home now ; and, it is to be hoped, you have friends to assist you if you have been used ill. I asked her, where she had been ? She said, on the Hertfordshire road. I said, how do you

know that ? She said, she remembered seeing (through some cracks, when she was in the room) the coachman that used to carry things for me.

Mr. Moreton. What coachman had you used to send things by ?

J. Wintlebury. By the Royston or Hertford coach. I asked her, how far she was from London ? She said, about 10 or 11 miles. Then I said, Pray can you tell whose house you were at ? She said, I cannot : but I heard the name Wills, or Wells, by people below stairs.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know Robert Skarrat ?

J. Wintlebury. I do.

Mr. Moreton. Was he in the room when she mentioned the name Wills or Wells ?

J. Wintlebury. He might be ; I did not see him then.

Mr. Moreton. Do you recollect Skarrat mentioned Wills or Wells to her ?

J. Wintlebury. To the best of my knowledge he did not.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see Mary Myers there ?

J. Wintlebury. I can't remember.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see a woman kneeling by the side of her ?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know, indeed. I staid there but about 3 or 4 minutes, and there were a great many people in the room.

Mr. Moreton. Was you before Mr. Alderman Chitty.

J. Wintlebury. I was ; but that is quite out of my memory. I don't know the particulars that passed.

Mr. Moreton. Was you at Enfield-Wash ?

J. Wintlebury. I was ; with Mr. Colley, Mr. Sparham, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Lion, and Mr. Hague. I got down before the chaise came down, and went to the Sun. The headborough went with a warrant to Wells's before me some time : after that I went into the house, the parlour, and kitchen, and up stairs ; and into another room out of the kitchen ; it is a long room, it goes up about 4 or 5 steps ; I observed there was a great deal of hay there : it seemed as if it had been tossed up afresh, it laid very light.

Mr. Moreton. Did Mr. Nash go in with you ?

J. Wintlebury. I was in before him an hour. He, and Mr. Lion, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Aldridge, came all down together ; we were there an hour before them.

Mr. Moreton. Who went down with you ?

J. Wintlebury. Mr. Adamson and Mr. Skarrat did. We put up at the Sun ; and another or two went down on foot.

Mr. Moreton. Who was in the room with you ?

J. Wintlebury. Mr. Adamson was, and them.

Mr. Moreton. What did you observe in the room ?

J. Wintlebury. There was an old pair of chest of drawers, a saddle, and a place where some body had laid on, and a rug upon them : I did not disturb it much : I can't tell what was under the rug ; it seemed to be a parcel of old sacks. I observed a broken pitcher.

Mr. Moreton. Did she tell you the night of her coming home of a pitcher ?

J. Wintlebury. She did ; of a broken one.
H h She

She described it by being a broken one ; and which would hold about a gallon, or something like that : and when I saw it in this room, I thought it was the same she described.

Mr. Moreton. Look at this pitcher ; do you think this is it ?

J. Wintlebury. I believe it may be it.

Mr. Moreton. Whether or no you know of any of your friends carrying that pitcher up into the workshop ?

J. Wintlebury. I believe I was the first person of us that went into the room.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure there was a broken pitcher in the room when you went in first ?

J. Wintlebury. I am sure there was.

Mr. Moreton. How long did you stay in the room then ?

J. Wintlebury. I staid but a little time, and then came down again.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see any thing of a man that obstructed any body from going into this hay-loft ?

J. Wintlebury. No. This was about half an hour before Elizabeth Canning was come. Mr. Nash, Mr. Aldridge, Mr. Hague, and Mr. Lion, were not come then. When they came, they desired me to go and desire them to make haste ; then I took my horse, and went and met the coach. After this Canning came down, and was brought into the kitchen and set upon the dresser, and after that into the parlour ; there she was desired to fix upon the person that cut her stays off : she fixed upon Mary Squires.

Mr. Moreton. Was you near Elizabeth Canning then ?

J. Wintlebury. I was ; and so were a great many more.

Mr. Moreton. Did she see Squires's face before she fixed upon her ?

J. Wintlebury. She saw a little of her face, I suppose. There were about 8 or 9 people round the fire ; the old gipsy had a little pipe in her hand, sitting crouching, with her head and her knees together ; and as Canning look'd round, she said, that is the woman that cut my stays off.

Mr. Moreton. Had Elizabeth Canning given you any description of the person, that cut off her stays, before ?

J. Wintlebury. I can't say she had.

Mr. Moreton. What was done after Canning had charged her ?

J. Wintlebury. Squires got up, and said, What I, madam ! did I cut your stays off ? Canning said, Yes ; you cut my stays off, in such a place in the kitchen : then she went and sat down again.

Mr. Moreton. Did Mary Squires say where she was, at the time those stays were cut off ?

J. Wintlebury. No ; she did not mention any thing as I heard.

Mr. Moreton. Did she mention how long she had been at Wells's house ?

J. Wintlebury. No ; not at that time.

Mr. Moreton. What do you mean by saying at that time, did she at any other time ?

J. Wintlebury. She did not at any other time, to my knowledge.

Mr. Moreton. Did she desire Canning not to swear her life away ?

J. Wintlebury. Indeed I don't know that she did.

Mr. Moreton. What was done after this ?

J. Wintlebury. Then Canning was carried up stairs, and did not fix upon any of the rooms ; I think there are 3 of them : they were going to carry her farther, and she said, I was not carried so high ; I did not go up above 4, 5, or 6 steps at the most.

Mr. Moreton. Who did she say so to ?

J. Wintlebury. She said so to me. Upon this she was brought into the kitchen again, and the hay-loft door was open, and she went up there and looked about her, and said, this is the room in which I was confined.

Mr. Moreton. Where was she when she said this ?

J. Wintlebury. This she said as she was going up stairs ; I believe I then had hold of her hand. When she was in the room, Mr. Adamson put his back against a window, and asked her if she could mention any thing that she could see out at that window.

Mr. Moreton. Could she at that time see any thing out at it ?

J. Wintlebury. Then, I know she could not.

Mr. Moreton. But could she before he had put his back to it ?

J. Wintlebury. He was up stairs before her.

Mr. Moreton. Was Mr. Nash in the room then ?

J. Wintlebury. Very likely he was ; but I don't know that.

Mr. Moreton. What was her answer to Mr. Adamson ?

J. Wintlebury. She said there were some hills a pretty way off ; and 1, 2, or 3 houses on the left hand side.

Mr. Moreton. Did she give a true description of the prospect ?

J. Wintlebury. She did.

Mr. Moreton. Which window was this ?

J. Wintlebury. This was the window nearest the fire-place, in the east : after this Mr. Adamson opened the window ; the girl said, that window was nailed up when I was here. I looked at the north window, where she got out at ; that was a little casement, about 9 by 18, or 10 by 20 : there were boards nailed over this north window ; it seemed to be fresh done, and in a very cabling way : the nails were not drove home, but bent double ; it did not seem to be done by a man ; and, I think, Mr. Adamson made the same observation.

Mr. Moreton. Did you make that observation to any body then ?

J. Wintlebury. No ; I did not. We all went away to justice Tashmaker.

Mr. Moreton. Did Elizabeth Canning see George Squires when she was first brought in ?

J. Wintlebury. No.

Mr. Moreton. When did she first see him ?

J. Wintlebury. I believe she first saw him when she went into the parlour, when we went in first ; then George was in a very great hurry, and seemed much perplexed, and ran up stairs, and was going to go away ; he was bundling up some stockings : some people, 2 or 3, went in

in, and said, where are you going? you must not go away. And they would not let him go; and brought him into the parlour again. Then he had a large great coat on.

Mr. Moreton. Who were there, 2 or 3 people?

J. Wintlebury. There was one Ball, he is since dead. Geo. Squires grew obstreperous and wanted to get out at the window, and Ball called out for more help; and then I think another person went in.

Mr. Moreton. Was you then in the room?

J. Wintlebury. I was not. When Canning was brought in, she was asked if she knew that person? meaning George; she said she could not say it was the man, but it looked very much like him. He had before this pulled his great coat off; then they made him put the great coat on. She said, he looks very much like the man, but I will not positively swear to him.

Mr. Moreton. Where was this?

J. Wintlebury. In the parlour. She said also, there were 2 girls in the room when her stays were cut off. We had her out into the kitchen, and brought them in one by one, and she pitched upon Virtue Hall, and Lucy Squires. Then we went before Justice Tashmaker; there Canning was examined.

Mr. Moreton. Did she give the same account there as she gave to you?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know that she varied in her account at all.

Mr. Moreton. Was it the same she gave before Mr. Alderman Chitty?

J. Wintlebury. I will not be positive to what she gave before the Alderman; I can remember but a little of that, about how she was robbed.

Mr. Moreton. Was you present at the trial of Mary Squires?

J. Wintlebury. I was.

Mr. Moreton. Did you hear her give her evidence in this court?

J. Wintlebury. I did.

Mr. Moreton. Could you observe any material difference between that and what she did before Justice Tashmaker?

J. Wintlebury. No; I could not.

Mr. Moreton. Had you any reason at all to doubt her story?

J. Wintlebury. No; I had none at all.

Mr. Moreton. Did Mr. Nash say, as he was going home, he was not satisfied with Canning's account?

J. Wintlebury. He did not appear to be dissatisfied.

Mr. Moreton. Nor Mr. Hague?

J. Wintlebury. No.

Mr. Moreton. Nor Mr. Aldridge neither?

J. Wintlebury. No; Sir.

Mr. Moreton. Did you dine at Newington?

J. Wintlebury. No; I did not.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Don't you subscribe toward the support of Canning?

J. Wintlebury. No; Sir.

Mr. Willes. Is your's a tavern or ale-house?

J. Wintlebury. An ale-house.

Mr. Willes. At the time Canning lived with you, was she at all fond of men?

J. Wintlebury. No; she was not.

Mr. Willes. How old was she, when she came first?

J. Wintlebury. She might be about 17 years of age.

Mr. Willes. What was the reason she left your service?

J. Wintlebury. Because she got a better place. That was the only reason.

Mr. Willes. Was she employed in your house in serving customers?

J. Wintlebury. Sometimes; very seldom. She very seldom came into our outward room amongst the customers.

Mr. Willes. How came you on the trial of Mary Squires to say she had a bed-gown and a cap on?

J. Wintlebury. I say now, I did not know whether it was a cap.

Mr. Willes. Did you call it a cap or handkerchief upon that trial?

J. Wintlebury. I don't know which I then said.

Mr. Willes. Do you know Robert Skarrat?

J. Wintlebury. I do.

Mr. Willes. How long have you known him?

J. Wintlebury. May be a year and a half or two years. He is a hartshorn-rasper.

Mr. Willes. Has he used to use your house?

J. Wintlebury. Yes; he has as a customer.

Mr. Willes. Did he use to use your house when Canning was your servant?

J. Wintlebury. No; he may once or so, but I don't believe he did.

Mr. Willes. Did you know him before this accident happened?

J. Wintlebury. I hardly did.

Mr. Willes. How came you on Squires's trial to give no account of what passed at Enfield?

J. Wintlebury. I believe I did not.

Mr. Willes. How came you to omit so many material circumstances?

J. Wintlebury. I believe the gentlemen did ask me no more then.

Mr. Willes. Was White in when you first came down?

J. Wintlebury. No; he was not.

Mr. Willes. When she was carried into the kitchen and set upon the dresser, did she say she had been in that room before?

J. Wintlebury. No; I never heard her say so.

Mr. Willes. Did she say there were trees grew against that window when Mr. Adamson had his back against it?

J. Wintlebury. No; I don't remember it. I remember Mr. Adamson turned about and opened the window, and looked out, she said then that casement was nailed up when she was there.

Mr. Willes. Did you make any remarks whether there had been nails to fasten it?

J. Wintlebury. No; I did not inspect into it.

Mr. Willes. Can't you recollect what she said before Alderman Chitty?

J. Wintlebury. I remember but little of what passed there.

Mr. Willes, to T. Gurney. Turn to your notes of this evidence of what he said on the trial of Squires of what passed before Mr. Alderman Chitty. Can you swear to them?

T. Gurney. To the substance of the evidence I can;

can; though not always to the exact words.

Mr. *Willes*. Do you ever put down any thing you don't hear?

T. *Gurney*. No; never.

Mr. *Willes*. Give the court an account what you have there put down.

T. *Gurney*. On that trial this evidence was asked, if he had heard the evidence Canning had then given? To which he answered, he had; and that she gave the same account the night she came home: but not quite so fully that night as she did before the sitting Alderman, on the Wednesday after.

Mr. *Willes*. What did he say passed the night she came home?

T. *Gurney*. He said he saw her the night she came home at her mother's house; she appeared in a very bad condition, and had a dirty bed-gown and cap on. He asked her how she did? she answered very bad; and that she had been somewhere on the Hertfordshire road, which she knew by seeing the Hertfordshire coach go backwards and forwards. After which he was asked if he had heard Canning's evidence then given as mentioned before?

Mr. *Willes*, to *Wintlebury*. How long was she before Alderman Chitty?

J. *Wintlebury*. I don't know.

Mr. *Willes*. How did she get there?

J. *Wintlebury*. I believe she went in a coach.

Mr. *Willes*. What day did she go to Enfield?

J. *Wintlebury*. On the Thursday after she came home.

Mr. *Willes*. How did she go down?

J. *Wintlebury*. I believe in a chaise and pair. The chaise would hold 4 people, and 4 people were in it.

Mr. *Willes*. How far is it there?

J. *Wintlebury*. It is about 11 miles.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you see her set out?

J. *Wintlebury*. No; I did not.

Mr. *Willes*. What time did she get down there?

J. *Wintlebury*. At about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. *Willes*. Had she any refreshment there?

J. *Wintlebury*. There was a little wine brought her there. I believe she did not drink a spoonful of it.

Mr. *Willes*. Did she go over to Canteril's?

J. *Wintlebury*. I don't know whether she did or not.

Mr. *Willes*. How far is Justice Tashmaker's from Enfield Wash?

J. *Wintlebury*. It may be 3 miles.

Mr. *Willes*. How far is it out of the way to London from Enfield Wash?

J. *Wintlebury*. May be 150 yards.

Mr. *Willes*. When did she return to town?

J. *Wintlebury*. She returned the same night.

Mr. *Willes*. Was Skarrat your customer when Canning lived with you?

J. *Wintlebury*. He was not as I know of. I did not know him then.

Mr. *Willes*. Was there any intrigue betwixt Skarrat and she?

J. *Wintlebury*. No; she would hardly go to the door to speak to any body. I believe her quite different from an intriguing person.

Mr. *Willes*. How long have you known Skarrat?

J. *Wintlebury*. I have known him about a year and a half.

Mr. *Willes*. Did you hear any part of what passed before Mr. Alderman Chitty?

J. *Wintlebury*. I heard a little, but did not take much observation of it; and she talked so low. I heard her say 2 men met her and robbed her in Moorfields.

Mr. *Willes*. Did what you heard vary from what you heard on Squires's trial?

J. *Wintlebury*. No; it did not.

Recorder. You have heard the Note-taker say, you said she was more full before the sitting Alderman than in the account she had given before; and here you say you took little notice of it.

J. *Wintlebury*. I may forget things. If I said so then, I might forget since.

Joseph Adamson sworn.

J. *Adamson*. I have known E. Canning 11 or 12 years, ever since she was big enough to play about her mother's door. I am one of the persons that went down to Enfield Wash. I had not seen her for 3 months before that day. Mr. *Wintlebury* and one Skarrat went down with me; the last was a stranger to me, we were the only men that had horses; we had been there an hour and half. They told me I must go back and prevent the chaise from stopping. I said I took the horse without leave, and I would not go back. I took the horse and went back.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did you tell Canning there was hay in the room?

J. *Adamson*. I did not, neither directly or indirectly, from first to last; nor have I asked her a question since, only when we were in the room. After I had spoke to the coachman to make what haste he could, they asked me if we had taken any people up? I said we had; and some of the people were uneasy to be gone. Then I asked what sort of a place she was confined in? she said an odd, or a wild sort of a place; some hay and something else which I can't remember: I think it was a chimney in the corner.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did you mention hay to her?

J. *Adamson*. I never did, to my knowledge. I then rode on; and her master Mr. Lion and others, were going from the alehouse to mother Well's, I hallooed to them, and told them what the girl had told me, that is, that there was some hay in the room, and a fireplace, or a chimney, I can't tell which. When she came down, I took her out of the chaise, and set her on a dresser; she sat there 6, 7, or 8 minutes.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did she make any observations there?

J. *Adamson*. She did not. Then we took her into the room where they all were; (there was a room full of people) she turned herself round by the door, till she came to where Mary Squires sat, and said, that is the woman that cut my stays off.

Mr. *Moreton*. Did any body give her any intelligence which was Mrs. Wells?

J. *Adamson*. I dare say no body did; because her master gave her a very strict charge to take care who she charged.

Mr.

Mr. Moreton. Do you remember Mrs. Wells's saying any thing?

J. Adamson. I do not. After this she was carried up the great stairs, and at the bottom, she said, I believe this is the stair-case (this was just as we came out of the room.) We went up stairs into every room (I believe there are 4 of them.) She said none of them are the room. Then she was brought down again, and we took her through the kitchen and up the stairs into the hay-loft. She paus'd a little before she spoke; and the first word that I remember she said, was, There is more hay than there was (as I remember) in the room. Then I cautioned her to be careful, and let go her arm, and went up towards the hay, and felt it; and it was quite light as though it had not lain there a long time. Some people said, they thought there had been some put lately in. I said I thought there was not; for I went round the house to make observation, and did not think there had been any brought in: because if there had, there must have been some scattered. Then they had got the jug and basin, and some other things that she knew; but can't say how she came to pitch upon them, because I was making observations on the hay. I walked then directly between her and the casement, and turned round, and set my back against the casement, and said, if you have been confined in this room so long, you will be able to give a very good account of it, and I expect you will. She said, that was nailed up when I was here. What, boarded up? said I. No; said she, but I tried to open it, and could not. She described fields, and a hill at a distance, and some trees; but the most remarkable thing was, some houses to be seen on the left hand side the lane.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure she said so?

J. Adamson. I am.

Mr. Moreton. Are you sure she could not see them when she spoke?

J. Adamson. I stood so, that I am sure she could not, I stood so betwixt them and her. After the gentlemen had all looked out to see how the description answered, I asked her where she had looked out to see the Hertfordshire coach. She pointed to the window which was boarded up, and said, That is the window; and that also is the window that I made my escape out at.

Mr. Moreton. Did you look to see whether there were any reason to think any body had got out?

J. Adamson. I helped Colley, her uncle, to pull the boards down. I called all the gentlemen to see that it was not in the same condition with the rest of the things in the room, with cobwebs as other places had. The wood was fresh split with driving a great nail through it, and appeared as fresh as it could be; that is, the crack seemed quite fresh.

Mr. Moreton. Was the crack before you pulled them down; or done by pulling them down?

J. Adamson. That was before we attempted to pull them down.

Question, from a jury-man. Was it boarded all over the window?

J. Adamson. It was boarded like a little shutter. It was one piece of wainscot that went

clear across, and covered it all pretty near to the top. There was a casement on the right hand side, and the other side had nothing in it.

Mr. Moreton. Did you make any observations on the outside of this window; whether there were the least appearance of any thing, as though any body had went out there?

J. Adamson. Colley and I went out, there we saw the surface of the plaster was scratched off, and we shewed it to several people.

Mr. Moreton. What were their names?

J. Adamson. I don't know them, but there was a great many people looked at it, and the fresh pieces of the mortar on the ground, then below the window. Just on the edge, between the plastering and brickwork, it was broke.

Mr. Moreton. Do you remember seeing Mr. Hague and Mr. Alderidge there?

J. Adamson. I do. Mr. Alderidge and I, both made observations on the girl's pausing a little.

Mr. Moreton. Did Mr. Alderidge seem to shew any dissatisfaction upon that then?

J. Adamson. No. I observed a large pitcher in the parlour when we first went in. There were 6 or 8 of us went in 2 and 2; and when there were no resistance, I and Mr. Colley went behind the house.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see a pitcher in the hay-loft or workshop?

J. Adamson. I did.

Mr. Moreton. Look at this pitcher, do you know it?

J. Adamson. I suppose that is it, it is like it; I saw it since at the Mansion-house before my Lord Mayor; it was broken as this is.

Mr. Moreton. Did you carry the pitcher there?

J. Adamson. No; Sir.

Mr. Moreton. Did you know any body that did?

J. Adamson. No; I do not.

Mr. Moreton. Do Canning make any observation on the pitcher; whether it was, or was not the pitcher, that was in the room when she was there?

J. Adamson. I did not hear that; I was making observations on the hay then.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. Was the door that leads up into the workshop, open or shut, when she went into the kitchen the first time?

J. Adamson. I really can't tell.

Mr. Davy. When she was gone from the kitchen to the stair-case of the house, What did she say there?

J. Adamson. She said at the bottom of it, she believed that was it.

Mr. Davy. How many stairs were there?

J. Adamson. I can't tell; there is a hatch or door on the top stair.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, Could she not see the whole flight of stairs, up from the bottom, where she then stood?

J. Adamson. Upon my oath, I can't tell whether she could or not.

Mr. Davy. Was that stair-case any thing like the few little steps that lead up into the hay-loft?

J. Adamson. There is a very great deal of difference.

Mr. Davey. Did you ask her, how she could make that mistake?

J. Adamson. I did; and said, you see you was once mistaken in the stair-case.

Mr. Davey. What was this in answer to?

J. Adamson. She had said, that was the corner, where the girl stood and laugh'd at me, when my stays was cut off; which she said afterwards was Virtue Hall.

Mr. Davey. When you stand at the bottom of the stairs leading up into the workshop, don't you see there are but few steps?

J. Adamson. I can't tell whether the steps are without the door, or after the door is open?

Mr. Davey. How long was she in the kitchen, the second time, before she fix'd upon the room she was confin'd in?

J. Adamson. I believe, she was led up in the room directly.

Mr. Davey. Was the door open then, when she came from the other stairs?

J. Adamson. I believe it was, and some people going up.

Mr. Davey. Did she say, when she was in the kitchen (pointing to the door) that is the door that leads to the room I was confin'd in?

J. Adamson. I don't remember that.

Mr. Davey. Who shook up the hay?

J. Adamson. I don't know.

Mr. Davey. Upon your oath, Did not you, when you was up there, put your hand into the hay?

J. Adamson. Yes; I did, to shew it was light; I set my foot upon it first.

Mr. Davey. Was Mr. Nash, Mr. Alderidge, and Mr. Hague, in the room then?

J. Adamson. I can't tell whether they were or not; I believe they were not. They might be all there, or none of them, for ought I know.

Mr. Davey. How much hay was there in the room?

J. Adamson. I think, there might be about half a load, or more; I can't tell hay by the bulk of it.

Mr. Davey. How came Skarrat and you, to toss up which should go back to Canning?

J. Adamson. It was an indifferent person said, to end dispute, you had better toss up. We had some words after that; and I went, but at last, against my will.

Mr. Davey. How came you to have words, after it was decided by lot?

J. Adamson. After Skarrat had won, I said, he was to go.

Mr. Davey. Had any body observed at that time, that she had not mentioned any hay being in the room?

J. Adamson. I had not heard any body mention any thing about it; but when I went, she told me there were some.

Mr. Davey. What did you mean, when you came back, in saying, we are all right, shaking your hat?

J. Adamson. Going through the wash, my horse got away from me (I believe I had my hat in my hand.)

Mr. Davey. Was you rejoiced when she said there was hay?

J. Adamson. No; Sir.

Mr. Davey. Was you surpriz'd?

J. Adamson. No; Sir.

Mr. Davey. Why did you tell them there was hay in it?

J. Adamson. Because she said so.

Mr. Davey. Why should you come back to tell them, she said there was hay in it, if she had never observed there was hay?

J. Adamson. I don't remember any body observed, she had not mentioned hay.

Mr. Davey. Had you heard she had described the particulars of the room?

J. Adamson. I had never heard she had given a description of the room.

Mr. Davey. Then why did you go to Enfield Wash?

J. Adamson. I went with Mr. Wintlebury for company; he desired I would go with him. The warrant was gone down before, and we went with an intent to meet them.

Mr. Davey. Had you been before the sitting Alderman?

J. Adamson. No; I had not.

Mr. Davey. Did you go down to assist in taking the people up?

J. Adamson. I did not know any body would be taken up.

Mr. Davey. Did you go down to see whether the room answered the description?

J. Adamson. I had not heard her describe any.

Mr. Davey. Do you remember your saying these words, *What, Hay, Bett?*

J. Adamson. I don't remember that I ever mentioned the word, *Hay.* I remember, she said, *Hay,* and something else; and I said, *and What,* then she told me a fire-place.

Mr. Davey. Whether, before you put your back to the window, had you not heard, she had given an account of some particulars in the room?

J. Adamson. No; I had not. I did it to see, whether she could give an account of the prospect or no.

Mr. Davey. Should not you think it more adviseable, for the people to be satisfied with the account she could give of the things in the room, first?

J. Adamson. She was in the room.

Mr. Davey. Upon your oath, Did she tell you there were trees to be seen out of the window?

J. Adamson. Yes; she did, upon my oath.

Mr. Davey. Where did she stand then?

J. Adamson. She was just by the casement.

Mr. Davey. Did you fill the window, so that she could not possibly see trees?

J. Adamson. I stood so near her, that I believe, she could not see out at the window.

Mr. Davey. Are you sure, she could not see trees?

J. Adamson. I believe she could not.

Mr. Davey. Was you close to the window?

J. Adamson. No; not close to that, but close before her; which I think would answer the end, to prevent her looking out, better.

Mr.

Mr. Davy. How far was she from the window?

J. Adamson. She might be 2 yards from it, and I a yard and a half.

Mr. Davy. Was the window boarded?

J. Adamson. It was not. I asked her the question, she said it had not been boarded up.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see a window in the country, where there has been no hills to be seen out of it?

J. Adamson. Yes, I have; upon the sea-coasts.

Mr. Davy. How long had she been in the room before you tried this experiment?

J. Adamson. About 5 or 6 minutes.

Mr. Davy. Had she not time enough to look out there?

J. Adamson. I don't think she had.

Mr. Moreton. When did you hear she was come home?

J. Adamson. I never heard she was, till the night before we went down.

Mr. Moreton. Did you go down voluntarily, as a friend of the girl, or upon request?

J. Adamson. No; it was upon the request of Mr. Wintlebury, and others. I was just come off a journey, and took a friend's horse without leave.

Mr. Moreton. Did you tell Mr. Lion there was a fire place or chimney, as well as hay?

J. Adamson. Yes; I mentioned both to him.

Mr. Moreton. Did Mr. Lion hear your observations on the hay?

J. Adamson. No; he then was engaged in the right hand corner of the room, there they had got the jugg, a bason, and tobacco mould.

Mr. Moreton. Supposing she could see the trees, could she see the houses on the left hand side the way?

J. Adamson. No; them she could not see, till we look'd.

Mr. Moreton. What is the character of Elizabeth Canning?

J. Adamson. I never heard a bad character of her before this in my life. I always looked upon her to be a girl of a good character.

Baron Legge. At the time you stood there, and asked what could be seen out at the window, and she said trees, and hills at a distance, did she tell you what was betwixt the trees and the window?

J. Adamson. I don't remember any thing she said besides.

Baron Legge. Did she mention any foot-way near there?

J. Adamson. No; not as I remember.

Baron Legge. Were the boards pulled down from the window before the girl came there, or after?

J. Adamson. They were not pulled down till after she came. I asked her, which was the window from whence she had seen the Hertfordshire coach? She said, that, and pointed to it. Then I said, let's see whether we can see the road out at it or not: then I went to pull the board down, and the man who said he was her uncle helped: we wrenched it off.

Baron Legge. Could you have seen the Hertfordshire coach go by as the board was then up?

J. Adamson. I might; as it was light over the board, had I looked over it.

Baron Legge. Were there any cracks big enough in the board to look through?

J. Adamson. I can't say there were.

Sutherton Backler sworn.

I live at Aldermanbury-postern. I was applied to on the 30th of January, the day after Elizabeth Canning's coming home, to come to her. I attended her; and found her in a very low and weak condition. She was so extremely low, that I could scarcely hear her speak. She was in bed, in cold clammy sweats upon her. She complained of being very faint and sick at times, with a pain in her bowels; and complained of having been costive all the time of her confinement. I ordered her a purging medicine; but her stomach was too weak, and could not bear the medicine she took. Finding that, I ordered a clyster to be administered, on the 30th in the evening.

Mr. Nares. Did they give it her?

S. Backler. They did; I think. I also ordered opening medicines the same day. She had no more medicine till the 3d of February: then I ordered another clyster, that had some little effect, and brought away some small quantity, but did not answer the end. I ordered her another on the 5th, that had no effect at all. She continued still bad. Doctor Eaton was sent for upon the 6th. He wrote proper prescriptions for her for 14 days.

Mr. Nares. How long was she before she had her health tolerably?

S. Backler. He prescribed diuretic medicines and gentle cathartics; and after a fortnight he did not come past 3 or 4 days, and she was tolerably well in about a month. Her face appeared very well. Her face used to be of a remarkable red complexion, but her colour was quite gone, and her arms of a livid colour, spotted. I had known her some years.

Mr. Nares. Had you ever attended her with medicines before this?

S. Backler. No; never.

Mr. Nares. How came she to go to Enfield, when the clysters had not had the effect?

S. Backler. I thought she was very unable to bear it, and wondered that she did: I thought it extremely improper. I thought she could not bear the fatigue.

Mr. Nares. What may you imagine those symptoms you saw upon her to be owing to?

S. Backler. I don't know that: she was very much emaciated and wasted, from what she was when I saw her before.

Mr. Nares. Do you think the confinement you have heard of would not occasion it?

S. Backler. To be sure; by living upon what she says, she must be very much wasted. Dr. Eaton was called in, because they thought her in a very dangerous way.

Mr. Nares. From the appearance of her at the time that you saw her, was there any appearance of her having been in a salivation?

S. Backler. She was very much emaciated and wasted to be sure; but I never did see a person as soon as they came out of a salivation in my life, or attended one in it.

Mr. Nares. Had she any appearance of a woman that had been brought to bed?

S. Backler.

S. Backler. She looked like a person half-starved; in a weak, wasting, decaying way: but what was the cause of it I don't know.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. When she complained she had had no stool, what did she say about making water?

S. Backler. I believe she did not make water till the Doctor had attended her, which was not till the 6th day; by giving her diuretics.

Mr. Willes. How long did she say she had been without a stool?

S. Backler. She said, she had not had any during the time of her confinement; but did not say she had not made water.

Mr. Willes. Did she say, she had made water?

S. Backler. I do not remember she said she had made water.

Mr. Moreton. Do you believe, that a person that is half starved is not so fat as a person that is full fed?

S. Backler. No, to be sure, Sir; he can't.

Mr. Willes. What colour were her nails?

S. Backler. Her arms were black and livid, and her nails look'd of a sort of a blueish cast.

Dr. Eaton sworn.

Dr. Eaton. I am a physician. The first of my attending Elizabeth Canning was at her mother's request, on the 6th of February: hearing it was a compassionate case, I attended her. I found her in a very weak condition, and was very apprehensive she would die: she appeared to me to be in very great danger for a few days. She complained of colics and pains in her bowels; and could scarce keep any thing upon her stomach. I can't say she entirely kept her bed. She took a little chicken broth.

Mr. Williams. Did you see any signs of an imposture?

Dr. Eaton. No; I saw none at all.

Mr. Williams. Had you heard she had been away from her friends?

Dr. Eaton. I had. I was very full of business: I only attended to her: I did not ask questions about her confinement. I found she was costive to a very great degree. She had had one stool before I came. I happened to see the apothecary, and he was relating this case to me: he was saying what he intended to give her. I said, mild things, after so long fasting, would be better; and he gave it her, and it had had some effect. It was 7 or 8 days before the danger began to be over.

Mr. Williams. How long did you attend her?

Dr. Eaton. I attended her from the 6th to the 20th of February, the 20th included, every day; and after that every other day, for a few days; the last time was on the 4th of March: then she was well enough to go abroad in the neighbourhood; and I believe she had been abroad a day or two before that.

Mr. Williams. Have you not had objects under your care in salivations?

Dr. Eaton. I have.

Mr. Williams. Whether that does not leave

very remarkable symptoms in the mouth, throat, and breath?

Dr. Eaton. Yes; it does for some time after.

Mr. Williams. Was there the least symptom in this?

Dr. Eaton. O! nothing like it; nothing like it: I'll assure you, nothing like it in the world. It was nothing like coming out of a salivation.

Mr. Williams. Did you observe her arms or legs?

Dr. Eaton. I did not take so much notice of them.

Mr. Williams. If you had not been told the real case, what should you have imagined it to have been?

Dr. Eaton. I can't but say, the case corresponded with a person that had suffered hunger, thirst, and cold, and great hardship.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davey. Did you observe her hands and legs?

Dr. Eaton. Nobody desired me to take notice of her hands and legs.

Mr. Davey. When had she her first evacuation?

Dr. Eaton. She had the first the day before I came, which was the 6th; then I heard that she had had one the day before: and I believe she had the next the day after.

Mr. Davey. Was there any difficulty after that?

Dr. Eaton. There was; and medicines ordered pretty commonly, to the 20th. I gave her diuretics a pretty deal.

Mr. Davey. Had you any conversation with her?

Dr. Eaton. I had none at all. I was very full of business at that time, and I did my business as well as I could.

Mr. Davey. Did you examine any outward appearance?

Dr. Eaton. No; I did not. They complained she had too little evacuation by urine.

Mr. Davey. How was her pulse?

Dr. Eaton. She had a singular pulse: I was afraid of her falling into a fever; and I ordered that which was material for a fever.

Mr. Davey. Had you never a patient in this condition before?

Dr. Eaton. Many.

Mr. Davey. Did all their disorders proceed from hunger, thirst, and cold?

Dr. Eaton. No; she was weak and emaciated, and her stomach weak. When we prescribe for a person, we attend to all the circumstances; and ask all the questions necessary, to let us into the concomitant symptoms. I formed my opinion from what I found, a low, flashing pulse, and fluttering. Every thing corresponded to what they said; and therefore I had no reason to disbelieve the story.

Mr. Davey. Whether all the symptoms you observed in the defendant, might not arise from another cause, than that which is now assigned?

Dr. Eaton. I'll give you the best account of that I can. It might possibly in part arise from other causes, and it might not.

Mr. Davey.

Mr. Davey. May not a person be reduced to a low state by a fever?

Dr. Eaton. To be sure they may; if I am sent for to a patient, and they tell me they have suffered with hunger or thirst, I never doubt it.

Mr. Davey. That is not the question; Is it possible a person reduced to the condition she was, may not be by some other ailment?

Dr. Eaton. I think it is possible.

Mr. Davey. Might not she be in the condition you saw her, and yet her whole story a great lie?

Dr. Eaton. All I can say, it might proceed from another cause; but I must beg leave to mention one thing, and that is, it may proceed from another cause, as a person in a fever the stomach is taken away, then that cause of hunger comes not by force, but because they can't eat; but the consequence was such, it must proceed from her having lost her appetite some way or other. A person may lose their appetite by a fever, or by force. It is plain she had not eat for some time.

Mr. Davey. If they had not told you that this girl had been half starved, and kept from meat, drink, and exposed to cold, should you have concluded, upon your own observations, that she had been so used?

Dr. Eaton. I should have concluded she had either by distemper lost her appetite, or by some other accident.

Mr. Nares. Is it possible for one to live 28 days without any more subsistence than she mentions?

Dr. Eaton. There is no doubt of the possibility of a person's subsisting 28 days, as in this case.

Mr. Nares. Did you observe the defendant's ear?

Dr. Eaton. There was a disorder behind her ear. After I had attended her 7 or 8 days the surgeon was taken ill, and they had not mentioned that to me till then, upon which I look'd upon it; it had inflamed her face, and threatened it, something like a St. Anthony's fire, and I ordered a fomentation for it.

Mr. Nares. What might cause it to be so bad?

Dr. Eaton. I take it from the bad habit of body, concurring with this fore upon her ear, occasioned that like a St. Anthony's fire upon her face.

Mr. Moreton. We are now coming to Enfield-Wash.

Robert Beals sworn.

R. Beals. I was ill last Christmas was twelvemonth. I attend Stamford-hill turnpike in Tottenham road, towards Enfield, betwixt Tottenham and London: about the middle of February I heard of this story, about a girl being forced away from her friends near Moorfields, to a bad house at Enfield-Wash, and had been kept there a month on a pitcher of water and some mouldy crusts.

Mr. Moreton. How did you hear of it?

R. Beals. My little children, about 8 or 9 years old, brought the account from school; I said, upon hearing this, I believed I was at the gate when the poor girl came by.

Mr. Moreton. Give an account of what you saw.

R. Beals. About the fore-end of January, I was standing at the gate between 10, or 11, or near 11 at night, it was a very calm still night; I heard something of a sobbing, crying voice, it came from towards Newington, going towards Tottenham, at first I saw nobody, I stood still, it came nearer me.

Mr. Moreton. How far off do you imagine it to be when you heard the sobbing at first?

R. Beals. It may be 2 or 300 yards. At last I perceived there were more than one; as they came near I saw there were two men, and a young person seemingly by her voice, I had a large candle burning (the stile is at the end of the turnpike over the way) as soon as they got up to the light, I saw them more plain, one man was taller than the other, they went towards the stile; one, the foremost, began to say, *Come along you bitch, you are drunk*; that was said when the candle began to shine upon them; I put myself a little farther out without side the posts, that they might see me; the woman seemed not willing to go along with them, by her crying and sobbing, but never spoke a word; the man behind made a sort of a laugh, and said, *D—n the bitch, how drunk she is*. When they came up to the stile, the tall one got over first, and the hindmost lifted her over by either one leg or both legs; she came down upright on the other side; then she hung back, and fell on her britch upon the step, and cried bitterly. I thought she would go no farther; as I thought they could see me, I expected she would have said something to me, but she did not speak a word. He before plucked her up by the hands at full length, and said, *D—n you you bitch, come along, you are drunk*; the other came on the other side of her, and they went away together; he laughing, and said, *D—n the bitch, how drunk she is*. He that came over last jostled her along. I could see them some way after they got over the stile. One of them never let go her hand all the time I saw them.

Mr. Moreton. From what you heard, did you think that she was a person in distress?

R. Beals. I did; she burst out afresh with sobbing going off. They were out of my sight presently.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see her face?

R. Beals. I can't say I did. I might see one side of her face.

Mr. Moreton. How was she dressed?

R. Beals. She had something of light coloured cloaths on.

Mr. Moreton. About what size.

R. Beals. She did not seem to be tall; they both of them stood above her.

Mr. Moreton. Had the two men great coats on.

R. Beals. I can't tell whether they had or not.

Mr. Moreton. What reason have you to believe this was the beginning of January?

R. Beals. I think it was, to the best of my knowledge; I was not well then, I attended some nights for my partner, and fell ill about three weeks after; and from that, when I came to

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recollect it, I thought it was about the beginning of January.

Mr. Moreton. Do you know *Moses Holloway*?

R. Beals. I do.

Mr. Moreton. Was he well or ill then?

R. Beals. I don't know whether he was well or not; sometimes I have done duty for him, and he for me.

Recorder. Are you sure it was the beginning of January?

R. Beals. I really believe it was.

Mr. Moreton. Why did you not attempt to give her your assistance?

R. Beals. There were two men with her, and we are fearful in our business; except they ask us any questions, we never meddle with such: And I was then alone.

Mr. Moreton. When did you give information of what you heard and saw?

R. Beals. I never did till about 6 weeks after. At first I thought it might have been one of the men's wives, or sister, or some drunken girl.

Mr. Moreton. Is it a common thing to see a drunken woman along with two men?

R. Beals. I never saw one so particular as this.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. When was you first taken ill?

R. Beals. It was in the beginning of February. I was much troubled with the rheumatism.

Mr. Willes. Do you always attend your duty?

R. Beals. Sometimes I do, and sometimes I do not.

Mr. Willes. How far is your turnpike from Moorfields?

R. Beals. It is about three miles.

Mr. Willes. How far is it from Stamford-hill turnpike to Enfield-Wash?

R. Beals. It is 7 miles.

Mr. Willes. Is it possible for a woman to walk to, or be carried by two men from your turnpike to Enfield-Wash in a quarter of an hour?

R. Beals. No, Sir, it is not possible.

Mr. Willes. Was she walking on her feet?

R. Beals. She was, and went pretty fast.

Mr. Willes. Did you imagine she was in a fit of convulsions?

R. Beals. No, Sir, I took her to be in liquor.

Mr. Willes. Was you near enough for her to have seen you?

R. Beals. I was.

Mr. Willes. What did the men say?

R. Beals. One said, Come along you bitch, you are drunk; and the other said, How drunk the bitch is.

Mr. Willes. What was the colour of her gown?

R. Beals. It was a lightish one, it looked so.

Mr. Willes. Had she a gown on?

R. Beals. I think she had, I durst to say she had, or else I should have taken more notice of it.

Mr. Willes. Did she keep crying all the time?

R. Beals. She did.

Mr. Willes. Was it crying or screaming?

R. Beals. It was only sobbing and crying.

Mr. Willes. Was she near enough that she might have cried out to you for help?

R. Beals. Yes, that she was.

Mr. Willes. How came you not to tell this to any of your neighbours before?

R. Beals. I did not, till I mentioned it to my children, innocently, not thinking to hear any thing more of it.

Mr. Willes. Was it a dark or light night?

R. Beals. It was a dark night.

Mr. Willes. Could you distinguish whether she had a hat or bonnet on?

R. Beals. I can't say what, she had something on her head.

Mr. Willes. Had she a cap on her head?

R. Beals. I can't say whether she had or not, I believe she had; she appeared to be a young person, with light coloured cloaths on.

Mr. Willes. Had she an apron on?

R. Beals. I don't remember whether she had or not; I rather believe she had.

Mr. Willes. Don't you keep Christmas?

R. Beals. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Willes. Don't you know New-year's day?

R. Beals. We don't keep that.

Mr. Willes. Was you garnished out on this day with rosemary, or an orange on a skure?

R. Beals. We don't do no such thing.

Mr. Willes. Is it not a custom in your parish, on New-year's day, to wish one another a happy New-year?

R. Beals. Yes, Sir, it is.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember this morning you had wished any of your neighbours such?

R. Beals. No, I do not. Indeed I don't remember what day it was.

Mr. Willes. Don't you remember any thing to distinguish this to be New-year's day?

R. Beals. No, I do not; I made no remark at all, being very ill at the time.

Mr. Moreton. Do you remember at what time you begun to attend the turnpike?

R. Beals. Mine began on the Sunday in the evening, when we come in our turns, but we often come out of turn.

Mr. Moreton. Was there any moon?

R. Beals. I am sure there was no moon, and a very still night, and it rained a little.

Mr. Willes. How far may your road be over?

R. Beals. It is about 8 or 10 yards over.

Mr. Moreton. Did you see her go any part of the way without a man holding her by the hand?

R. Beals. No, I did not.

Mr. Moreton. My Lord, I only mention this as circumstantial, grant me the woman was at this turnpike, I'll not call another witness. We are now going to call a person that saw a person in the situation that Canning returned in on the 29th.

Thomas Bennet sworn.

T. Bennet. I live at Enfield, at the 10 mile stone; I was coming home from my shop near Mrs. Wells's house, on the 29th of Jan. 53; between her house and the 10 mile stone, between 4 and 5 in the afternoon, there was a miserable poor wretch to look to, in the gravel-pit gateway, a 5 acre field near the 10 mile stone, betwixt two little houses, Richard Wright's and widow Jenge's.

Mr. Nares. Describe her dress.

T. Bennet. She had neither gown, nor stays, nor cap, nor hat on, only a ragged dirty thing, a half

a half handkerchief like, and a bit of something that reached down below her waste, and no apron on, and her hands lay before her: She was coming in at that 5 acre field gateway.

Mr. Nares. How far is this beyond the 10 mile stone?

T. Bennet. It is but the breadth of the 5 acre field, and 20 or 30 pole on the other side, and about a quarter of a mile on this side Mrs. Wells's; she asked me the way to London; I told her; she said she was affrighted by the tanner's dog. I bid her turn on the right-hand, and then on the left, and that would bring her to London. She was going to turn out of the great road into the foot-way.

Mr. Nares. Whereabouts is the tanner's house?

T. Bennet. That is a little farther nearer London.

Mr. Nares. Which way did she come?

T. Bennet. I can't tell which way she came, I saw her first coming in there; but she went for London: If she had not spoke to me she would have gone the wrong way for London.

Mr. Nares. How far was she from the tanner's house?

T. Bennet. She was about half a quarter of a mile from it.

Mr. Nares. How came you to know this was the 29th of January?

T. Bennet. On the 30th of Jan. (which was the day after I met her) a man came to me about taking my son apprentice; I met him according to appointment on the next day, which was on a Wednesday, at Waltham-crofs, in order to put my son out apprentice, but we did not agree; and the day after, which was on a Thursday, I came to London, and on the Friday, which was next day, I met Mrs. Kimpston near the 10 mile stone, coming by this very gateway; she told me what had happened at Mrs. Wells's; then I said I will be hanged if I did not meet the young woman near this place, and told her the way to London.

Crofs Examined.

Mr. Gascoyne. Which way was she going?

T. Bennet. Out of the high road into the fields.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where did you gather up the word half-handkerchief, upon your oath?

T. Bennet. I never gathered it up at all; it is what I said at first, and always took it so.

Mr. Gascoyne. How do you know she had no stays on?

T. Bennet. I saw her shift sleeves, and she had no gown on.

Mr. Gascoyne. Which way was she coming from?

T. Bennet. I can't tell that; she met me just coming in at the Gateway.

Mr. Gascoyne. Which is nearest London, that gateway or the tanner's house?

T. Bennet. The tanner's house is.

Mr. Gascoyne. Which way did you direct her?

T. Bennet. I directed her in the foot way by the road side.

Mr. Gascoyne. Where was you the day the people were taken up?

T. Bennet. That very day I was at Hodsdon, at Mr. Peirce's, to put my son apprentice to a butcher.

David Dyer sworn.

D. Dyer. I live at Enfield-Wash, about a quarter of a mile on this side mother Wells's right against the 10 mile stone. I was at my door 3 evenings before Mrs. Wells and her family were taken up, I was chopping some rotten bushes, about four in the evening I saw a poor distressed creature come by me out of the common field, from Mrs. Wells's-ward, for London.

Mr. Nares. Describe how she was dressed.

D. Dyer. Upon my word I can't give any account of her cloathing; she had a thing tied over her head like a white handkerchief, with her hands before her; she walked very weakly. She was a shortish sort of a woman, and had a shortish sort of a thing about her, it did not come very low about her; I looked at her face as she came by me; I said, Sweetheart, do you want a husband? she did not speak to me.

Mr. Nares. How soon after this did you see her again?

D. Dyer. It was a considerable time after that; when I saw her, I took it to be the same; when I saw her, I believed her to be the same.

Mr. Nares. Stand up, Eliz. Canning. Look upon her, is that the same person?

D. Dyer. I have seen her betwixt that time and this; this is the young woman, I think, that passed by me at the gateway; I do believe this is she.

Mr. Nares. Have you seen the place she got out at at Mrs. Wells's?

D. Dyer. I have many a time.

Mr. Nares. Might she come that way from her house where you met with her?

D. Dyer. Yes, she might, from either the back or fore part of her house, that way.

Crofs Examination.

Mr. Davey. Was she a likely girl in the face?

D. Dyer. The girl was a likely girl enough to look at, but her cloaths were not; she look'd as if she wanted some victuals.

Mr. Davey. You did not mistake her for a blackmoor?

D. Dyer. No, I did not.

Mr. Davey. Was she not black in the face?

D. Dyer. No, she was not.

Mr. Davey. Was she fresh colour'd?

D. Dyer. No, I did not see any red in her face, she looked thin and weakly; she had not much colour.

Mr. Davey. Did she look pale in the face?

D. Dyer. She looked whitely.

Mr. Davey. Then she was not red?

D. Dyer. No.

Mr. Davey. Nor yet black?

D. Dyer. No.

Mr. Davey. Then she was white?

D. Dyer. Yes.

Mr. Davey. Was it pretty late at this time?

D. Dyer. It was not dark; I saw her face very plain.

Mr. Davey. Did you take particular notice of her face?

D. Dyer. I did, I took particular notice of her, I looked at her very wishfully.

Mr. Davey.

Mr. Davey. If she had had black eyes, should you have seen them?

D. Dyer. Yes; I should.

Mr. Davey. If she had had a bruised face, should you have seen it?

D. Dyer. I can't say, whether she was or was not bruised.

Mr. Davey. How low did that shortish thing come down?

D. Dyer. I can't say.

Mr. Davey. Did she walk fast or slow?

D. Dyer. She walked very slowly.

Mr. Davey. Of what colour were her cloaths?

D. Dyer. I can't say as to that.

Mr. Davey. What was the colour of that short thing you mention?

D. Dyer. I can't say.

Mr. Davey. What the colour of her petticoat?

D. Dyer. I can't say.

Mr. Davey. Was it a red one?

D. Dyer. Indeed, I can't tell.

Mr. Davey. Did you see a coloured handkerchief, tied over the white handkerchief on her head?

D. Dyer. I did not.

Mr. Davey. Are you sure the prisoner is she?

D. Dyer. I am pretty sure, I am partly positive; I will not be punctual.

Mr. Davey. You say, she had her hands before her?

D. Dyer. She had.

Mr. Davey. Had she a pretty hand?

D. Dyer. I did not handle them; they were as other people's are.

Mr. Davey. A white hand?

D. Dyer. Yes.

Mr. Davey. How soon after this did you see her again?

D. Dyer. I can't tell, it was after I heard there had been people taken up at mother Wells's, for confining such a girl; then I spoke of this.

Recorder. How do you live?

D. Dyer. I get my living by my daily labour.

Mary Cobb sworn.

M. Cobb. I live in Silver-street, at Edmonton; I was going home from Tanners-end; I was in Ducks-fields, just at the setting in of daylight (as much as I can remember) on the 29th of January. On a Monday night, I met a person; she had a handkerchief pinned over her head, it almost hid her face; she had a black petticoat, and an old bed-gown on, it was either a quilted thing, or it was a printed or flowered thing; the flowers seemed to be faded. She wrapt her arms in it. The first sight I had of her, she was getting over a stile, and looked at me, and made a slip, but did not fall; she came up directly towards me, and looked at me, and I at her; I was afraid and moved slowly. I turned about, as she came up to me, and looked at her; I thought she would have asked me charity; I put my hand in my pocket, and had no halfpence. I had a mind to have spoke to her, but having nothing to give her, I did not. I perceived her to have a young face; she appeared to be in a very wretched, miserable condition, as ever I saw a person in all my life. She

walked, creeping along; I could not tell what to make of it, whether she was afraid of me, or what.

Mr. Williams. You say, you had a mind to have spoke to her, What would you have said?

M. Cobb. I wanted to ask her, why she walked so?

Mr. Williams. How do you recollect it was the 29th of January?

M. Cobb. When I heard the affair, it came into my head, that this was the person that came down to Justice Tashmaker's; then I heard it was on a Thursday night she got away, and I thought from that, it was impossible; but when it came to be published in the papers, I found it to be on the same day of the month, by looking back.

Mr. Williams. What size did she appear to be?

M. Cobb. Much about a head shorter than myself.

Mr. Williams. Have you ever seen her since?

M. Cobb. No; I have not.

Mr. Williams. Look at Eliz. Canning now, there she stands.

M. Cobb. The size answers. I firmly believe this to be the same person, by the tip of her nose; that bears some resemblance to the person I saw.

Mr. Williams. Have you any reason to believe this is not she?

M. Cobb. No; I have not.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. How many fields are there, call'd Ducks-fields?

M. Cobb. There are 3 of them.

Mr. Willes. How far is that part of the foot-way where you met this strange creature, from the great road?

M. Cobb. There is nothing but a ditch parts it.

Mr. Willes. What time does the day shut in on the 29th of January?

M. Cobb. I can't say I have made remarks on that.

Mr. Willes. Where was you going to?

M. Cobb. To my own house.

Mr. Willes. What time was it when you came home?

M. Cobb. Then the children had lighted a candle.

Mr. Willes. Where had you been?

M. Cobb. I had been at Tanners-end to Mrs. Carter's house, to carry home a child's vest that I had made.

Mr. Willes. What time did you set out from home?

M. Cobb. About 3 in the evening.

Mr. Willes. How far is your house from Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. About a mile.

Mr. Willes. How long did you stay at Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. There was no body at home there, and I left my errand, and I never stopp'd or stay'd, but came away.

Mr. Willes. Did you call any where coming back?

M. Cobb. No. I had another place to go to, and I was afraid of being too late; so, did not

not go, but returned home. I met several people, and stopped a little on the return.

Mr. Willes. How long in all might you be detained, after you went from Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. It might be a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Willes. How many times might you stop?

M. Cobb. I am in a public way of business, and met several people; I think I stop'd 3 or 4 times.

Mr. Willes. From the time you left Mrs. Carter's house, to the time you met this girl, how long might that be?

M. Cobb. It might be about a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Willes. Then you met this woman at 3 quarters after 3 o'clock?

M. Cobb. It was later than that.

Mr. Willes. How long might you be in going from your own house to Mrs. Carter's?

M. Cobb. I do think, by the length of the way, I might be about a quarter of an hour in going.

Mr. Willes. Was you stop'd in going?

M. Cobb. I don't remember I was.

Mr. Willes. Was you above an hour from your own house, before you met this girl?

M. Cobb. Yes; Sir, to be sure, I was about 2 hours.

Mr. Willes. How far from your own house did you meet her?

M. Cobb. It was about a quarter of a mile from it.

Mr. Willes. Tell me how you account for having spent 2 hours in only going a mile and 3 quarters.

M. Cobb. I propos'd to be at home in two hours, and I exceeded it about a quarter of an hour. I really think it was about 5 o'clock.

Mr. Willes. Where is your house?

M. Cobb. In Church-street, Edmonton, but I met her between the 5 and 6 mile stones, from London. The 6 mile stone stands near the Nether-bell, but the house I lived at then, was beyond the 7 mile stone.

Mr. Willes. Was her face brown or white?

M. Cobb. I observed the tip of her nose, it was a young face; she looked very dismal and black, in a dirty way.

Mr. Willes. Did you see her hands?

M. Cobb. I did not; they were wrapped up.

Mr. Willes. Did no words pass?

M. Cobb. I did not speak a word to her, or she to me. I thought she wanted charity by her deplorable condition.

Mr. Willes. What are you?

M. Cobb. I am a widow.

Mr. Willes. Any family?

M. Cobb. The eldest of my children is at home with me, she is in the 12th year of her age.

Mr. Willes. When did you first mention meeting such a creature?

M. Cobb. That very night I heard of the affair of Eliz. Canning's confinement; which was the Friday night following.

Mr. Willes. Who told you of it?

M. Cobb. I can't tell who; but several of my neighbours did.

Mr. Willes. Who first spoke to you to come here to be an evidence?

M. Cobb. Justice Taffmaker did; that was after the trial of Squires.

Mr. Willes. How long after that?

M. Cobb. I can't tell; it was the week after, but what day of the week, I know not.

Mr. Willes. In what manner did he apply to you?

M. Cobb. He came to my house, and asked me, if I met such a person? I told him as I have told you before.

Mr. Willes. Did he describe any person to you?

M. Cobb. No; none at all, any more than it was talked on. I told him, I could not take an oath to swear to her.

Mr. Willes. When was you subpoena'd?

M. Cobb. On Monday was a fortnight.

Mr. Willes. Who served you with it?

M. Cobb. I don't know the gentleman, he is pretty much pitted with the small pox.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever examined on your oath before?

M. Cobb. No; I never was.

Mr. Willes. How long have been in town?

M. Cobb. Ever since Monday morning.

Mr. Nares. Can you recollect what time it was when you met this girl?

M. Cobb. I know it was pretty near dusk.

Mr. Nares. What is your business?

M. Cobb. I am a mantua-maker.

Mr. Nares. How many children have you?

M. Cobb. I have but 2 at home with me; I maintain them with my own labour.

Mr. Nares. My Lord, we have closed the account, of a person's being seen going and coming. We shall next begin our defence to the Alibi of Mary Squires.

Monday the 6th.

Here Mary Squires, George, her son, and Lucy and Mary, her two daughters, were brought into court, to be seen by the witnesses as they were called.

William Howard sworn.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mr. Edward Aldridge?

W. Howard, I do.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember any thing about his coming down to you, about Eliz. Canning?

W. Howard. The two Edward Aldridges came both together twice; the first time of their coming, I can't say positively to the day, it was about 3 or 4 days after the people were taken up at Mrs. Wells's, as near as I can remember.

Mr. Nares. What are these two Edward Aldridges?

W. Howard. One of them is a silver-smith, in Foster-lane; the other is my neighbour.

Question, from a jury-man. What is your employment?

W. Howard. I live upon a small fortune, and a little employment under the government.

Mr. Nares. What account did they come upon?

W. Howard. They brought me a printed case

case of Eliz. Canning, and recommended a contribution on her behalf.

Mr. Nares. Whether this was Edward Aldridge of Foster-lane?

W. Howard. Yes; it was, and the other with him. The 2d time of coming was about 6 or 7 days after the first.

Mr. Nares. Did he say, he was dissatisfied with the story, or that he believed it?

W. Howard. There was not a syllable of his disbelief, but I understood him, as though it was a thing he believed. The printed case they brought each time of coming; there were two initial letters at the bottom of it, and an account, that Virtue Hall had impeached. We were talking about the girl's being confined; I said, What do you think of it? he said, there was one thing, I think, the girl is not clear in, and that is, the description of the room.

Recorder. What did he say upon the whole?

W. Howard. He said, he thought the girl had been used ill, and he did believe she was there, but he was not quite clear in her description of the room.

Mr. Nares. In both the times, did he express any dissatisfaction, or could you understand him, that he understood the girl was an impostor?

W. Howard. He said nothing at all in contradiction to the girl.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Where do you live?

W. Howard. I live right against Wells's house.

Mr. Willes. Tell us what particular words, the silver-smith made use of to recommend a contribution to you.

W. Howard. I don't remember any more than what I said.

Mr. Willes. Then the only means was, by bringing a printed case?

W. Howard. And the little conversation we had about it.

Mr. Willes. The first time you saw him, did he mention any disbelief of her story?

W. Howard. No, Sir.

Mr. Willes. Could you collect, he either believed or disbelieved her story?

W. Howard. Every thing that pass'd the first time, was in favour of the girl.

Mr. Willes. But it was not so the second?

W. Howard. There was that single objection made.

Mr. Willes. How far is your house from mother Wells's?

W. Howard. About 50 or 60 yards.

Mr. Willes. Did you live at Enfield, during the month of January, that year?

W. Howard. I did; and have seen all Wells's family pass and repass, about their private affairs.

Mr. Willes. What time in the month of January, did you first see Squires's family about the house?

W. Howard. Really, I used to take but very little regard of any thing in Mrs. Wells's house. I can't recollect the time positively; if I mention a time, I must guess at it.

Mr. Willes. Look at this black pitcher, do you know it?

W. Howard. I know nothing of it. I can't

swear particular to a broken pitcher.

Mr. Willes. Have you seen them carry such a black jug as that to your pump?

W. Howard. I can't recollect any such thing; I give all my neighbours privilege to come for water.

Mr. Nares. What character does Mrs. Wells's house bear?

W. Howard. As bad as can be.

Recorder. Do you remember your first time of seeing the gipsy?

W. Howard. I never used to take notice of them.

Justice Clive. Did you ever know there were gipseys there before the time you saw them?

W. Howard. I never did. I know there used to be bad people.

Mrs. Howard sworn.

Mrs. Howard. The last evidence is my husband. I know the two Aldridges; one lives in London, the other by us.

Mr. Nares. When did you see them both at your house?

Mrs. Howard. The first time that I call to mind was, I believe, on the Saturday or Monday after Wells and the people were taken up. I remember I came down stairs, and they were both in the parlour. The Country Aldridge said they were come to us; the London Aldridge said, it was with a desire that I and my husband would contribute. I asked him, whether or no he was of opinion, the girl had been used as she had said? He asked the Country Aldridge, whether he had any of the cases? and said, he would shew me one; then I might judge better: he took it out of his pocket, and the Country Aldridge gave it to me.

Mr. Nares. Did he say any thing to you, from which you could conclude, that he did believe, or disbelieved her story?

Mrs. Howard. When he gave it me in my hand, I asked Mr. Aldridge, what he thought of it? The answer he made, was, as sure as she was alive, he was assured the girl had been used as she had said, in the case: and that Mr. Say printed them gratis for the use of the girl, and he should have more to give away.

Mr. Nares. Which Aldridge was this?

Mrs. Howard. This was the London Aldridge.

Mr. Nares. Was this all the conversation?

Mrs. Howard. He was with me almost half an hour; and he recommended it to me and my husband to subscribe, and desired me to get my friends to do the same: I said, my acquaintance were chiefly in London.

Mr. Nares. When did he come again?

Mrs. Howard. Within 8 or 10 days after he came again, and brought me another printed case; and there was wrote at bottom, that Virtue Hall had made an information. He said, it was to raise money for the girl; and if we did not assist, the gentlemen in London would not think we wanted to get rid of the bad company we had about us.

Mr. Nares. What did he say about the girl's being in the room?

Mrs. Howard. Upon my word, I don't remember he mentioned any thing to me about it

it then. I never sent for him, or spoke to him, till he came to me in my own parlour.

Mr. Nares. Look at the woman there (meaning Mary Squires) do you know her?

Mrs. Howard. That is the woman, I think, I have seen pass and repass; but never nigh her, to speak to her.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw her, can you recollect?

Mrs. Howard. The first time, to be positive, was the Sunday was sevennight before she was taken up. I saw her, the son, and 2 daughters, at Mrs. Wells's door: I do think they are the same. It is a great while since, there may be an alteration; her daughter Mary used to come to our pump for water: the first time I took notice of them, my servants told me they were gipseys; then I bid them not to unbolt the door.

Recorder. The Sunday was sevennight before they were taken up was the 21st of January.

Justice Clive. How do you know it was the Sunday was sevennight before?

Mrs. Howard. I'll tell your lordship why I know it was that day; because on the Friday my servant told me she was there; and she called me out when the girl was taking some linen off the hedges at Wells's; she was in a brown stuff gown and a speckled hat: and when she came up to the frame of my pump, on the Saturday, she turned about and made me a curtsy, and I bowed to her as she went out at the gate: this was the Saturday before the Sunday of my first seeing the old woman, and son, and 2 daughters.

Recorder. What time of the Sunday was it you saw them?

Mrs. Howard. It was in the afternoon: I was told they were her son and 2 daughters, and I looked wishfully at them.

Mr. Nares. Did you see the old woman after this?

Mrs. Howard. I did; I saw her put into the cart after she was taken up.

Mr. Nares. When you saw her put into the cart, so soon after you saw them at the door, did you believe it to be the same person you saw at the door?

Mrs. Howard. Yes; I did believe it then.

Mr. Nares. You say, you was told there were gipseys there before; did you ever see gipseys there before that time?

Mrs. Howard. No; not to my knowledge. That was the reason I cautioned my servants to have nothing to say to them; but let them come, as the rest of the neighbours, for water: for we refuse none, unless they give offence: but I cautioned my servant not to let her into the house.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. How far might they be off at the time you saw them first?

Mrs. Howard. As nigh as I can guess, not above 50 or 60 yards: I was within my own gate, which faces it exactly.

Mr. Willes. Are you short-sighted?

Mrs. Howard. Yes, I am.

Mr. Willes. When did you first see one of the gipsy's girls come for water to your pump?

Mrs. Howard. It was that Saturday morning.

Mr. Willes. Which daughter was it?

Mrs. Howard. I do think it was Mary.

Mr. Willes. Which parish church did you go to on the Sunday morning?

Mrs. Howard. We go to Enfield church.

Mr. Willes. Have you service all days of the week?

Mrs. Howard. I believe we have; but I am not able to walk so far.

Mr. Willes. Do you keep king Charles's martyrdom?

Mrs. Howard. No; but I keep my son's birth-day as the style is altered, that comes to be the 29th of January.

Mr. Willes. Was that the Monday immediately after the Sunday you saw her, or not?

Mrs. Howard. No; it was the Monday was sevennight.

Mr. Willes. What did the daughter fetch the water in?

Mrs. Howard. I have seen her several times at the pump in that time; and I have seen them come with a pail and a large pitcher: one time in particular she was met by another, and they took it and carried it for her: one morning I saw her with a very little black pitcher.

Mr. Willes. Can you speak of its being broke about the neck?

Mrs. Howard. I don't know.

Mr. Willes. Are you a church-woman or a dissenter?

Mrs. Howard. I am a church-woman.

Mr. Nares. How near was you to the girl when you observed her?

Mrs. Howard. As near as I am to that gentleman; (pointing to a person about 3 or 4 yards off.)

Mr. Nares. Then you was near enough to distinguish the girl.

Mrs. Howard. I was. She made me a curtsy and look'd me full in the face, and I her: I think she look'd fatter in the face than she does now.

Mr. Nares. Did you think it was a gipsy's face?

Mrs. Howard. I thought as other people did.

Mr. Nares. Was you near enough to know Mary Squires as she passed and re-passed?

Mrs. Howard. Yes; I was. She was in the foot-way, and I within my gate.

Mr. Nares. From what you observed of her then, do you think her to be the same person?

Mrs. Howard. I do; but can't be positive.

Recorder. Are you positive?

Mrs. Howard. No; I am not: I never conversed with her, or she with me.

Recorder. Was your husband with you that Sunday?

Mrs. Howard. No; he was not: he was gone to church.

Recorder. Did you tell him when he came from church?

Mrs. Howard. I think I did.

Recorder. Can you be positive to your sight 40 or 50 yards off.

Mrs. Howard. I was more positive when I saw her pass and repass, than I was on that Sunday.

Recorder. Can you be particular to the days you saw her pass and repass?

Mrs. Howard.

Mrs. Howard. No ; I can't, my lord.

William Headland sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where did you live last Christmas was twelvemonth ?

W. Headland. I can't really say where I was then : I believe I was at Enfield, because my father lives there.

Mr. Nares. How old are you ?

W. Headland. I am 20 years of age the 30th of last month.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember being at your father's about a year and a half ago ?

W. Headland. I know I was there when I came out of place ; I had not been in place these two years till last Christmas : I did live at Henham-hall, with Henry Headland, my cousin ; that is 38 miles from London.

Mr. Nares. During the time you was there, was there any talk about Canning and the gipsy ?

W. Headland. Yes ; that was in last January was twelvemonth : I remember Wells being taken up ; I was at home then.

Mr. Nares. How far is your father's from Mrs. Wells's house ?

W. Headland. There is only a lane and two fields part us.

Mr. Nares. Do you know the window where it is supposed the girl got out at ; what does that window front ?

W. Headland. It is by the corner of the lane ; you may see into the road.

Mr. Nares. Where does the other side look to ?

W. Headland. There is only a little window, which looks into the field.

Mr. Nares. Did you find any thing, and when, near that place ?

W. Headland. One day I was going to the shop, and there were a parcel of people come about Wells's house : I went there, and found a piece of lead, just at the corner of the window that joins to the house ; it looked as if it came out of some window.

Mr. Nares. How near to the house did you take it up ?

W. Headland. Within a yard, or thereabouts, under the window that fronts the road : I doubled it up as soon as I found it, because I thought I'd carry it home.

Mr. Nares. What made you take such notice of it ?

W. Headland. Because it was bloody ; and I heard Bett Canning had torn her ear.

Mr. Nares. For God's sake tell me the true reason, upon oath, why you took notice of that lead.

W. Headland. Because I heard the young woman had torn her ear against the casement, or something.

Mr. Nares. Was it bloody when you pick'd it up ?

W. Headland. It was all bloody ; I believe it was blood. I carried it home and gave it to my mother.

Mr. Nares. Did you tell your mother why you brought it home.

W. Headland. I did.

Recorder. When did you hear Elizabeth Canning had torn her ear ?

W. Headland. I don't know.

Recorder. What day did you pick up this lead ?

W. Headland. I can't tell.

Mr. Nares. Whether ever you saw Mary Squires the gipsy ?

W. Headland. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Look about the court.

W. Headland. That is the woman (pointing to her) I know her from a thousand.

Mr. Nares. Did you see that gipsy woman at any time before you took up the lead ?

W. Headland. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. How long before ?

W. Headland. Indeed I can't say how long before ; but I saw her on the 9th of January I know.

Mr. Nares. Why do you think it was the 9th of January ?

W. Headland. Because it was on a Tuesday, Waltham market-day.

Mr. Nares. Had you ever seen her before ?

W. Headland. That was the first day.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her ?

W. Headland. I saw her under Mr. Loomworth Dane's back wall, telling a young man his fortune.

Mr. Nares. Where does Mr. Dane live ?

W. Headland. At the sign of the Bell, at Enfield high-way : a young man came from a coachman, he was in a silver-laced hat ; I stood looking at her ; she said, go along boy, lest your master should want you : I stood leaning against a tree, and then went a little farther ; and could not hear what they said.

Mr. Nares. How could you tell she was telling his fortune ?

W. Headland. Because I saw her lay hold of his hand.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it was so early in January as the 9th ?

W. Headland. I am.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her any day after ?

W. Headland. Yes ; I saw her on the 12th, in Mrs. Wells's house : I went there to carry 2 pails of water ; there were the gipsy's 2 daughters ; one of them had a pair of pumps on, and was buckling them up.

Mr. Nares. Look about the court, and see if you see her.

W. Headland. That is the girl, (pointing to Mary Squires) I am sure it is one ; if you were in your brown camlet gown I should know you better ; I then could swear it.

Mr. Nares. Do you believe this is her ?

W. Headland. I do really believe it is.

Mr. Nares. What did you carry that water for ?

W. Headland. It was 2 pails of wash for a sow that was big with pigs.

Mr. Nares. Where did you carry it from ?

W. Headland. From my mother's.

Mr. Nares. How do you know it to be the 12th ?

W. Headland. Because it is Epping market-day.

Mr. Nares. What day of the week is that on ?

W. Headland.

W. Headland. It is on a Friday.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her any time after this?

W. Headland. Yes; I was in Madam Johnson's walk, and saw her coming down a field, I spoke to her, and said, you are ganging home, it is very cold. She said, so it is.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after that?

W. Headland. Yes; I saw her getting into the cart when she was taken up.

Mr. Nares. Was she the first or last that got in the cart?

W. Headland. She was the first, I believe, but I am not sure.

Mr. Nares. Was you in court when Mrs. Howard was examined?

W. Headland. No; Sir.

Mr. Nares. From what you observed of her before, and from what you observed since, are you sure this is the same person?

W. Headland. I am sure it is the same.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. What business is your father?

W. Headland. He is a gardiner.

Mr. Willes. Where had you lived, before you came home to your father, before January was a twelve-month?

W. Headland. I worked at several farm houses.

Mr. J. Clive. Had you been a hired servant, or worked by the day?

W. Headland. I worked with one man a matter of 2 years.

Mr. J. Clive. Before you came home to your father, who did you work with then?

W. Headland. I can't tell indeed; I might be out of place for what I know.

Mr. Willes. What time of the year is Christmas in,—What month is it in?

W. Headland. I don't know what month in particular?

Mr. J. Clive. There are 12 months, pick out which Christmas is in?

W. Headland. Indeed, I can't rightly say, what month it is in.

Mr. Willes. How many days are there in a week?

W. Headland. There are seven, if you put Sunday in.

Mr. Willes. What, is not Sunday one of your days?

W. Headland. Yes; but some body make but 6 days in the week.

Mr. Willes. Who are they?

W. Headland. The Jews don't.

Mr. Nares. You say you worked with one man 2 years, before you came home to your father, how long did you live in one place together?

W. Headland. I have lived half a year and 3 quarters of a year together.

Mr. Nares. Tell who you lived with 3 quarters of a year.

W. Headland. I cannot rightly tell.

Mr. Nares. Can you tell any master you lived with 2 years.

W. Headland. I worked for one Mr. Long for half a year together; he lives at Freezy-water. I worked for farmer Allen, at Enfield high-way,

right against the Black-horse; I have worked many times for him.

Mr. J. Clive. How long together?

W. Headland. It might be a quarter of a year together, or less.

Mr. Nares. Who did you work with first?

W. Headland. Mr. Allen.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever live as a hired servant in a family with any body?

W. Headland. Yes; I lived in Featherstone-Street, at Esq. Feasts's brew-house, with one Mr. King, 10 or 11 weeks.

Mr. Nares. Did this master you lived with keep Christmas?

W. Headland. I reckon he does.

Mr. Nares. Can't you tell what month Christmas is in?

W. Headland. I can hardly tell.

Mr. Nares. Tell, as well as you can.

W. Headland. I can't tell.

Mr. Nares. Is it in winter or summer?

W. Headland. It is in winter.

Mr. Nares. Is it before or after January?

W. Headland. I can't tell.

Question, from a jury-man. Can you read and write?

W. Headland. I can read and write too, a little.

Mr. J. Clive. Where did you find this lead?

W. Headland. I found it at the end of the wall, by the window fronting the road.

Mr. J. Clive. What sort of a bit of lead was it?

W. Headland. It was a piece of window-lead.

Lord-Mayor. Explain what you mean by window-lead.

W. Headland. It was such as they put the glass into.

Mr. J. Clive. Was it one single piece?

W. Headland. No; there were 2 or 3 pieces of it, all joined together; so, I bent it together, and put it into my pocket, and gave it my mother.

Mr. J. Clive. What did you say to her, at the time you gave it her?

W. Headland. I bid her take it, because, they say, Bett. Canning had tore her ear at the window; but is lost since.

Mr. Willes. How long before Squires was taken up, and put into the cart, was it that you first saw her?

W. Headland. She was taken up on a Thursday, and if she had staid till Friday, it would have been 3 weeks.

Question, from a jury-man. Whether, you shewed this piece of lead to any body after you picked it up, besides your mother?

W. Headland. No; I shewed it to no body.

Elizabeth Headland sworn.

Mr. Nares. Did your son at any time, bring any thing home to you, which he said he found?

E. Headland. Yes; Sir, it was a piece of window-lead; there was a piece of folder on it. It was a small time after the people were taken up.

Mr. Nares. What account did he give you of it?

E. Headland. I looked at it, there was some blood upon it; he said, he picked it up a little way

way off, from Mrs. Well's window, where it was supposed the girl got out at; I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and laid on it a shelf.

Mr. Nares. How came it not to be here?

E. Headland. I brought it to London with me at Michaelmas time, and carried it down again before Christmas, I laid it in a table-drawer; and when I went to look for it last Friday was a week, and could not find it, but I found the piece of paper it was wrapped in. This is really truth.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Was it 2 or 3 days after they were taken up?

E. Headland. Indeed, I can't tell.

Mr. Willes. Was it the day they were taken up?

E. Headland. No; It was not, it was some time after.

Mr. Willes. Was the blood wet or dry upon the lead?

E. Headland. It was dry.

Mr. Willes. This son of your's, how has he spent his time, where has he lived? he says, he is 21 years of age.

E. Headland. He is. He has lived in service some part of his time, and sometimes he has lived at home; he has gone to drive plough, and to day labouring work.

Mr. Willes. Has he been a dutiful sort of a boy, or one that you can say much in his favour?

E. Headland. I have no occasion to give the boy an ill word.

Mr. J. Clive. When did he come home from service?

E. Headland. He has not been out these three years, till within this half year; he has been at home a year and half, I believe, but used to be out at hay-making, and harvest-work.

Mr. J. Clive. How long had he lived at home with you before the people were taken up at Wells's?

E. Headland. He had been at home all the winter long, and I believe, from the Michaelmas before.

Mr. J. Clive. Where was the last hired service he was in, before January was 12 months?

E. Headland. Upon my word, I can't tell, he was 2 years ago with a gentleman at Hackney; but he did not live there above two months.

Samuel Story sworn.

Mr. Nares. Are you of any business?

S. Story. I live upon my fortune, at Waltham Abbey, in Essex.

Mr. Nares. Look at that old woman (meaning Mary Squires) Did you ever see her before?

S. Story. I have divers times, that is the gipsy. I don't know her by name.

Mr. Nares. Tell us, when you think you first saw her?

S. Story. I have seen her several times at a house in White-webbs-lane; that is since pulled down, going to the Chase; that used to be my constant road to ride out, 2 or 3 times a week. Then I lived in Turkey-street, Enfield-wash; I have been moved from thence about a

year and half. I have seen her both before and since I removed; the last time I saw her, was on the 23d of December, 1752, except the time I saw her in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

S. Story. She was standing within the door of Mrs. Wells's house.

Mr. Nares. What reason have you to think it was on that day?

S. Story. It was the Saturday before Christmas day, a very fine frosty morning; which induced me to take a walk to see Mr. Howard, who lives directly over against Mrs. Wells's. I walked the horse-pad, because it was better beaten; and my feet are a little tender. When I came over against Mrs. Wells's house, I saw the gipsy at the door; curiosity led me a little out of the path, to see if it was the same gipsy I had seen in this house in White-webbs-lane.

Mr. Nares. Did you go close to her?

S. Story. Not very close; I might go, perhaps, within 10 yards of her.

Mr. Nares. Was you so near her, as to form any judgment, whether it was the same person?

S. Story. I was; I was certain it was the same person.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after that?

S. Story. No; I never saw her afterwards, till I saw her in Newgate, about the 14th or 15th of March.

Recorder. Upon the oath you have taken, is this the same person?

S. Story. Upon my oath it is. When I came to see her in Newgate, it was on a Friday; I was denied admittance then, but I went to Alderman Glynn, and begged the favour of an order; and then I saw her.

Mr. Nares. Who denied you?

S. Story. The keeper did.

Mr. Nares. Was you then satisfied it was the same woman?

S. Story. I was then, and am now, well satisfied, that this is the same woman.

Mr. Nares. Have you any other reason, so as to be certain, it was the 23d of December you saw her?

S. Story. I have. I observed, it was a hard frost in the morning; and the weather altered about noon to sleet and rain by which it was very wet, and the wind and weather drove on my right side, as I was going home, and I being subject to the rheumatism, was taken with it; and the St. Anrhyon's fire seized me about the Monday or Tuesday following; then I sent for an apothecary, and he attended me afterwards. So I am very positive as to the day, for I never went out after that Saturday, when I came home, for near 2 months after.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Did you find Mr. Howard at home?

S. Story. I did.

Mr. Willes. How long did you stay there?

S. Story. I believe, I might stay best part of an hour there.

Mr. Willes. While you was there, did you hear there were any gipsies at that time there?

S. Story. No; we had no talk about them, as I remember.

Mr.

Mr. Willes. Was it in your going there, or return, that you saw her?

S. Story. It was in my going there.

Mr. Willes. Was she standing without the door, or within?

S. Story. She was just within at the threshold of the door.

Mr. Willes. Did you look fronting or sideways?

S. Story. The door is opposite to Mr. Howard's. I went a little farther out of my way, to see whether it was the same gipsy that I had seen in White-webbs-lane.

Mr. Willes. How long was it before this, that you had seen her before?

S. Story. I saw her when I lived in Turkey-street, and I moved from thence on the Michaelmas before; I had seen her at times for three years together.

Mr. Willes. Can you name any particular time before this?

S. Story. I remember I had seen her in the spring of the year.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever converse with her?

S. Story. No; I never did, Sir.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever in the same room with her?

S. Story. No.

Mr. Willes. At this time, you went a little out of your way, did you say any thing to her, or she to you?

S. Story. I did not.

Mr. Willes. What did she appear to be doing?

S. Story. Nothing at all.

Mr. Willes. Had she a pipe in her mouth?

S. Story. No; she had not. She had a dirty clout or handkerchief over her head.

Mr. Willes. Who used to be with her in White-webbs-lane?

S. Story. There used to be 2 younger women with her at times, which I have heard since, are her daughters.

Mr. Willes. Was there a man?

S. Story. Yes; there was.

Mr. Willes. At this time, at Wells's, did you see any of these young people with her?

S. Story. I did see a young girl with her.

Mr. Willes. Look at these 2 young people, and see whether either of these are them.

S. Story. I can't swear to their faces. The girl's back was towards me then, talking to the old woman; she stood without the house. I can't swear to the girl.

Mr. Willes. When was it you first recollected these circumstances of having seen her there.

S. Story. In my illness, the apothecary told me, what had happened at Mrs. Wells's house.

Mr. Willes. Can you tell what day it was?

S. Story. That I cannot, to 2 or 3 days, it was after they were taken up.

Mr. Nares. It comes out now, which I did not know before, that you had seen this woman 2 or 3 years before that.

S. Story. I had, and took notice of them as a parcel of gipsys. They used to have 2 asses and a little horse; I have seen the horse grazing in White-webbs-lane, as I have rode through there, and the 2 asses, I have met with them on the road, and the 2 young women and a man;

but their dress is so altered now, that I could not know them. They used to have a perfect gipsy's dress, with blankets over their shoulders, and handkerchiefs over their heads, (you might see their black locks through them,) following the 2 asses. The last time I met them, I believe, might be at the beginning of December, just against Durant's house.

Mr. Nares. I believe, you was rather too ill to go out, to be a witness when the trial of Squires came on?

S. Story. I was, I thought I should have died.

Recorder. Was you ever of any business?

S. Story. I was a finisher of clock dials.

Recorder. Was you acquainted with Mr. Lion before?

S. Story. I have seen him before at Newington-green; I rented a house that he built.

William Smith sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

W. Smith. I live in Ranton-row, at Enfield; I am a farmer.

Mr. Nares. What do you rent per year?

W. Smith. 105 l. per year, and have these 20 years; it belongs to the Duke of Portland.

Mr. Nares. Look, if you see Mary Squires in court?

W. Smith. Yes, Sir; I see her.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her before?

W. Smith. Yes; I have.

Mr. Nares. Tell us where you remember to have seen her, about a year and half ago.

W. Smith. I saw her in my cowhouse on the 15th of December, 1752.

Mr. Nares. Had she been about the country some time?

W. Smith. She had a pretty while; I saw her several times.

Mr. Nares. Have you seen her before that time?

W. Smith. I have.

Mr. Nares. How came she in your cowhouse?

W. Smith. They came to ask for lodgings; I was not at home.

Mr. Nares. Who do you mean by They?

W. Smith. The company that was with her.

Mr. Nares. Who did they ask?

W. Smith. My house-keeper; her name is Swain.

Mr. Nares. When did you first see them about your house?

W. Smith. The next day in the morning, which was the 15th of December.

Mr. Nares. Had you any conversation with them?

W. Smith. I had none at all.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the woman?

W. Smith. I am, that was in my cow-house; there were 2 men and 2 women with her, she called them her sons and daughters.

Mr. Nares. Do you see any man in court that is like her son?

W. Smith. I did not take so much notice of them, as I did of her; because I have seen her often.

Mr. Nares. What reason have you to think it was the 15th of December?

W. Smith.

W. Smith. I was out the day before at Dr. Crow's, stamping of apples, and when I came home my people told me, the people that had laid there before, came to ask for lodging again. They had lodged in our cowhouse and barn before that.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure of that?

W. Smith. They have asked me before this; and used commonly to come about once a year, for a pretty many years together.

Mr. Nares. Has this woman herself asked you for lodging?

W. Smith. She has; I have known her a pretty many years, and have seen them about the country; they lost their horse the while they were at my house, I think, they said it was a little black one; the son asked my people, in my hearing, whether they saw him, or no.

Mr. Nares. How long did you see them afterwards?

W. Smith. They lay at my house till the Sunday after. They were there 3 nights and two days, and lay in my cowhouse; they came on the 14th, but then I was not at home.

Mr. Nares. How long, from that time, was it before you saw them again?

W. Smith. I was at home once when the son came, as they called him, to ask for the horse.

Mr. Nares. Was you examined on the trial of Mary Squires?

W. Smith. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Did you then swear she was the same woman?

W. Smith. Yes.

Mr. Nares. Do you now believe she is the same?

W. Smith. I do.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. Was you examined when Mary Squires and Sufannah Wells were tried?

W. Smith. I was.

Mr. Willes. How long after Wells was taken up?

W. Smith. It was soon after.

Mr. Willes. How soon?

W. Smith. Within a fortnight or three weeks after.

Mr. Willes. Was you examined in this place, where you are now?

W. Smith. I don't know.

Mr. Willes. Where was it?

W. Smith. I don't know where; but I am sure I was examined.

Mr. Willes. Had you any conversation with the gipsy on the 15th of December, in the morning.

W. Smith. No, I only went and looked at them; she did not speak to me.

Mr. Willes. Then you can't say you know the faces of the two men, and two young women?

W. Smith. No, I do not.

Mr. Willes. How long before that December might it be before they were there before?

W. Smith. May be it was a twelvemonth before.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see them at Mrs. Wells's house in your life?

W. Smith. No, Sir.

Mr. Willes. How far is your house from Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. It is near 2 miles distance.

Mr. Willes. What had you been doing the day they came to your house?

W. Smith. I had been stamping apples to make cyder with, at Dr. Crow's.

Mr. Willes. Were the apples your own apples?

W. Smith. They were. I went there for the use of his press; he gave me leave.

Mr. Willes. How long had these apples been gathered?

W. Smith. I believe, about 2 months.

Mr. Willes. Do you keep your apples so long before you grind them?

W. Smith. Yes, and longer too.

Mr. Willes. When did they go away?

W. Smith. On the Sunday morning, the third day.

Mr. Willes. Did you know where they were going?

W. Smith. No, I did not.

Mr. Willes. Did you see her, after that time, till you saw her in Newgate?

W. Smith. No, Sir.

Mr. Willes. Was you any time in January at Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. No, Sir, I seldom go by there.

Mr. Willes. Had they any thing to sell?

W. Smith. No, not as I saw.

Mr. Willes. Did you ask Dr. Crow leave to use his press?

W. Smith. He was then dead, I believe; I asked his gardener; the family were not in the country then.

Mr. Willes. Why do you fix upon that day, you stamp'd your apples on, to be the 14th of Dec. Did you make any minute of the day?

W. Smith. I know it was that day; I did make a minute; I sold some corn that week, and delivered it the same week, and I set it down in my book.

Mr. Willes. Don't you sell corn almost every week?

W. Smith. I do.

Mr. Willes. What day of that week did you sell your corn?

W. Smith. It was on the Saturday.

Mr. Willes. Where is that book?

W. Smith. It is at home.

Mr. Willes. Why is it not here?

W. Smith. I did not know I should have occasion for that here.

Mr. Willes. Is your house farther from London than Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. Much about alike for that.

Mr. Willes. Is it in the way to Mrs. Wells's?

W. Smith. No, it is out of the way, on the left hand.

Mr. Willes. Is it in the road to Basingstoke?

W. Smith. I know nothing of the place.

Mr. Nares. You say you was not examined in the place you are now in, at the other trial, Do you know whether it was in this court or no, you was examined?

W. Smith. I was examined.

Mr. Nares. Was it when Squires and Wells were tried, or any other time?

W. Smith. I think it was then.

Mr. J. Clive.

Mr. J. Clive. Was you ever examined in this Court?

W. Smith. I never was, but once.

Mr. J. Clive. Was you ever examined in a Court of Justice, at any time, but when you was examined about the gipsy and Wells?

W. Smith. No.

Mr. J. Clive. Where was you examined?

W. Smith. Some gentlemen examined me about it.

Mr. J. Clive. Was it in this court, or at Hicks's hall?

W. Smith. I don't know Hicks's hall.

Mr. Nares. Was the old gipsy in Court at the time?

W. Smith. No; she was then in Newgate.

Court. This must be before the Grand Jury, at Hicks's hall, when the bill was found.

Loomworth Dane sworn.

L. Dane. I keep the bell at Enfield-Wash; I have lived there 2 years and a half; but I have lived near there about 12 years and a half.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember ever seeing Mary Squires there? Look, and see if you see her in court?

L. Dane. That is the woman, I am sure, (pointing to her); I can't say I ever saw her before winter was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. What part of the winter did you see her?

L. Dane. I can't remember the first time; but I am sure I saw her on old Christmas-day, and, I believe, I saw her before.

Mr. Nares. What reason have you to remember the day?

L. Dane. My man came to me, and I promised him a holiday on the old Christmas-day.

Mr. Nares. When did you promise him that?

L. Dane. I promised it him on new Christmas-day.

Mr. Nares. Had he one on the new?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir; on the old Christmas-day I went up to my shop (I keep a collar-maker's shop) while I was there, farmer Norton came and asked me, if I had ever a collar that would fit his horse; I measured his horse, and put it down in my book; he said he would come and settle with me on the Sunday following. I fitted it, and carried it home, and left it that very day, as I went to dinner.

Mr. Nares. What book did you set it down in?

L. Dane. In my day-book; it is a piece of paper sewed together.

Mr. Nares. Could you have remember'd it without that circumstance?

L. Dane. I cannot say I could.

Mr. Nares. Where is that book?

L. Dane. I believe I can produce it; it is not here, but I am sure it was old Christmas-day.

Mr. Nares. Did you take particular notice of her that day?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, I did. I was filling a barrow of gravel, from a heap at my door, to lay down in the yard; I stood resting myself; she came by me, and I look'd very wishfully at her. As she went by me the wind blowed up her gown, and there was a great hole in the heel of

her stocking. I saw her till she got to go into the field.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her when she was in confinement?

L. Dane. I did; and when she was taken up, and saw her go into the cart.

Mr. Nares. From what you observed on her going by, did you believe it was the same person?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir; I am sure of it.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure now this is the same person?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, I am. I saw her in Newgate, and was sure of it then.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever converse with her?

L. Dane. No, never at all.

Mr. Willes. How near was she to you when she walked by?

L. Dane. I believe it might be 2 or 3 yards off.

Mr. Willes. Have you a coach road goes by your house?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, the York road.

Mr. Willes. Do you know Will. Headland, that has been examined?

L. Dane. I do.

Mr. Willes. Did you see any body with her?

L. Dane. No; I saw nobody with her.

Mr. Willes. Was that the only time?

L. Dane. I believe I saw her several times, but can't fix upon the days.

Mr. Willes. Did you see any young people with her?

L. Dane. I saw her son several times.

Mr. Willes. How long after?

L. Dane. I cannot say how long.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see her daughters with her?

L. Dane. No, only when they were taken up.

Mr. Willes. Was it a very high wind that day?

L. Dane. It was.

Mr. Willes. What had she on her head?

L. Dane. I can't tell.

Mr. Willes. Was her face covered over?

L. Dane. No; it was not.

Mr. Willes. How did she walk;

L. Dane. She went crouching and skringing.

Mr. Willes. Which way was her face?

L. Dane. It was then towards the town; I looked at her very wishfully.

Mr. Willes. Then you can't say you saw her before?

L. Dane. I believe I did.

Mr. Willes. Do you know Eliz. Headland? what is her character, a good or bad one in the neighbourhood?

L. Dane. I never heard she robbed any body.

Mr. Willes. Is it as good as the rest of her neighbours?

L. Dane. I can't say that; her's is not so clear as some peoples are; but I never heard she was a thief.

Mr. Willes. What is her son's character?

L. Dane. I know no ill of him.

Mr. Willes. Do you know David Dyer?

L. Dane. Yes, Sir, I do.

Mr. Willes. What is his character?

N n

L. Dane.

L. Dane. He is a very honest man.

Mr. Nares. I own the boy has given a strange account; but did you ever hear any harm by him?

L. Dane. No; never in my life.

Mr. Nares. In what particular is the mother's character supposed to be bad?

L. Dane. I don't know, not I.

Mr. Nares. How far does David Dyer live from you?

L. Dane. He lives opposite me.

Mr. Nares. What is his business?

L. Dane. He is a shepherd.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever hear any harm of him?

L. Dane. No; never in my life: he has a good character.

Samuel Arnott sworn.

S. Arnott. I live at White Webb's, on Enfield chace; and have lived there these 14 years.

Mr. Nares. What are you?

S. Arnott. I am a labouring man.

Mr. Nares. Do you know such a person as Mary Squires?

S. Arnott. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Look, and see if you see her.

S. Arnott. That is the woman (pointing to her.)

Mr. Nares. How long have you known her?

S. Arnott. The first of my seeing her was on a Friday morning; she asked me if I saw a little brown horse: this was, as near as I can guess, about 9 or 10 days before new Christmas day.

Mr. Nares. How came you to fix upon that time?

S. Arnott. I had been at a place called Clay-hill, and met her in the bushes; and she asked me if I saw this horse, and said his legs were tied, and he had a clog upon him: then I turned back again, and asked, what sort of a clog? She said her name was Squires.

Mr. Nares. For what reason did she tell you that?

S. Arnott. Because I might give her an account of the horse, if I light of him.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath, are you sure this is the woman?

S. Arnott. Upon my oath, I am, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her any time but that?

S. Arnott. I never saw her after that time till I saw her in Newgate, but don't know the particular day I saw her there.

Mr. Nares. How long was it after you had seen her before?

S. Arnott. It was, I believe, a quarter or half a year after.

Mr. Nares. Was you certain then it was the same person?

S. Arnott. I was, Sir; and, to the best of my knowledge, I believe now it is the same.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. What is your employ?

S. Arnott. I follow labouring work: I work sometimes at Cheshunt, and sometimes at other places.

Mr. Willes. Have you any family?

S. Arnott. I have a wife and 3 children.

Mr. Willes. Why are you positive as to the time?

S. Arnott. Because it was on a Friday morning that I saw her: and on the Sunday following I met her again, and asked her if she had found her horse; and she said, No.

Mr. Willes. Why do you apprehend it was 9 or 10 days before new Christmas you had this conversation with the gipsy?

S. Arnott. I think new Christmas was the Sunday sevennight following.

Mr. Willes. Are you sure Christmas-day was on a Sunday that year?

S. Arnott. No; it was on a Monday. I say, it was the Sunday was sevennight before new Christmas that I saw her.

Mr. Willes. Were there any body with her at that time?

S. Arnott. There were a man, 2 women, and 2 children with her, this second time; there was nobody with her the first time.

Mr. Willes. Had she either of the times a horse or ass with her?

S. Arnott. No; neither.

Mr. J. Clive. Who carried the children?

S. Arnott. They walked on foot.

Mr. Willes. How old might they be?

S. Arnott. 4, or 5, or 6, or 7 years old.

Mr. Willes. What was the colour of the horse she enquired after?

S. Arnott. A little brown one, with his legs tied together.

Mr. Willes. Do you know farmer Smith?

S. Arnott. I do; his house stands about 2 or 3 pole from mine.

Mr. Willes. Did these two children seem to be gipsy children?

S. Arnott. I did not observe their colour; they seemed to belong to that gang.

Mr. Willes. Do you know of their lying in farmer Smith's cow-house?

S. Arnott. I do; they did to the best of my knowledge.

Mr. Willes. If those people had lain there, do you think he would not have remembered there being two children with them?

S. Arnott. His remembrance is nothing to me.

Mr. Nares. Did you see them at farmer Smith's?

S. Arnott. I never saw them in the cow-house: I know no otherways, than as I met them on the chace, and heard they lay there; and it being so near my house, I could hear them talk in the cow-house. On the Sunday morning I met her betwixt Clay-hill and White Webb's; I asked her, whether she had found the horse or not? she said, she had not.

Mr. J. Clive. Was it then that the man, 2 women, and 2 children, were with her?

S. Arnott. It was.

Mr. J. Clive. Look about the court, and see if you see the 2 women that were with her.

S. Arnott. I can't swear to any person besides she, really: I did not take notice of the 2 women; I did not converse with them.

Mr. Nares. Did the notice you took of her, the

the first time you saw her, give you such an idea of her person, as to ask her, of your own accord, whether she had found her horse?

S. Arnott. It did.

Recorder. What particular reason have you to imagine, that these 2 children were with them at farmer Smith's?

S. Arnott. I don't know that: I heard a noise of the voices of small people; I can't say they were children young or old.

Recorder. Could you distinguish the voice of children?

S. Arnott. I could, to be sure: but I did not see the old woman.

Baron Legge. You say, you first of all saw the woman on a Friday; when was it you saw her next?

S. Arnott. On the Sunday after the Friday.

Baron Legge. Did you see her the next Sunday after that Sunday, again?

S. Arnott. No.

Elizabeth Arnott sworn.

E. Arnott. I am wife to Samuel Arnott: we have lived where we do 14 years.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

E. Arnott. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Look about the court, and see if you can see her.

E. Arnott. There she is; I am sure it is her.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you remember to have seen her?

E. Arnott. It was about a week before new Christmas.

Mr. Nares. How came you to fix upon that time?

E. Arnott. To the best of my knowledge it was: I know it was about a week before the first new Christmas.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

E. Arnott. I saw her lying in farmer Smith's cow-house, close to my house: I saw her come out of the cow-house into the lane on the chase. She ask'd me, if I saw a little horse of hers? I said, I had not. This is the truth.

Mr. Nares. Was your husband with you at that time?

E. Arnott. He was not.

Mr. Nares. Did you see any others in company with her?

E. Arnott. I saw several more, but I did not take notice of them: I saw her son on the Chase, whistling for his horse.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after that?

E. Arnott. No, never, only in Newgate, till now.

Mr. Nares. What time was that you saw her in Newgate?

E. Arnott. I don't know the time; I never kept the account of that.

Mr. Nares. Was it before or after her trial?

E. Arnott. It was after her trial.

Mr. J. Clive. Should you know the son if you was to see him?

E. Arnott. I took so little account of him, I can't say whether I should know him or not.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see a woman like the old woman in your life?

E. Arnott. No; never before I saw her.

Mr. Nares. Did you think the woman you

saw in Newgate, is the same person you saw inquiring for her horse?

E. Arnott. The very same person.

Mr. Nares. Do you think this is the same person here, you saw there and in Newgate?

E. Arnott. The very same.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. How long was she with you inquiring for her horse?

E. Arnott. It might be some minutes, before she turned her back, and went to look for him.

Mr. Willes. Did you see her in the cow-house?

E. Arnott. No; I did not. I saw her coming out of it.

Mr. Willes. Did she mention the colour of the horse?

E. Arnott. She did not.

Mr. Willes. What did you say to her?

E. Arnott. I told her I had not seen him.

Mr. Willes. Was this the only space of time you had to see her face, till you saw her in Newgate?

E. Arnott. It was.

Mr. Willes. How long were you talking together?

E. Arnott. It might be 2 or 3 minutes.

Mr. Willes. Do you swear absolutely that was the person?

E. Arnott. I do, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Did you change a word with the son?

E. Arnott. I did not.

Mr. Nares. Was you near the cow-house?

E. Arnott. My house joins almost to it: she came out of the farmer's yard, and said, Good woman, did you see a little horse of mine?

Mr. Nares. Did she come towards you before she spoke to you?

E. Arnott. No; I was going for a pail of water: and she came out to go to look for her horse.

Mr. J. Clive. How came you to say that man was her son?

E. Arnott. She said, it was her son that was calling her horse.

Sarah Starr sworn.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

S. Starr. I do; that is the gipsy, (pointing to her.) I live next door to Mrs. Wells's house at Enfield-wash: my husband rents a farm there.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

S. Starr. I have lived there 3 years this May.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw the gipsy?

S. Starr. She was at my house on the 18th or 19th of January was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. By what do you recollect the day?

S. Starr. My husband was gone to Hertford for a load of pease, for a gentleman in town: the note is in court, as far as I know, with the date on it: Mr. Miles, the former attorney, had it of me.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her at any other time?

S. Starr.

S. Starr. I never saw her before or after, till she was taken up.

Mr. J. Clive. How near do you live to Mrs. Wells's house?

S. Starr. My house is as near to her house, as it is a-cross the sessions-house yard.

Mr. Nares. What conversation passed between you?

S. Starr. At first she came and asked at the door, if I had any delft to mend, or china? My man and boy were at dinner; I bid them give her an answer, because I was busy. Then she came into the kitchen to me; then she asked to buy some pork of me, and brown bread: I said I had but that piece of bread in the house, and more need to buy than to sell. Then she asked me to sell her some chitterlings, I having some, and black puddings, lying on the table: I gave her a good piece of chitterling to get rid of her.

Mr. Nares. How long might this conversation take up?

S. Starr. I had rather set a lesser time than it was. I do believe she was 3 quarters of an hour with my men and me; that is, in my sight and hearing. She offered to tell my servants their fortunes, and offered to tell me mine. She was some time in the porch with my servant; but, I believe she was in my sight 3 quarters of an hour.

Mr. Nares. Did she tell any of them their fortunes?

S. Starr. After she found she could not tell me mine, she said, don't be scared at me; for I have been before dukes, lords, and earls, and I hurt nobody, madam; I will not hurt you. She did not tell any of my servants their fortunes, in my hearing. I wanted to get rid of her, for I was terribly scared, seeing such a strange gipsy woman; though I have seen hundreds of gipseys at one time or another: the man took her into the porch, then the boy bolted the door, so we got her out. I saw her when she was taken up and put into the cart; and I saw her in Newgate after that.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the same person?

S. Starr. Yes, Sir.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. How are you certain as to time, so as to fix it to be the 18th or 19th of January?

S. Starr. Upon this account; my husband was gone for a load of pease, and the note was dated the 18th or 19th of January.

Mr. Willes. Where is that note?

S. Starr. It was delivered into Mr. Miles, the attorney's hands, and I have not seen it since.

Mr. Willes. How long is it ago since you delivered it to him?

S. Starr. I believe it may be above a twelve-month ago.

Mr. Willes. What did you look upon him to be at that time?

S. Starr. I took him to be a lawyer, concerned for Elizabeth Canning.

Mr. Willes. Where was your husband when you gave him that note?

S. Starr. I can't tell.

Mr. J. Clive. When did you deliver this note to Mr. Miles?

S. Starr. Indeed I can't tell. I know my husband took the pease up one day, and delivered them the next; that is the reason I say the 18th or 19th of January.

Mr. Nares. We have not got the paper to produce.

Baron Legge. Did you deliver that before or after the trial of Mary Squires?

S. Starr. After, a great while.

Mr. Willes. How came you not to appear here on Squires's trial?

S. Starr. They did not require it.

Daniel Vass sworn.

D. Vass. I am a day labouring man; and live in Turkey-street in Enfield parish, and have lived there almost 14 years.

Mr. Nares. How near is that to mother Wells's?

D. Vass. About a quarter of a mile, as near as I can guess.

Mr. Nares. Have you ever seen Mary Squires?

D. Vass. I have seen that woman that was in Newgate; I don't know her name.

Mr. Nares. Look about you, and see if you can see her.

D. Vass. There she is (pointing to her); she is remarkable enough: she has now a red cloak on.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her first?

D. Vass. The first time I saw her going along the causeway, behind my house; it was on old Christmas day, by the new style the 5th of January, 53. I was then in my own yard.

Mr. Nares. How near was you to her?

D. Vass. Perhaps I might be 4 or 5 yards from her.

Mr. Nares. Had you any conversation with her?

D. Vass. I never said any thing to her, or she to me.

Mr. Nares. How came you to take such notice of her?

D. Vass. By reason she stopped; and I thought she would have come into the yard, but she did not; if she had, I should have told her there was nobody in the house.

Mr. Nares. Was there any body in the house then?

D. Vass. No, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Had you a full sight of her face at that time?

D. Vass. I had, certain.

Mr. Nares. Was she alone?

D. Vass. She was; without she had got any body under her cloak: I saw nobody with her.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her any time else?

D. Vass. Only in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Did these observations you made of her, furnish you with a sufficient remembrance of her person, to recollect she was the same?

D. Vass. I am sure she is the same; now I am sure of it, Sir. It is the same person, but not the same cloaths.

Mr. J. Clive. What coloured cloaths had she on then?

D. Vass.

D. Vafs. She had a brick-coloured gown on, an old red cloak, and a whitish-coloured one over that, and an old black beaver hat; it was not a black hat as women commonly wear.

Mr. Nares. What reason have you to fix upon old Christmas day?

D. Vafs. By reason I went to work with a master I have worked for almost eleven years, and he did not chuse I should work on that day.

Mr. Nares. Why did he not chuse you should work?

D. Vafs. By reason he thought it was Christmas-day, and ought to be kept.

Mr. Nares. Are you certain that was the same day you saw this woman?

D. Vafs. I am, fir; that was the same day; my door was locked when I came home, and I did not know where my wife was gone with the key, and at that time the woman came by.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see her before?

D. Vafs. No, fir, nor never saw her again, 'till I saw her in Newgate.

Mr. Willes. How long did she stop there?

D. Vafs. Perhaps a minute, or half a minute.

Mr. Willes. When you went into Newgate, did you go by yourself, or with other persons?

D. Vafs. I did not go by myself, if I had, I should not have found her; but we went but one at a time up to her.

Mr. Willes. Was she brought out among a number of other persons, or was she singled out?

D. Vafs. She sat upon the bed, but I knew her long before I came at her.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other prisoners there?

D. Vafs. I did not know who were the prisoners.

Mr. Willes. Was she sitting by herself?

D. Vafs. She sat by herself on one side the bed.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other people shewed to you in that corner of the room, besides the gipsy herself?

D. Vafs. There was no other person sitting on the bed, nigh her, as I know of.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other people in the room?

D. Vafs. There were a great many; but I knew the woman when I saw her, and should from a thousand.

Mr. J. Clive. Who desired you to go into the room?

D. Vafs. I don't know who it was; it was by the gentlemen.

Mr. J. Clive. Did any body come up from the country with you?

D. Vafs. Yes, there were nine or ten of us came up in a coach together.

Mr. Willes. Did you all go into Newgate together?

D. Vafs. I don't know how many did when I did, or how many went in together.

Mr. Willes. Was not the purpose of your going up, to see if you could find out the gipsy?

D. Vafs. No, no, I was cartied up to see if I could find out the same woman that I had seen before—A blind-man can't see her, but a man if he has but half an eye might know that woman if he sees her again.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath, did any body point out to you that this was the gipsy?

D. Vafs. No, no, I did not want them to do that.

Mr. Nares. Did any body tell you how she was dressed?

D. Vafs. No, certain.

Mr. Nares. Was there any other woman there?

D. Vafs. There were in the room.

Mr. Nares. Did you, of your own accord, say which was the woman?

D. Vafs. Certain.

Mr. J. Clive. How near do you live to mother Wells's?

D. Vafs. As near as I can guefs, about a quarter of a mile off.

Mr. J. Clive. Have you ever been in her house?

D. Vafs. I have several times.

Mr. J. Clive. Was you there the beginning of January?

D. Vafs. No, nor I had not been in the house above two years, 'till they were taken up.

Mr. Willes. Had you used to go there at any time?

D. Vafs. I have been in the house divers times formerly, then she sold beer, then a poor man might take a pint of beer there, as well as at another house.

Recorder. Who was the first person that applied to you to go to Newgate?

D. Vafs. I am sure I don't know the gentlemens names, one from another.

Recorder. Have you heard their names?

D. Vafs. I have heard a good many of the gentlemens names that are on the girl's behalf; if I were to hear their names, perhaps I might know them.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you know farmer Smith?

D. Vafs. I do, very well.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you know his cow-house?

D. Vafs. I never was in his yard.

Jane Dadwell sworn.

J. Dadwell. I live in Turkey-street, at Enfield-Wash.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

J. Dadwell. I have lived there two years?

Mr. Nares. What is your business?

J. Dadwell. I keep a shop, I sell butter, cheese, coffee, and tea, and those fort of things.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

J. Dadwell. I do, this is the woman, (pointing to her).

Mr. Nares. When did you first see her?

J. Dadwell. The first time was at our shop; the time I can't tell; but I can tell one day in particular, that was the Thursday in Christmas week.

Mr. Nares. Which Christmas?

J. Dadwell. The new Christmas week.

Mr. Nares. Upon what account did she come to your shop?

O o

J. Dadwell.

J. Dadwell. She came for coffee, tea, and butter; but I can't tell what particular weight she had any one day.

Mr. Nares. Had she been at your shop before that?

J. Dadwell. She had several times before that.

Mr. Nares. Why do you fix upon that day?

J. Dadwell. We dress'd a piece of meat for our customers, as I usually do at Christmas: this was dress'd on Christmas-day, the customers came on Tuesday night and Wednesday night; and this of her coming was after my customers had been there.

Mr. Nares. What reason had you to think it was after they had been there?

J. Dadwell. I was in my back house washing my dishes (that had been us'd when my customers were there) when she came in.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her any time after that?

J. Dadwell. I can't say particularly whether she was or not at my house after that.

Mr. Nares. From her coming so often to your shop can you be certain of her face?

J. Dadwell. I know it very well.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her in Newgate?

J. Dadwell. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was she shewn you there, or did you know her of yourself?

J. Dadwell. I knew her immediately, and then she owned she had been at my shop.

Recorder. Did she own she had been at your shop that Thursday?

J. Dadwell. No: she knew me, and own'd she had been at my shop, but did not fix upon any time.

Mr. Nares. I need not ask you any more as to your certainty of the person then: are you sure now this is the person?

J. Dadwell. Yes, Sir, I am.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever examined before?

J. Dadwell. I was.

Mr. Willes. By what person was you examined?

J. Dadwell. I don't know the gentleman.

Mr. Willes. How long is it ago?

J. Dadwell. It is a twelve-month ago last Christmas.

Mr. Willes. How long is it since you was examin'd before the grand jury?

J. Dadwell. I don't know.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever examin'd upon oath?

J. Dadwell. I was, but not upon such things as these.

Mr. Willes. Was it upon the Abbotsbury men for perjury?

J. Dadwell. I don't know what it was about, it was about this affair.

Mr. Willes. When did you recollect any of these circumstances, about your washing your dishes?

J. Dadwell. I gave this account to the grand jury, and told the same as I have now.

Mr. Nares. Is the account you tell now true?

J. Dadwell. I am sure it is.

Mr. Willes. When was it you first recollected it to tell those circumstances of her being there?

J. Dadwell. I can't recollect the day of the month, after they were taken up the lawyer came to me, and I told it him.

Mr. Willes. Don't you wash your dishes every day?

J. Dadwell. No, I do not; but I know in particular it was that day: one of my neighbours came in, and asked me, what strange woman that was.

Mr. Willes. Did she stay any time in your shop?

J. Dadwell. She sat down and smooked a pipe there.

Mr. Willes. At the time you saw her in Newgate, what day did Squires say it was that she was at your shop?

J. Dadwell. She did not say what day, but she said she knew me: I asked her whether she knew me.

Mr. Nares. Then this affair had made a great deal of noise in the country.

J. Dadwell. Yes, it had.

Mr. Nares. And the lawyer desir'd you to recollect the time, did he not?

J. Dadwell. Yes, he did.

Mr. Nares. You say she smook'd a pipe, where did she sit?

J. Dadwell. She sat down by the fire.

Mr. Nares. Who is that neighbour that came in, and asked about the strange woman?

J. Dadwell. She was one of the witnesses, but is since dead.

Mr. Nares. Was she examin'd when you was before?

J. Dadwell. She was; her name was Ann Parsley.

Mr. Willes. Was you by when she was examined?

J. Dadwell. No, I was not; there was but one examin'd at a time.

Recorder. How old are you?

J. Dadwell. I am three-score years of age.

Recorder. Are you no more?

J. Dadwell. I am not.

Recorder. Have you seen gipsies at Endfield-Wash before this?

J. Dadwell. I have, such as are called gipsies.

Recorder. Had any of them used to come to your shop?

J. Dadwell. No, none of them.

Mr. Willes. Were they and this woman alike that you had seen before?

J. Dadwell. No.

Recorder. What was her errand the first time she came to your shop?

J. Dadwell. She came and asked if we had any china to mend.

Recorder. Had she any body with her?

J. Dadwell. I never saw any body with her.

Recorder. Did she tell you where she liv'd?

J. Dadwell. She said she liv'd up yonder, and said no more.

Tobias Kellog sworn.

T. Kellog. I am a husbandman, and live at Endfield in a little house of my own.

Mr. Nares. How long have you liv'd there?

T. Kellog.

T. Kellog. Twenty-six years come Michaelmas.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

T. Kellog. I have seen her.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and see if you see her now.

T. Kellog. I see her, sir.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw her?

T. Kellog. The first time was in January, something better than three weeks in January was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. What day in January?

T. Kellog. I cannot say to the day.

Mr. Nares. Have you any reason to say you saw her before?

T. Kellog. I have not.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

T. Kellog. She was on the other side the way, where I was at work in Mr. Fletcher's barn, at Bulls-Cross; she was walking up Turkey-street-green, in the foot-path.

Mr. Nares. What have you to charge your memory with, as to the day?

T. Kellog. I can't say but it may be a day or two before old Christmas day.

Mr. Nares. Was it before old Christmas, or after?

T. Kellog. It was rather before old Christmas.

Mr. Nares. Are you certain of it?

T. Kellog. Yes, I am.

Mr. Nares. What day of the month was old Christmas day on?

T. Kellog. It was on a Friday, and I believe I saw her on the Thursday; but I can't say to the day of the month.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it was three weeks in January?

T. Kellog. I mean so, and better.

Baron Legge. From what period, or time, do you reckon your three weeks in January?

T. Kellog. I say, near a month.

Baron Legge. Was it the beginning of January?

T. Kellog. No, there were two or three days past the beginning.

Mr. Nares. What do you mean by three weeks in January?

T. Kellog. I said three weeks, very near a month in January.

Baron Legge. How long was it before Squires was taken up?

T. Kellog. I reckon it about a month before the time she was taken up.

Mr. Nares. When you say, better than three weeks, or near a month, do you mean before Squires was taken up?

T. Kellog. I mean so.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure you saw her then?

T. Kellog. I am sure.

Mr. Nares. How far is Mr. Fletcher's barn, from mother Wells's?

T. Kellog. His house is very near a mile from it; but the barn is about a quarter of a mile.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her face then?

T. Kellog. I did.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after that?

T. Kellog. I did, twice, walk by my barn-door; she asked me for a bit of tobacco; I said, I used none, and away she went: I saw her four times in all, with the time she was taken up; she was at my barn-door the day before she was taken up, about one o'clock, and asked the man that was in the barn with me, (whose name is John Rowley) for a bit of tobacco: then she came into the barn, and said to him, Young man, I'll tell you your fortune; and told him, there is one young man has a very great enmity to him, and asked him to cross her hand with four halfpence to tell him his fortune; he said, if I do, I must go on the highway for it: then she turned her leg over the board, and away she went.

Mr. Nares. Is John Rowley here?

T. Kellog. No, he is not.

Mr. Nares. Where does he live?

T. Kellog. At Endfield-highway.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the woman that asked you for tobacco, and that afterwards offered to tell Rowley his fortune?

T. Kellog. It is the same.

Mr. Nares. Have you seen her since that time?

T. Kellog. No, I have not 'till now, but she is a very remarkable woman.

Mr. Nares. What makes you fix it to be the day before old Christmas day?

T. Kellog. I have no particular reason.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Had you any conversation with her the first time?

T. Kellog. No, I had none at all.

Mr. Willes. Had you ever in your life seen her before?

T. Kellog. No, sir.

Mr. Willes. Did she continue walking when you saw her?

T. Kellog. She was walking along.

Mr. Willes. Did you see any gang of gipsies about the town, besides her?

T. Kellog. No, I did not see any.

Mr. Willes. How long was the second time after the first?

T. Kellog. It was about a week after.

Mr. Willes. Had you seen any gipsies with her at any time?

T. Kellog. No, sir.

Mr. Willes. Should you have recollected the person of that gipsy, if it had not been for that of coming in the barn and asking for tobacco?

T. Kellog. Yes, if I had not seen her a second time I should have remembered her face.

Recorder. Was you in Newgate to see her?

T. Kellog. I was not.

Mr. Willes. How long is new Christmas day before the old?

T. Kellog. Eleven days.

John Frame sworn.

J. Frame. I lived with 'squire Parsons, and have a year and half, but I am out of place at present.

Mr. Nares. Where does he live?

J. Frame. He lives in James's-street, Grosvenor-square; but he lived in Turkey-street,

street, Endfield, in the country; and I lived with him there as a footman and gardiner.

Mr. Nares. During the time you was there, did you see Mary Squires there?

J. Frame. Yes, sir.

Mr. Nares. Do you think you should know her now?

J. Frame. There she is, I am sure, (*pointing to her.*)

Mr. Nares. When did you first see her?

J. Frame. On the 11th of January was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

J. Frame. I was at work in master's garden, and she came and talked with me through the palafadoes, pretending to tell me my fortune.

Mr. Nares. How come you to think it was the 11th of January?

J. Frame. Because my master and mistress went to town on the 9th of January, and this was after they went.

Mr. Nares. Tell us the conversation as well as you can.

J. Frame. She said a great many things to me. She told me I little thought of coming into that country once; and she wanted me to give her three-pence: I gave her three-halfpence, but she did not tell me what she would have told me if I had given her more. When I gave her the three-halfpence, she bid me put it in my hand and put it through the pales. She took it out and went away.

Mr. Nares. How long might you converse with her at this time?

J. Frame. It might be four or five minutes.

Mr. Nares. Was your fortune good or bad?

J. Frame. She told me it would be good fortune.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the woman?

J. Frame. I am sure it is.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her before?

J. Frame. I had seen her about a year before: I lived then at one Mr. Woodcock's at Enfield Clay-hill; he is since dead; I had then but very little talk with her, master was at dinner, and I could not stay.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her at any other time?

J. Frame. Not to take much notice of her: I saw her two or three times between that and seeing her in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure the woman you saw at Mr. Woodcock's, is the same woman that told you your fortune at Mr. Parsons's?

J. Frame. I am very sure of it.

Mr. Nares. And are you sure this is the same woman, that is here?

J. Frame. I am very sure of it: I saw her several times after the time I mentioned, but not to take notice of her, any farther than seeing her walking in the street: I knew she was in that part of the country from that time, to the time she was taken up.

Mr. Nares. You say you saw her in Newgate.

J. Frame. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was you certain of her then?

J. Frame. I was very certain, and I am sure this is the same now.

Mr. Nares. Was you before the grand jury?

J. Frame. I was.

Mr. Nares. How long is that ago?

J. Frame. I can't tell; it was about this time twelvemonth I think.

Mr. Nares. Did you give the same account before the grand jury, as you have now?

J. Frame. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was that true?

J. Frame. It was, and so is this.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other gipsies with her?

J. Frame. No, sir.

Mr. Willes. When you saw her about a twelvemonth before, were there any others with her?

J. Frame. No, none as I saw; she then only just opened the gate.

Mr. Willes. Was she in company with any others in Newgate, or shewed by herself?

J. Frame. By herself.

Mr. Willes. How long had your master and mistress been down at that time?

J. Frame. I can't tell; they were up and down very often.

Mr. Willes. If they have been up and down very often, how can you fix upon their going up this time, more than any other?

J. Frame. By reason my master and mistress gave me and my fellow-servant leave to go out on the 1st of January.

Mr. Willes. Had not your master and mistress been in town between the 1st of January, and the 9th?

J. Frame. Yes, they had.

Mr. Nares. Have you reason to believe it, because your master and mistress were down at Christmas?

J. Frame. Yes, sir.

Mr. Nares. How long had they been there at that time?

J. Frame. I believe a month; and I am sure they gave me leave to go out on the 1st of January.

Recorder. How was the gipsy drefs'd?

J. Frame. She had a reddish sort of a gown on, I think, to the best of my remembrance.

Mr. J. Clive. What other cloaths?

J. Frame. A lightish colour'd cloak.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you know Mary Jewell?

J. Frame. She saw her something before me the same day; her fortune was told her; she gave her some boiled beef: she is gone away from thence.

Joseph Gold, sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

J. Gold. I live in Turkey-street, in the parish of Endfield: I am a day-labouring man.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

J. Gold. Thirty-seven years.

Mr. Nares. Tell me whether you know Mary Squires?

J. Gold. That is the woman that sits there.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure of it?

J. Gold.

J. Gold. I am.

Mr. Nares. When did you first see her?

J. Gold. To the best of my knowledge it was the 8th or 9th of January 1753, that is, a year ago last January.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

J. Gold. I saw her in a walk, we call Trotts-walk, leading up to Bulls-Crofs, about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Wells's house, or something better.

Mr. Nares. Had you any conversation with her?

J. Gold. No: I took notice of her; I thought I never saw such a woman in my life before for features.

Mr. Nares. Had you heard mother Wells had gipsies lodg'd at her house?

J. Gold. I had.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after that?

J. Gold. Yes, I saw her twice afterwards.

Mr. Nares. About what time?

J. Gold. As nigh as I can guess, about eight or nine days before she was taken up; and another time, about four or five days before she was taken up.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure the prisoner is the same person you saw on the 8th or 9th of January, and the other times after that?

J. Gold. I am, sir.

Mr. Nares. By what do you remember the time?

J. Gold. Mr. Parsons, and his lady, went to town on the 9th, (I live next door to him) and my wife was at work there on the Monday.

Mr. Nares. What day of the week was the 9th?

J. Gold. It was on a Tuesday; I knew of their going.

Mr. Nares. By what did you know of that?

J. Gold. It was the time they went away after Christmas.

Mr. Nares. Did you see the old woman in Newgate after this?

J. Gold. I did.

Mr. Nares. Was she shewed you, or did you find her out?

J. Gold. She was shewed me: there were a great many people in the room; she was by the fire-side.

Mr. Nares. Do you mean any body pointed at her, and said that was the woman?

J. Gold. No, sir, on the first sight, at coming into the room, I knew her again, without being told.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure the woman, you saw in Newgate, is the same you see now?

J. Gold. Yes, sir.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. How far was you off from her when you saw her on the 8th or 9th of January?

J. Gold. Close by her.

Mr. Willes. Was it the same day that Mr. and Mrs. Parsons went to town?

J. Gold. I cannot tell whether it was the same day or no.

Mr. Willes. Was any body with her at that time?

J. Gold. No, sir.

Mr. Willes. Had you any conversation with her?

J. Gold. No, sir.

Mr. Willes. When was you told that mother Wells had got gipsies lodged at her house?

J. Gold. That was before I saw her the first time.

Mr. Willes. Who told you so?

J. Gold. To the best of my remembrance Virtue Hall did: I heard her tell other people so.

Mr. Willes. What day was this?

J. Gold. I can't tell the very day.

Mr. Willes. When did you first recollect this of Mr. Parsons's going to town, in order to assist your memory?

J. Gold. After I had seen the old gipsy in Newgate.

Mr. Willes. When you saw her there, were there no other people in that part of the room but her?

J. Gold. Upon my word, I don't remember there were any, besides the people that went with me.

Mr. Willes. When you saw her, four or five days before she was taken up, were there any body with her then?

J. Gold. She came into a publick-house where I was.

Mr. J. Clive. Where did you see Virtue Hall, when she was relating this?

J. Gold. At a place called the two bridges; there were several people there then.

Mr. J. Clive. Can you tell any of their names?

J. Gold. I cannot: then they told me that person was Virtue Hall, and they called her by her name: I did not know her before.

Mr. Willes. How long was this before the people were taken up?

J. Gold. It was some time before.

Mr. J. Clive. Did you use the house of mother Wells?

J. Gold. I never did use it; I kept a farm, (fifteen years) next door to it.

Mr. Nares. What is the two bridges? a house of that name, or what?

J. Gold. No, it is in the street.

Recorder. How was the gipsy dressed?

J. Gold. Upon my word I can't certainly tell: she had a cloak, and a hat tied over her head, and smoaking a pipe.

Mr. J. Clive. Was she brisk and nimble, or was she feeble?

J. Gold. No, not brisk.

Mr. J. Clive. Was your wife with you when you saw Virtue Hall?

J. Gold. No.

Mary Gold sworn.

Mary Gold. I am wife to the last evidence, and live in Turkey-street.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

M. Gold. I know the gipsy-woman. I did not know her name when I saw her.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and see if you see her.

M. Gold. Yes, sir, there she sits; I am sure that is the woman.

Mr. Nares. When did you see her at End-field?

P p

M. Gold.

M. Gold. I saw her on the 11th or 12th of January 1753, at my door in Turkey-street: I am not certain which day of the two; it was either on a Thursday or Friday I am sure.

Mr. Nares. In what manner did she come?

M. Gold. My door was bolted; she called at it, and I opened it; she asked me if I had any china to mend; I said no: she said, directly, You will not live long; I said, Mistress, I shall not give any thing, for I don't want to hear my fortune told: I shut the door and watched her out at the window, and saw her go into Mr. Harrington's yard and out again: I was a little surprized at her, because I thought she was a very ordinary woman. I saw her another time before she was taken up, and that was as I sat at work at my own window; that was the week before she was taken up; she asked me if I had any china to mend then, and I told her no.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it was the same person that spoke to you those two times?

M. Gold. I am very sure.

Mr. Nares. What reason have you to think the first was the 11th or 12th of January?

M. Gold. By reason, 'squire Parsons went to town on the Tuesday that week; I used to be there almost every day; I was there on the Monday, the day before they went, which was the 9th.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath, was it in that week Mr. Parsons went to town?

M. Gold. I am sure it was, and I am sure this here is the same woman.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her before that time?

M. Gold. I don't particularly know that I have.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. How do you know Mr. Parsons went to town on the 9th?

M. Gold. Because I was much there: I was there on New-year's day; they were to have gone on that day, but Madam was not very well, so it was put off till Tuesday.

Recorder. Did you know Virtue Hall?

M. Gold. I had seen her, but I had but little knowledge of her.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever in mother Wells's house?

M. Gold. I have.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see the old gipsy there?

M. Gold. No; I never did.

Mr. J. Clive. Do you remember when your husband saw Virtue Hall near the two bridges?

M. Gold. I told him, I had been affrighted by a gipsy; and he made answer and said, Virtue Hall told him, there were gypsies at mother Wells's house.

Mr. J. Clive. How was she dress'd when you saw her?

M. Gold. She was dress'd in the very same dress as she was when I saw her in Newgate, with a clout about her head, and a plain cap under it, a brown sort of a gown, I can't tell the colour of it, but it was not a snuff-colour; it was a yellowish sort of a gown; she was in a very tight sort of a dress considering her trade.

Humphry Holding sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

H. Holding. I live in Turkey-street, and have these eighteen years: I am a gardiner.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires, the gipsy?

H. Holding. I do.

Mr. Nares. Look about and see if you can see her.

H. Holding. There she is.

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw her?

H. Holding. It was on the 8th of January, 1753.

Mr. Nares. Why do you think it was on that day?

H. Holding. Because a gentleman, whom I work for, came home on the 9th.

Mr. Nares. What gentleman is that?

H. Holding. That is Mr. Parsons: the gipsy came and asked me if the family was at home, I said, Aye.

Mr. Nares. Had you any other conversation with her?

H. Holding. No, I had not.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her any other time after this?

H. Holding. I saw her on the 11th of January, that was on a Thursday in the same week, then I was nailing up vines for Dr. Harrington.

Mr. Nares. What conversation passed?

H. Holding. She asked me if there was any china to mend; I told her to ask at the door; she asked at the door, and somebody said, no; I can't say who, but I heard the words very plain; I was then at the end of the house.

Mr. Nares. By what do you remember this to be the day?

H. Holding. I remember it, because I was not paid for that work, and it was set down in my book.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after this?

H. Holding. I saw her again when she was carried away to justice Tashmaker's.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the same woman you saw before?

H. Holding. It is the very same woman, I am certain of it; I could pick her out of a thousand.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. What did you set that work down in?

H. Holding. In my pocket-book.

Mr. Willes. How came you not to bring your book here?

H. Holding. I had not presence of mind to bring it with me.

Mr. Willes. Did you work for 'squire Parsons then?

H. Holding. No, I did not, because he had hired a person in the house.

Mr. Willes. Are you sure Mr. Parsons went away on the 9th?

H. Holding. I live, as it were, on the spot; I know he went away on the morrow after I saw her.

Mr. Willes. How long might the gipsy be in asking those questions?

H. Holding. She was not long with me.

Mr. Willes.

Mr. Willes. How near might you be to her, when you was nailing up the vines, on the 11th?

H. Holding. About half the length of this court.

Mr. Willes. Was there any fence parted you?

H. Holding. No, none but the gate, and I believe that was open.

Mr. Willes. Before that time had you heard of any other gipsies being at mother Wells's?

H. Holding. As to that, I can't say, for I never was at mother Wells's in my life.

Mr. Willes. Were there any body with her then?

H. Holding. No, there were not.

Mr. Willes. How long had 'squire Parsons been in the Country that Christmas?

H. Holding. I don't know; but I know when he came out of the country.

Mr. Willes. How come you to remember the day of going out of the country, better then when they went down?

H. Holding. By reason they are very good to the poor people when they are in the country.

Mr. Willes. Are you used to work for Dr. Harrington? what is his method of paying?

H. Holding. He pays sometimes in a quarter of a year, and sometimes in half a year.

Mr. Willes. Don't he pay you the day you do his work?

H. Holding. He very seldom does; and if I am not, I book it.

Mr. Willes. How came you to remember this particular minute of the 11th, more than any other minute? Was this any uncommon thing?

H. Holding. No, it is what I did always, when I was not paid.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever examined upon oath before?

H. Holding. Yes, but I could not fully give an account, because, then, I could not resolve myself of the time.

Mr. Willes. How long, after this time, did you work for Dr. Harrington?

H. Holding. Not for a considerable time.

Mr. Willes. Did you work there the next day, or the day before?

H. Holding. No, I did not.

Mr. Willes. How many months, after this time, was it that you was examined, and could not recollect yourself?

H. Holding. I can't justly say how long it was after.

Mr. Willes. Can't you tell the day of the month you was examined at the mansion-house?

H. Holding. I can't tell the month if I was to die.

Mr. Willes. Was you ever examined, upon oath, any where else?

H. Holding. I was, at the Fleece in Edmon-ton, by the justices.

Mr. Willes. Can you remember the day you was examined there?

H. Holding. I cannot.

Mr. Willes. Had you any friend with you when you was at the mansion-house?

H. Holding. I had a scrub lawyer with me, and, I believe, there are a great many of them in town.

Mr. Willes. What was his name?

H. Holding. The man is dead.

Mr. Willes. In what way do you make your minutes in your book?

H. Holding. I write so much per day.

Mr. Willes. Tell us the little line you make on the 11th of January?

H. Holding. I put down the day of the month, so much per day; that is, my wife puts it down, as soon as I come home: I can read, but I can't write.

Mr. Willes. Were there any other persons with you when you was examined at the mansion-house?

H. Holding. There were, may be, half a dozen.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath, was it the 11th of January you worked for Dr. Harrington?

H. Holding. Upon my oath it was put down that very night.

Mr. Nares. Does your wife always set down your work in the book?

H. Holding. She always does.

Mr. Nares. When you was examined before my lord-mayor, at the mansion-house, had you seen your book to refresh your memory?

H. Holding. I told them, there, I could not recollect it 'till I saw my book.

Mr. Nares. Was you desired to recollect, the day you was examined before my lord-mayor?

H. Holding. No.

Mr. Nares. Nor before the commissioners neither?

H. Holding. No, sir.

Baron Legge. When you could not recollect that, for want of your book, at that time, how came you not to bring it now?

H. Holding. Upon my oath, I had no presence of mind to bring it: I did not know it would be looked into.

Baron Legge. Do you remember how this woman was dressed, when you saw her?

H. Holding. I can't say as to particulars; she was dressed very poorly.

Baron Legge. Give the best account you can.

H. Holding. She had a hat on her head, and a sort of a darkish yellowish gown; but, as to her face, I know it from five thousand.

Baron Legge. What sort of a hat?

H. Holding. A straw hat.

Mr. J. Clive. Was it a straw hat, or a bonnet?

H. Holding. I can't say which.

Baron Legge. Was it a black, or white one?

H. Holding. Blackish it looked to be.

Baron Legge. How near was you to her?

H. Holding. As near as I am to your honour.

Baron Legge. Had she a cloak on?

H. Holding. She had a short one, but I can't tell the colour.

Baron Legge.

Baron Legge. What sort of health did she appear to be in: did she appear to be a strong or weak woman?

H. Holding. She did not appear to be very strong.

Baron Legge. Did you see her in Newgate afterwards?

H. Holding. I did, and knew her again: she was sitting on the feet of the bed.

Baron Legge. Were there any other women with her?

H. Holding. I saw none, but us that went from Endfield, as I remember—We were admitted in by order of Sir Richard Glynn.

Sarah Vafs sworn.

Sarah Vafs. I am wife to Daniel Vafs: I live at Endfield, in Turkey-street.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

S. Vafs. Either thirteen, or fourteen years, come Michaelmas.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

S. Vafs. I do, that is the woman, (*pointing to her.*)

Mr. Nares. When did you see her?

S. Vafs. I saw her on the 11th of January was twelvemonth.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

S. Vafs. At my own house.

Mr. Nares. What was her business there?

S. Vafs. She came to tell me my fortune at the door.

Mr. Nares. Did she tell you your fortune?

S. Vafs. No, I would not let her.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her at any other time?

S. Vafs. Yes, several times.

Mr. Nares. How came you to think this was the 11th of January?

S. Vafs. I can give you a good reason for it: I chare, at 'squire Parsons's, in washing and ironing; they took coach and went to London on Tuesday the 9th of January, and I returned home directly when they took coach, and I saw the gipsy two days after that?

Mr. Nares. Are you sure of it?

S. Vafs. I am certainly sure I did: after that I saw her several times.

Mr. Nares. Did she ever ask you to tell you your fortune after this?

S. Vafs. Yes, she did the day before she was taken up: then she came into my house; I was drinking a dish of tea; she came in and sat down by me, and asked me for a pipe of tobacco; I went to my husband's mug in which he keeps his tobacco; she took hold of my hand, and asked me to tell me my fortune, but I refused her: then she asked me for a dish of tea, and I gave her two dishes of tea.

Mr. Nares. How long did she stay?

S. Vafs. I believe she might stay about a quarter of an hour; she asked me what gentleman's house that was over the way; I said, madam Gibson's; she asked me whether they would admit her; I told her, I thought they would not.

Mr. Nares. Are you very certain, that is the same woman you saw before, on the 11th of January?

S. Vafs. I am sure she is the same.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her when she was taken up?

S. Vafs. I did not, but I saw her in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Are you certain this woman, that sits here, is that woman?

S. Vafs. I am certain that is the same woman, I am positive of it.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see any gipsy at Endfield-wash, like her?

Sarah Vafs. No.

Mr. Davy. Do you think it possible for any person that has good eyes in his head, to mistake her for another woman?

S. Vafs. No, indeed, I should think not.

Mr. Davy. How often have you seen her?

S. Vafs. Twice at my house, and several other times; I saw her twice sitting in a chandler's-shop.

Mr. Davy. By what name was she called?

S. Vafs. She went by the name of the gipsy woman.

Mr. Davy. Where did they say she lodg'd?

S. Vafs. At mother Wells's.

Mr. Davy. Did you hear she lodg'd there on the 11th of January?

S. Vafs. No, not till afterwards.

Mr. Davy. How long afterwards?

S. Vafs. As nigh as I can guess, it was three or four days after.

Mr. Davy. Was you at home when they were taken up? before that time did you hear she lodg'd at mother Wells's?

S. Vafs. Yes, before that.

Mr. Davy. Who told you where she lodg'd?

S. Vafs. I went to a shop, and inquir'd of the woman (her name is Mrs. Dadwell) who she was, and where she lodg'd, they said at mother Wells's.

Mr. Davy. When did you hear this?

S. Vafs. As nigh as I can guess, it was three or four days, or a week, after the first time I ever saw her.

Mr. Davy. What is 'squire Parsons?

S. Vafs. He is a gentleman that took a country-house, and he was there all the summer to and fro; now he lives in town; he had lodgings in town, and used to be backwards and forwards pretty often in the summer, in the winter he was at London pretty much.

Mr. Davy. How long does he usually stay in the country?

S. Vafs. He very seldom comes down in winter, sometimes may be he'd stay a month or six weeks.

Mr. Davy. Who does your husband work for?

S. Vafs. He works for farmer Yarrow, and has a good many years.

Mr. Davy. Does he work for him every day of the week?

S. Vafs. He does, except it happens to be a holy-day.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see the gipsy go in or out of Wells's house?

S. Vafs.

S. Vass. No, I never did.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see any body with her?

S. Vass. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see that young man or woman? (meaning George and Lucy Squires)

S. Vass. I saw them once since this.

Mr. Davy. Do you know Fortune Natus?

S. Vass. Yes.

Mr. Davy. Do you know Virtue Hall?

S. Vass. I do.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see them going into Wells's house?

S. Vass. No, never.

Mr. Davy. Nor coming out?

S. Vass. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Did Natus and his wife, lodge at mother Wells's?

S. Vass. I heard afterwards they did, but not before.

Mr. Davy. Did you see Natus and his wife, in January?

S. Vass. I don't know that I did.

Mr. Davy. Nor in the December before?

S. Vass. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Then, when did you see them?

S. Vass. Since the great hurliburly.

Mr. Davy. Did you not say, you saw them often?

S. Vass. Yes, but never before that time.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see Virtue Hall, before she was taken up?

S. Vass. No, I never did.

Mr. Nares. Did your husband work on old Christmas-day?

S. Vass. No Sir, he went to work, and his master refus'd him and would not let him work.

Baron Legge. How long have you known Natus and his wife?

S. Vass. Now I know them, but I did not before this thing happen'd.

Baron Legge. How was Mary Squires dressed?

S. Vass. She was in a light colour'd cloak, a beaver hat, and a brick colour'd gown.

Ann Johnson sworn.

Ann Johnson. I live at Endfield.

Mr. Nares. How long have you liv'd there?

A. Johnson. Going on to twenty-seven years.

Mr. Nares. What do you do for your living?

A. Johnson. I spin for my living, since my husband died.

Mr. Nares. What was his business?

A. Johnson. He used to sell fish,

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

A. Johnson. I do, I saw her at my door.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and see if you see her?

A. Johnson. There she sits, (pointing to her) I am sure that is she.

Mr. Nares. When did you first see her?

A. Johnson. It was at my door, January was a twelve month.

Mr. Nares. How come you to think it that time, more than any other time?

A. Johnson. I am sure of it, it was the 18th of January.

Mr. Nares. How do you know it?

A. Johnson. By carrying home my work, I carried it home two days before, which was the 16th.

Mr. Nares. Who do you work for?

A. Johnson. Mr. Smitheram; I have worked for him many pounds.

Mr. Nares. How do you know by carrying home that work in particular?

A. Johnson. That was the first I carried home in the new year, which is the reason I remember when it was.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see Mary Squires, on the 18th of January?

A. Johnson. She came to my door, and asked me if I had any china to mend, I told her I had not, then she asked me if I had any blue and white ware to mend; I said, I had none but what I could mend myself, then she ask'd me for some victuals.

Mr. Nares. Was she alone?

A. Johnson. Yes, I saw no-body with her.

Mr. Nares. Did you give her any victuals?

A. Johnson. No, I did not.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her any time after this?

A. Johnson. I saw her twice after, she was four times at my door in all.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her all the four times?

A. Johnson. I saw her three of them, the next time she begged for some victuals and to light her pipe; I gave her no victuals.

Mr. Nares. What the next time?

A. Johnson. She asked me the next time, to let her light her pipe.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the same person?

A. Johnson. I am sure it is.

Mr. Nares. How soon was it you saw her after?

A. Johnson. This was all in ten or eleven days; I think, the last time I saw her, was two days before she was taken up to be brought away.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her when she was taken up?

A. Johnson. No, I did not.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her in her confinement in Newgate?

A. Johnson. I did.

Mr. Nares. Did you know her then?

A. Johnson. I did, and I am sure she is the same woman.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. How many years have you spun for Mr. Smitheram?

A. Johnson. Two years and a half.

Mr. Willes. How often in a year did you use to carry home your work?

A. Johnson. I don't know, I spin for another man; sometimes him and sometimes the other.

Mr. Willes. Do you always set it down?

A. Johnson. No, but they set us down.

Mr. Willes. Is Mr. Smitheram here?

A. Johnson. I don't know.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever see his book?

A. Johnson. Yes I have, that day I am sure

to be the 16th of January; and he set it down.

Mr. Willes. What day of the week do you carry home your work?

A. Johnson. I don't know that, sometimes one day and sometimes another.

Mr. Willes. Can you tell what day of the week this 16th of January was?

A. Johnson. I can't say whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday, but it was a snowy day.

Mr. Willes. Have you ever heard there were gipsies at mother Wells's?

A. Johnson. I have several times.

Mr. Willes. What sort of a dress was she in?

A. Johnson. She had a light colour'd cloak on and a red one over that, and an old black hat, and a thing pin'd close to her face, it was a clout or handkerchief, and an old brown gown.

Mr. Nares. Had you heard of gipseys being at Endfield, before she came to your house?

A. Johnson. I had, I had been asked if she had been at my house, and told my fortune.

Grace Kirby sworn.

Grace Kirby. I live at Endfield.

Mr. Nares. How long have you liv'd there?

G. Kirby. I have liv'd a twelve month last Christmas, or a little after, about a week or a fortnight.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

G. Kirby. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Look about the court, and see if you see her?

G. Kirby. That is she, Sir (*pointing to her.*)

Mr. Nares. Do you remember seeing her there?

G. Kirby. Yes, she came to my door about a fortnight before he was taken up at Mrs. Wells's.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it is so long as a fortnight?

G. Kirby. Thereabouts, it may be a day over or under; I believe it was no more then that either way.

Mr. Nares. What did she come to your door for?

G. Kirby. She asked me if I sold potatoes, I told her I had none, nor did not know where they were sold.

Mr. Nares. Did you take much notice of her?

G. Kirby. I did, so much that I knew her again when I saw her.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her again?

G. Kirby. The next time I saw her was in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Did you know her then?

G. Kirby. Then I was certain sure she was the same person.

Mr. Nares. And are you certain sure this is the same person here?

G. Kirby. I am Sir.

Mr. Nares. What reason have you to think it was about the time you have mention'd?

G. Kirby. Because I had been but a very little time in my house; I had liv'd in the same parish, about half a mile further.

Mr. Nares. What time did you come to that house?

G. Kirby. It was sometime after Christmas.

Mr. Nares. Were there any body with her?

G. Kirby. No, there were none.

Mr. Nares. How was she dress'd?

G. Kirby. I don't know that.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Davy. How soon after your coming to that house, did you see her?

G. Kirby. I can't say to any time.

Mr. Davy. How soon after Christmas did you come to live there?

G. Kirby. I cannot say; it might be a week, or it might be a fortnight.

Mr. Davy. Why do you believe this?

G. Kirby. Because I have recollected my memory.

Mr. Davy. How soon after did you recollect your memory?

G. Kirby. The next day.

Mr. Davy. Was you desired so to do?

G. Kirby. I was considering with myself when it was that I saw that woman.

Mr. Davy. When did you consider?

G. Kirby. I don't know: I did consider it.

Mr. Davy. How far do you live from Mrs. Wells's house?

G. Kirby. About half a mile?

Mr. Davy. Are you sure it was eight days before they were taken up, that you saw her?

G. Kirby. I cannot tell.

Mr. Nares. Tell as near as you can.

G. Kirby. As nigh as I can guess it was a fortnight, within a day over or under.

Mr. Nares. How many days is a fortnight?

G. Kirby. There are fourteen.

Mr. Nares. Do you believe what you have said, that about a fortnight was the time?

G. Kirby. Yes, Sir.

Wife Bassett sworn.

Mr. Nares. What is your husband's name?

W. Bassett. It is John; we live in Greenstreet, at Endfield, and have lived there 21 years.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

W. Bassett. I do; I have seen her twice.

Mr. Nares. Look about the court, and see if you see her.

W. Bassett. That is she.

Mr. Nares. When did you see her before?

W. Bassett. She came to my house, and ask'd me to let her light a pipe, and I gave her a breakfast.

Mr. Nares. When was this?

W. Bassett. It was either the 21st or 22d of January was Twelve-months.

Mr. Nares. What do you recollect the day by?

W. Bassett. Because I killed a hog on the Thursday before new Christmas, and that day a young woman that lived with me went to service; and that day month I saw the gipsy.

Mr. Nares. What do you compute your time from?

W. Bassett. I take the account day by day from the killing the hog.

Mr. Nares. What day of the week do you reckon it was?

W. Bassett. It was of a Monday to be sure; that I am very certain of.

Mr. Nares. Had you any conversation with Mary Squires?

W. Bassett.

W. Basset. She came and open'd the door, then came in, and ask'd me to let her light her pipe: I gave her a penny for telling me my fortune.

Mr. Nares. Did she offer to tell you your fortune?

W. Basset. She began to tell me.

Recorder. Are you a married woman?

W. Basset. I am; it was a little foolishness that belongs to womankind.

Mr. Nares. Then she offered to tell you; you did not offer it.

W. Basset. I did not: she said, if I would cross her hand with a penny, she would tell me my fortune.

Mr. Nares. Upon my word that is cheaper than she has done to any body else as we have heard of: did she tell you your fortune?

W. Basset. I had a little of her nonsense.

Mr. Nares. Was it good or bad?

W. Basset. I don't know; I cannot say for that.

Mr. Nares. How long was she about telling your fortune, and lighting her pipe?

W. Basset. I can't tell the exact time: I gave her some tea, and let her sit down and warm herself.

Mr. Nares. Did you take so much notice of her as to know her again?

W. Basset. I did; and this is the woman.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after this?

W. Basset. I saw her in Newgate, and told her the same that I do now; and she said, what signifies that, did I wrong you of any thing?

Mr. Nares. Did you say to her what time you saw her at your house?

W. Basset. Yes, I did; and she said it was not the right time: but I said it was, and I stood to that time.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it was that day?

W. Basset. It was that day indeed.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. Is that the only reason you have to remember it, because you kill'd a hog on the day you mention?

W. Basset. That is the only reason.

Mr. Willes. In what manner was you introduced into her presence in Newgate, and how was she sitting?

W. Basset. She was sitting smoking her pipe by the fire side.

Recorder. Was it a month, before you saw her at your house, that you killed a hog, or not?

W. Basset. I kill'd my hog on the Thursday before new Christmas, and that day my servant went to her place, and I saw the gipsy, a month after I kill'd my hog, at my house.

Mr. Willes. Was she alone, or in company, when you saw her in Newgate?

W. Basset. There were a great many people with her, her two daughters, and several people that were carried up to see if they knew her or not.

Recorder. Are you sure she told you it was not right, when you mentioned the day?

W. Basset. I am.

James Pratt sworn.

J. Pratt. I live at Cheshunt, about two miles from Endfield, but I did live at Endfield.

Mr. Nares. What are you?

J. Pratt. I am a day labouring man.

Mr. Nares. Have you seen Mary Squires?

J. Pratt. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Nares. Look about and see if you can see her.

J. Pratt. Yes, that is she, (*pointing to her*)

Mr. Nares. When was the first time you saw her?

J. Pratt. The first time I saw her was in William Smith's cow-house, on a Thursday; when she came there she ask'd me leave to lay there, (I work there as a day man) I told her to go to the house and ask leave there; she went up to the door.

Mr. Nares. Did you hear her ask leave?

J. Pratt. No, I did not hear her, but she lay there.

Mr. Nares. How long did she continue there?

J. Pratt. Three days; she went away on the Sunday.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her in the time?

J. Pratt. I did several times.

Mr. Nares. What day of the month did she come there?

J. Pratt. To the best of my remembrance, (I cannot be positive no longer than as to the house I liv'd in: I went out of it three days before new Christmas :) it was before I went out of the house to go to Cheshunt, where I now live, but I cannot recollect any day of the month.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it was before you went to your new house?

J. Pratt. I am sensible it was.

Mr. Nares. Had you ever any conversation with her?

J. Pratt. I can't say but I had.

Mr. Nares. Were there any other persons with her?

J. Pratt. There were a man and two woman-kind, one a young girl like, and the other may be 30 and better.

Recorder. Were there any children?

J. Pratt. I can't tell.

Mr. Nares. Can you tell the time of the day you had this conversation?

J. Pratt. It was on a Friday some time of the day, but can't tell the hour; she complain'd that she lost a horse, a little poney, and asked me whether I saw it; but I had not seen him.

Mr. Nares. Did she any otherwise describe the horse but by a little one?

J. Pratt. Yes, she did; but I have forgot: I remember she said, he had a clog on, and that her name was on the clog.

Mr. Nares. Did she tell you, upon your oath, what her name was?

J. Pratt. Yes, she did; but I did not take much notice of it.

Mr. Nares. Should you know it when you hear it?

J. Pratt. I believe I should; I think she said her name was Mary Squires, and that that name was on the clog.

Mr. Nares. Had you any other conversation with her?

J. Pratt. Yes; on the same day she told me

me it was her belief, I was the man that had the horse.

Mr. Nares. Why did she say so?

J. Pratt. Because I work'd in the yard and the horse was missing, and I happen'd to speak a word to the man that was with her: I asked him what he would give me to help him to his horse again, so he went and told her directly.

Mr. Nares. Do you think you should know that man?

J. Pratt. I can't be positive.

Mr. Nares. Look about, and see if you see any body like him?

[He looks round, and as his eye pass'd over George Squires backwards and forwards, George held down his head.]

A Jurymen. I see George hold his face down as the witness looks towards him.

Mr. Davy. George, when witnesses are ordered to look for you hold up your head, I myself saw you this time, it does not look well.

J. Pratt. It is hard saying, I will not swear in that.

Mr. Nares. Had you any other talk with her?

J. Pratt. Yes, Sir; after she told me about having the horse, she said, she had got a very good friend not far off, and she would go to him, and if she wanted a guinea or two she could have it; and she would go to the cunning man, and would have the horse if he was above ground.

Mr. Nares. How came she to talk of going to a cunning man, when she would be look'd upon to be a cunning woman herself?

J. Pratt. I don't know that.

Mr. Nares. Did she ever undertake to tell you your fortune?

J. Pratt. No, she did not.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath is this the woman you saw at that time?

J. Pratt. Upon my oath, that is the woman, that is the woman.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her after that, before you saw her in Newgate?

J. Pratt. No; when I saw her in Newgate I was turn'd up stairs; the door was open'd, there were several people at the door, they bade me look in, I knew her immediately, the very same moment; I said, that is the woman that I came after.

Cross Examin'd.

Mr. Davy. Was there any other woman in Newgate but her?

J. Pratt. Not that I saw; I said, that is the woman, and so it was certain.

Mr. Davy. Were there other people at Endfield with her, when you saw her there?

J. Pratt. There were.

Mr. Davy. Were any of them like her in the face?

J. Pratt. No, none of them.

Mr. Davy. Something like her.

J. Pratt. No.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever in a court of justice before?

J. Pratt. No.

Mr. Davy. Was you ever upon your oath before?

J. Pratt. No, Sir.

Mr. Davy. Will you venture to say, as you are upon your oath, that this is the woman, and no other, and you are not mistaken?

J. Pratt. Upon my oath this is the woman, I am positive in my conscience, and I am sure that was no other woman; this is the woman I saw at that blessed time.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see a woman like her in your life?

J. Pratt. No; never in my days.

Mr. Davy. How came she to tell you her name was upon the clog?

J. Pratt. Because she had lost the horse; and she desired me, if I should see the horse, or find the clog, to let her know; and told me, her name was Mary Squires, and that it was upon the clog.

Mr. Davy. Do you know how large the clog was?

J. Pratt. No; I never saw it.

Mr. Davy. Do you remember she told you the name was Mary Squires?

J. Pratt. I am certain of it.

Mr. Davy. Was it not Sarah?

J. Pratt. I am sure it was Mary Squires.

Lydia Farroway sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

L. Farroway. I live at Endfield-Wash with Mr. Howard.

Mr. Nares. How long have you lived there?

L. Farroway. I came there on the 1st of August was twelve-month, and liv'd with them a year and quarter and upwards.

Mr. Nares. Was you there on Christmas was 12 months?

L. Farroway. I was.

Mr. Nares. Tell us as near as you can when you first saw the gipsy.

L. Farroway. I saw her more than once or twice.

Mr. Nares. Tell us the first time?

L. Farroway. I will as near as I can; but I must begin with another time, not the first: I was going with my young master to school about the latter part of January was 12 month, I saw her at a gentleman's house talking to the maid, to say to the day of the month I cannot.

Mr. Nares. Do you know when the gipsy woman was taken up?

L. Farroway. That was on a Thursday to the best of my remembrance; and the Tuesday was se'nnight before I saw her.

Mr. Nares. Name the gentleman's name that belongs to that house?

L. Farroway. It was Mr. Mackhouse's, a quaker, just on this side the Bell.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her before that?

L. Farroway. I saw her once or twice before; but how long before I can't say.

Mr. Nares. Are you positive you saw her once or twice before?

L. Farroway. Upon my oath, I am positive I saw her once or twice before.

Mr. Nares. Look about the court, and tell me if you see her any where here?

L. Farroway. That is the woman, I am positive to her. (pointing to her.)

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after that?

L. Farroway.

L. Farroway. I did; I saw her get into the cart when she was carried away, and I saw her after that in Newgate.

Mr. Nares. Did you think that was the same woman when you saw her get into the cart?

L. Farroway. I did; she was the first woman that got into the cart.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure the time, you mention you saw her talking to a maid servant, was in January?

L. Farroway. It was, I am sure.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure that woman is the same which you saw in the cart?

L. Farroway. I am sure of it.

Mr. Nares. Was that the same person which you saw in Newgate?

L. Farroway. It was; and this is the woman sitting here.

Mr. Nares. How came you to fix upon the Tuesday was se'nnight before she was taken up?

L. Farroway. Because I had been making some pyes against my young master's birthday, which was the 29th of January, and we made them before the time that they might be cold to be heated again.

Mr. Nares. Did they come to your master's pump at all?

L. Farroway. One of the daughters did; I saw her there two or three times.

Mr. Nares. About what time?

L. Farroway. About the time I saw her mother.

Mr. Nares. Are you the person that went and told your mistress that the gipsy girl was in the yard?

L. Farroway. I am, Sir; and my mistress went to the parlour window to see her.

Mr. Nares. What day of the month was this?

L. Farroway. I can't tell that, nor I can't tell the week.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. Are you sure your young master's birth-day is on the 29th of January?

L. Farroway. I am sure it is.

Mr. Willes. What pyes were you making?

L. Farroway. Mince pyes.

Mr. Willes. Why did you make them so long before hand?

L. Farroway. I made them so long before-hand, that we might warm them by the fire on his birth-day.

Mr. Nares. Had you ever seen Mary Squires in any body's shop at any time?

L. Farroway. I can't say I had.

Mr. Willes. When was the first time you saw her?

L. Farroway. To say the first time I can't, but the time I can be positive of, was the 23d of January.

Mr. Willes. Is the birth-day the 29th by old stile or new?

L. Farroway. It was on a Monday and by the new stile.

Mr. Willes. Did you see the gipsy first, or her daughter come for water first?

L. Farroway. To the best of my memory, I saw the gipsy first.

Mr. Willes. Which of her daughters was it that came to the pump?

L. Farroway. I can't say which.

Mr. Nares. You say you saw the gipsy before you saw the daughter, but can't fix upon that time?

L. Farroway. No, I can't indeed.

Margaret Richardson sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

Margaret Richardson. I live in Green-street now, but did live in Turkey-street, Endfield.

Mr. Nares. How long have you liv'd in Green-street?

M. Richardson. Ever since last Michaelmas; I lived in the other thirteen years.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

M. Richardson. I know this woman (*pointing to Mary Squires.*)

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

M. Richardson. I saw her at Mrs. Water-houses, in Turkey-street, in the new Christmas week, as near as I can guess.

Mr. Nares. What is her business?

M. Richardson. She sells butter, cheese, flower, and all manner of things for poor folks.

Mr. Nares. What did she go to buy there?

M. Richardson. I can't say nothing to what she came to buy, she was smoaking a pipe when I went in there.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this is the same woman?

M. Richardson. I am sensible and certain sure this is the same woman.

Mr. Nares. Was you long in that shop?

M. Richardson. I sat down there I believe a quarter of an hour; and I took particular notice of her, because I never saw the like before, and I was surpriz'd.

Mr. Nares. Was you in the same room with her?

M. Richardson. The shop and house is all one room, the fire place is there; I left her there when I went away.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her at any other time?

M. Richardson. I saw her come by my door in Turkey-street, on old Christmas-day; my dog had like to have fell upon her, but my husband was in the yard, and he prevented him.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure that was the same woman you saw in the shop?

M. Richardson. I am positive it was.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure this was on old Christmas-day?

M. Richardson. I am.

Mr. Nares. Did your husband work on old Christmas-day?

M. Richardson. No, as he play'd the new Christmas-day, he was resolved to make holy-day on that; so he was at home.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her after?

M. Richardson. Not till she was out of Wells's house and put into the cart, then I shook hands with mother Wells, and told her she had done for herself: my husband was the man that drove the cart; the gipsy was the

R r

first

first that got into it, and Wells the next, and Virtue Hall the next; I saw them all go off.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her in custody?

M. Richardson. No, I did not.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. So you told mother Wells she had done for herself, what was her reply?

M. Richardson. She said she should return again.

Mr. Willes. Then she and you are very good friends?

M. Richardson. No.

Mr. Willes. How came you to insult her?

M. Richardson. I never had a quarrel with her, upon my oath.

Mr. Willes. Then how came you to say so?

M. Richardson. Because she had been in a great many broiles and troubles, and no body thought she would have got out of them.

Mr. Willes. Do you know which is old Christmas-day, and which is new Christmas-day?

M. Richardson. You must tell me, my memory cannot be so good.

Mr. Willes. Which comes first?

M. Richardson. Why the new Christmas-day.

Mr. Willes. How many days difference?

M. Richardson. Some call it nine, but there may be more.

Mr. Willes. How old are you good woman?

M. Richardson. I don't know justly.

Mr. Willes. What day of the week was old Christmas-day?

M. Richardson. It was of a Tuesday or Wednesday, I can't remember which.

Mr. Willes. Is Christmas-day Holy-Thurs-day or Good-Friday?

M. Richardson. I can't resolve no such thing; I am no scholar, I can't pretend to know such things.

Mr. Willes. What month is Christmas-day in?

M. Richardson. I can't say that neither, because you put me to a stop.

Mr. Willes. Is it the twenty-fifth of February?

M. Richardson. I don't know justly indeed.

Mr. Nares. You put the poor old woman in a hurry?

Recorder. Don't be afrighted; can you tell what month Christmas is in?

M. Richardson. I cannot.

Recorder. In what season of the year is it.

M. Richardson. To be sure I can tell that, it is in winter.

Recorder. Don't be terrified; you are come here to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and not to tell a particular story, but to answer all such questions that the court shall think proper to ask you.

Mr. Willes. Pray, why do you keep Christmas holy-days?

(No answer.)

George Clements sworn.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

George Clements. I live at Endfield highway with Mr. Hambleton, I entered yesterday after I went home.

Mr. Nares. Did you live with Mr. Starr, any time?

G. Clements. Yes Sir, I came away last Michaelmas; he lives down the Marsh-lane by Mrs. Wells's.

Mr. Nares. How long did you live with him?

G. Clements. About a year and a quarter.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

G. Clements. I do, that is the woman that sits there in a red cloak.

Mr. Nares. Are you very sure of it?

G. Clements. I am sure.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mrs. Wells?

G. Clements. I do, my master lives but about a hundred yards from her house.

Mr. Nares. Do you remember the time she was taken up?

G. Clements. I do.

Mr. Nares. How long had you seen Mary Squires, before Mrs. Wells was taken up?

G. Clements. I had seen her about a fortnight before that.

Mr. Nares. Where did you see her?

G. Clements. She came into my master's house, and wanted to tell my Mrs. her fortune.

Mr. Nares. Did she come in of her own accord?

G. Clements. She opened the door, and came in as I was sitting at dinner; my mistress would not let her tell her her fortune, she was afraid of her, and gave her a bit of black-pudding to get rid of her, she asked my mistress to let her have a pound of pickled pork.

Mr. Nares. Did she want any thing else?

G. Clements. I don't remember any thing else.

Mr. Nares. How long did she stay in the kitchen?

G. Clements. I can't tell how long.

Mr. Nares. Did you see her after this?

G. Clements. I did, about two or three days after, as she was going up into the walk to Turkey-street; it was a very cold day.

Mr. Nares. Was any body with her?

G. Clements. No, nobody.

Mr. Nares. What do you call that walk?

G. Clements. There is no name to it as I know of, I said to her it is a very cold day; I remember'd that was the woman I had seen at my mistress's.

Mr. Nares. Did you ever see her afterwards?

G. Clements. No, only when I saw her in Newgate, and then she know'd me.

Mr. Nares. How do you know that?

G. Clements. I ask'd her whither she knew me, she said she did.

Mr. Nares. Did you ask her that of your own accord?

G. Clements. I did, and she said to me, I asked your mistress to let me have a pound of pickled-pork, and what harm did I do you if I was there.

Mr. Nares. Was you before the grand jury?

G. Clements.

G. Clements. No, I was not.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. Why do you know it was a fortnight before they were taken up?

G. Clements. She came to our house on a Thursday; my master was gone to Hertford to fetch a load of pease, and he carried them to London on the Friday.

Mr. Willes. What day of the month?

G. Clements. I can't tell the day of the month; this Thursday fortnight before she was taken up, then I was spreading dung in the marsh.

Mr. Willes. Do you ever slide on the ice?

G. Clements. No, I never could slide in my life.

Mr. Willes. Have you seen boys slide on the ice?

G. Clements. I have.

Mr. Willes. Do you remember a pond near Mrs. Wells's house?

G. Clements. Yes, I used to water my horses there.

Mr. Willes. Morning and night?

G. Clements. Yes.

Mr. Willes. Do you know the window that they suppose Canning made her escape from?

G. Clements. I do.

Mr. Willes. Could you by looking out of that window see that pond?

G. Clements. I could very plainly.

Mr. Willes. How many yards might it be from the window?

G. Clements. It may be about eight yards.

Mr. Willes. Do you recollect whether there were frosty weather that January?

G. Clements. Yes, there was.

Mr. Willes. Was that pond froze over then?

G. Clements. It was, we were forced to break the ice for the horses to drink.

Mr. Willes. Have you ever seen the boys slide on the ice on that pond?

G. Clements. I have.

Mr. Willes. How many have you seen there sliding together?

G. Clements. Two or three at a time.

Mr. Willes. What day of the year is new Christmas-day of?

G. Clements. I can't say that.

Mr. Willes. What month is it in.

G. Clements. December.

Mr. Willes. The beginning or latter end?

G. Clements. The 25th.

Mr. Willes. What day is old Christmas-day of?

G. Clements. It is eleven days after.

Mr. Nares. Are you sure it was on the Thursday fortnight before Wells was taken up, that you saw Mary Squires?

G. Clements. I am sure it was; and that same day my master went to Hertford.

Mr. Willes. Do you know William Headland?

G. Clements. I do.

Mr. Willes. Is he a sober youth or not?

G. Clements. I know no harm of the boy.

Mr. Willes. Whether, amongst the boys of the same age, is his character a good or a bad one; if he has a good character, upon your

oath say so; if not, upon your oath say it?

G. Clements. I am sure I never heard any body give him a bad character.

Hannah Fensham sworn.

Mr. Williams. Where do you live?

Hannah Fensham. I live at Endfield.

Mr. Williams. Are you a married woman?

H. Fensham. I am; my husband's name is John Fensham; he is a gardiner.

Mr. Williams. How long have you liv'd at Endfield?

H. Fensham. Fifteen or sixteen years.

Mr. Williams. Look at that old woman, take a full view of her?

H. Fensham. I know her, I have seen her before.

Mr. Williams. When?

H. Fensham. On the 16th of January 1753; I mean after new Christmas-day, I saw her in Trotts walk, on the side of madam Crow's garden, in Endfield, pretty near the highway.

Mr. Williams. What was she doing?

H. Fensham. I met her in the walk.

Mr. Williams. What time of the day?

H. Fensham. In the fore-part of the day.

Mr. Williams. What day of the week?

H. Fensham. I can't recollect what day of the week.

Mr. Williams. Have you ever seen her since the 16th?

H. Fensham. I have several times seen her pass and repass?

Mr. Williams. What was her business?

H. Fensham. I don't know that, except it was going to the chandler's-shop.

Mr. Williams. Do you know the time she was taken up?

H. Fensham. I was not there then.

Mr. Williams. Did you see her often between the 16th of January and 1st of February?

H. Fensham. I did divers times.

Mr. Williams. Did you see her after she was taken up?

H. Fensham. I did in Newgate, and I recollected her then.

Mr. Williams. Look at her again, are you certain this is the same person?

H. Fensham. Yes Sir, I am certain of that.

Mr. Williams. What may be your reason for recollecting the 16th of January?

H. Fensham. There was a snow on the 15th at night, and the 16th it was wet; and walking along I had like to have fell, as my patens were on: she stop'd and look'd at me, and I at her: when I came home my neighbour said, this snow is come in the right season, yesterday was the 15th, then I said, this must be the 16th; and not only that, but I went to the almanack and look'd that very day.

Mr. Williams. Did she speak to you.

H. Fensham. No, nor I to her; but her person is so particular that I can fware she is the same.

Mr. Williams. What did she appear to be?

H. Fensham. A gipsy, which I had heard of before; I was asked if I had seen the gipsy.

fey, because she went up and down telling fortunes.

Mr. Williams. Was you asked before or after this?

H. Fensham. It was two or three days after, and then I knew her.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Willes. What is the reason you know it to be the 16th?

H. Fensham. Because it was a great snow on the 15th at night.

Recorder. Did you see any company with her at any time?

H. Fensham. No, I did not.

Mr. Willes. Did you look directly to the almanack?

H. Fensham. No, Sir, not till the 16th at night.

Mr. Willes. Are you very well skill'd in almanacks?

H. Fensham. Why not? I can read and write a little.

Mr. Willes. Do you know what day of the week it is by the almanack?

H. Fensham. I can, I think so; my head is good enough for that.

Mr. Willes. Look in this almanack, and tell me what day of the week it is?

H. Fensham. (*She takes it in her hand, which was a common sheet almanack, folded up into a book.*) I can't see by this it is so small.

Mr. Willes. Look at it again, and take your time.

H. Fensham. I can't see without my spectacles, (*she puts them on*) you shall not fool me so.

Mr. Willes. Tell me by this the day of the week for the 14th of December?

H. Fensham. This is not such an almanack as I look in, I look in a sheet almanack, I can't tell by this.

Mr. Willes. Give it me again if you can't tell, all the reason you have to fix it is, that the snow fell on that day, upon which you referr'd to your almanack, and now you have shewn your skill in almanacks.

Mr. Williams. How long was it after new Christmas, was it a fortnight, or three weeks, or a month?

H. Fensham. It was not much above a fortnight after.

Mr. Williams. Do you know which is Sunday in the almanack? (*she takes it again*)

Mr. Williams. Look in the month of January? (*she tells down from the first to the 7th day, and said that was Sunday, which happened to be Tuesday.*)

Elizabeth Sherrard sworn.

Mr. Williams. Where do you live?

Elizabeth Sherrard. At Ponders-end, that is about a mile and half from Endfield; I keep a room, and pay my rent myself.

Mr. Williams. Do you remember seeing the gipsy about Endfield?

E. Sherrard. I do, I saw her three days running before new Christmas, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Williams. Look about, and see if you see her here? (*she could not see her; she went down and looked about, and up again twice; the last time she pointed to her.*) why this is the woman.

Mr. Williams. What Thursday, Friday and Saturday do you mean?

E. Sherrard. I mean immediately before new Christmas.

Mr. Williams. Where did you see her?

E. Sherrard. In mother Wells's house; I went there and went into her parlour, and when I came out again, I saw the gipsy stand at the kitchen door; I turn'd back again, and asked Mrs. Wells, who she had got in her house, she said lodgers; on the Friday I went into the Marsh-lane, and saw her standing at the window; and on Saturday I went down to Cheshunt, and she was standing then at the door.

Mr. Williams. How did you come to go to Mrs. Wells's?

E. Sherrard. She asked me to come in, that is, my neighbour Wells did; she wanted to see me because I had not been well.

Mr. Williams. Had you any acquaintance with her?

E. Sherrard. No, nor never went near her house.

Mr. Williams. Have you ever seen the gipsy since that time, before to day?

E. Sherrard. No, Sir, I never saw her but them times, and this time.

Mr. Williams. Did you see anybody there that belong'd to her?

E. Sherrard. There were two young wenches in the parlour, and a young man in the kitchen; but whether they were her son and two daughters I can't tell.

Mr. Williams. Had you any conversation with her?

E. Sherrard. No, I never chang'd a word with her; I don't like to have to do with them, I don't like them so well.

Cross Examined.

Mr. Davy. Look at that man, (meaning George Squires) is that the man?

E. Sherrard. I did not see his face.

Mr. Davy. Did you see the two young womens faces?

E. Sherrard. I did, but whether I know them or not I don't know, for they have changed their habits to be sure; that is one of them, (*pointing to Mary the daughter.*)

Mr. Davy. Lucy, shew your face.

E. Sherrard. Yes, this is the other; I think I can swear to them.

Mr. Davy. Do you swear they are the same?

E. Sherrard. They are very much like them.

Mr. Davy. You went down twice to look at the old woman; did you see her face the first time?

E. Sherrard. Yes, I did, but did not mind her 'till afterwards.

Mr. Davy. I hope you mind what you say; you know the consequence of perjury: you are before God, and a court of justice, therefore attend to me; did you see that old woman upon your going down the first time from off the place you now stand?

E. Sherrard. I did not know her, because she is clean; she is not so nasty and dirty as she was before.

Mr. Davy. Then the second time you did recollect her; you say she is the same woman?

E. Sherrard.

E. Sherrard. Yes, I do.

Mr. Davy. Did you see her face the first time going down?

E. Sherrard. No, I did not see her face, because I did not take so much notice.

Mr. Davy. Did not you see her face, or did not you know her face?

E. Sherrard. I did see her face; but being clean she is quite altered.

Mr. Davy. The man that swore you, said, you were to swear to the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: you have one foot in the grave, and the other out, be careful what you say: Was she cleaner the first time than she was the second?

E. Sherrard. She is all the same, but I did not take so much notice, and being cleaner she is altered.

Mr. Davy. Do you swear to her by her complexion, or features?

E. Sherrard. By her complexion and features both.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever see such another woman in your life?

E. Sherrard. No, I never did.

Mr. Davy. What day of the month is new Christmas day?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell indeed, because I can neither write nor read.

Mr. Davy. What month is it in?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell.

Mr. Davy. Was it in June, or July?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell.

Mr. Davy. Was it in June?

E. Sherrard. I can't tell.

Mr. Davy. Was it in April?

E. Sherrard. No, no, it was not in April.

Mr. Davy. What month then?

E. Sherrard. It might be in June for what ever I know; I know that is the woman to be sure.

Alderman Scott. Was it in winter, or in summer?

E. Sherrard. It was in winter.

Mr. Davy. Is new Christmas before old Christmas, or after?

E. Sherrard. Nay, new Christmas is before old Christmas I am sure.

Mr. Davy. Did you keep new Christmas? where you live do you go to church?

E. Sherrard. Yes, I know it by going to church, and every thing.

Mr. Davy. Did you go to church on old Christmas day?

E. Sherrard. Yes.

Recorder. What day of the week was new Christmas day?

E. Sherrard. It was on the Tuesday, wasn't it not? it was Monday or Tuesday howsoever.

Mr. Davy. Do you go to church every Sunday?

E. Sherrard. I very seldom miss when it is fair weather.

Mr. Davy. Did you go to church the Sunday before new Christmas day?

E. Sherrard. I did on Christmas day, and the Sunday before.

Mr. Davy. How many days were there between?

E. Sherrard. You can't make it but two days be it how it will.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure?

E. Sherrard. It was about three days, it was no more, nor could be any more.

Mr. Davy. How came you to know it was before new Christmas?

E. Sherrard. Why, I'll tell you how I came to know: Mrs. Wells bid me come, and said she would give me something for a Christmas box; when I came there she asked me to come in, I did, but did not stay but a very little time; when I came to the parlour door I saw the old gentlewoman standing at the kitchen door.

Mr. Davy. What did she give you for a Christmas box?

E. Sherrard. She did not give me no great matter.

Mr. Davy. There is no harm in saying what it was.

E. Sherrard. It was a small matter; I had but a penny.

Mr. Davy. Then she gave you a penny for your Christmas box?

E. Sherrard. Yes, sir.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever a Christmas box of her before?

E. Sherrard. No.

Mr. Davy. Did she give it you before, or after Christmas day?

E. Sherrard. It was three days before.

Mr. Davy. Did any body else give a Christmas box?

E. Sherrard. Yes, sir.

Mr. Davy. Had you ever a farthing given you before Christmas day?

E. Sherrard. Yes, sir.

Mr. Davy. From whom? tell me that.

E. Sherrard. At Mr. Picket's, and all the people that are able; they always give me something at Christmas, and to all their poor neighbours.

Mr. Davy. What business are you?

E. Sherrard. I work for my living as other people do.

Mr. Davy. Is it usual to give before Christmas, or after?

E. Sherrard. We always go before Christmas.

Mr. Davy. Do all give before Christmas?

E. Sherrard. No, some give after Christmas.

Mr. Davy. Who are they?

E. Sherrard. The gentlemen at Busby-hill do.

Mr. Davy. Where do the people live that give before Christmas?

E. Sherrard. All the people at Endfield do.

Mr. Williams. Then you have Christmas boxes given you before Christmas? then, I believe, you know pretty well when Christmas comes.

E. Sherrard. Yes, sir.

Mr. Williams. What, you are a poor woman? those people give it you before Christmas, in order to spend at Christmas?

E. Sherrard. Yes, sir, only the quakers, at Busby-hill, give it after Christmas.

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Mr. Williams.

Mr. Williams. When Christmas comes you know it, don't you?

E. Sherrard. Yes, I do, Sir.

Recorder. Do you know New-year's-day?

E. Sherrard. I do.

Recorder. When does that happen?

E. Sherrard. That is the week after Christmas day.

Recorder. How many days are there after new Christmas-day to New-year's-day.

E. Sherrard. A week.

Recorder. Was you ever in the work shop at Mrs. Wells's?

E. Sherrard. No, never in my life; I never heard of it before.

Mr. Williams. Did you never hear there was such a place as the work-shop at Mrs. Wells's?

E. Sherrard. No; indeed I did not.

Mr. Nares. On Saturday night Mr. Morton received a letter in court, giving an account that there was one Mrs. Edwards, who could give some light into this affair, upon that he desir'd she might be subpoena'd: she was not in our original briefs, and, I declare, I have stuck to that very strictly, not to admit any witnesses that are not in the brief. We are totally in the judgment of the court, whether she shall be called or not. The letter is anonymous.

Mr. Davy. The gentlemen have been so candid as to shew me this letter; I have not, to this moment, attempted to oppose any thing, or the asking any questions. What has been done in this case, I have not done it. I have been in the search of truth; but after your Lordship has tied us down very strictly, without any possibility of release, I hope the rule extends general without exception. I submit it as an objection, with regard to the general rule of practice; but, I imagine, the court will not think it proper, considering what has been done.

Mr. Nares. Mr. Davy mentions he has not objected to any evidence; I don't know any evidence that has been called he could object to, on our side. We have not objected, or stopp'd them, in any instance; but here is a poor girl on her trial, I would submit it, how far the court thinks this agreement binds.

Baron Legge. I'll tell you my opinion as to this matter; I thought it a right proposal, when made, on both sides, that you should go on, according to your briefs, stated at that time, in regard to the trial; and as it has come to an unusual length, there was an absolute necessity for such an agreement, and to depart from it is an unprecedented thing, therefore we must ward against all the mischiefs that can arise from it; the worst that can arise is a growing evidence upon an anonymous letter; there is no foundation on either side for it, and we are not to admit of it.

Mr. J. Clive. I am entirely of the same opinion with my brother; upon this evidence it will be left with the jury, upon which side the evidence is most conclusive.

Mr. Nares. It was my duty to mention it, as Mr. Morton desir'd she might be subpoena'd, therefore I hope the court will excuse me. We

will call Mr. Salt to prove the examination of Elizabeth Canning before justice Fielding.

Mr. Davy. Mr. Salt can't explain away a written evidence taken before a magistrate: I object to his evidence.

Mr. Nares. Then we will call to the confession of mother Wells.

Mr. Davy. My Lord, I object to that; she is a very proper evidence herself, she has been branded in the hand; if they will produce her she is within a few yards of the court.

Mr. Nares. This girl is indicted for what she gave in evidence against Susannah Wells and Mary Squires; she is now called upon for a perjury in swearing upon that particular trial. Now these two persons were convicted, therefore, I take it for granted, we are at liberty to give in a circumstance to prove what she said, in evidence on the indictment. All that Wells had said at that time was evidence against Wells, and all that Squires had said was evidence against herself. We are now come to establish her evidence, standing at the time she was examined; and, if we can prove from their own declarations, that Canning and Squires were there, we have a proper right to call in such evidence, in order to corroborate that girl's testimony; for it is that testimony that she gave upon the trial that is to be admitted.

Mr. Davy. I will beg leave, in order to give light to this objection, to put the case more familiarly: Suppose a person had sworn on a particular day that I was at York, and that I said I was at York; now my saying I was at York, is no reason at all for their swearing I was there. I can only give them authority to say, I said I was at York; but I am the proper person to be examin'd to the real fact. Mrs. Wells is here to swear whether she was or was not in her house, and she is a competent witness to that fact.

Mr. J. Clive. This is an indictment for perjury, for a testimony she gave at a trial betwixt the crown and the two prisoners Squires and Wells, and in strictness the testimony, to wit, Susannah Wells's, would not in the course of the trial have affected Squires, or Squires's have affected Susannah Wells; but this is an indictment for perjury, in the testimony that this girl, Canning, gave of them both; therefore, I think, either are proper witnesses of what she said.

Baron Legge. To be sure, what they said is evidence against the person that did say it; when you have made use of those which were not produc'd in evidence at the time, that could not have been evidence against the accessory and not the principal; how will you produce that?

Mr. Nares. In the first place their not being called as a witness can be no objection in not calling them now, because it has been done several times; I do not call every witness in my brief; if I have fifty in my brief, and fifty swear to the fact I would call them; when that person which is a witness is called upon, should not she have the benefit of every circumstance that will confirm the testimony? or, will the court exclude her, because the persons concerned in the prosecution

prosecution did not think proper to call the other witnesses that they might have called?

Baron Legge. The perjury is laid jointly against Mary Squires and Susannah Wells; was it not, Mr. Ford?

Mr. Ford, Clerk of the Arraignment. They were both tried together, and the indictment on the same piece of parchment.

Mr. Davy. This only sets forth the indictment of Mary Squires, not a word of Susannah Wells; she is not mentioned in it.

Baron Legge. Would you produce that which originally had been evidence against Squires?

Mr. Nares. The same witnesses were examined on the whole trial all through, and they were found both guilty at the same time, and the jury were charged with both at the same time; the assignment of the perjury is, that she was in Susannah Wells's house, and robbed in her house.

Baron Legge. Then the evidence of Susannah Wells is evidence to that account.

Mr. J. Clive. This is an indictment against principal and accessory, whereby they are complicated in the same indictment; it is against Squires as principal, and Wells as accessory after the fact; so far is extremely clear, that she never could have been convicted as accessory, unless there had been a robbery; and she knowing of that robbery, therefore she was interested at this trial, as it was one and the same indictment, and their case submitted to the consideration of the same jury. I think, that if Susannah Wells has given in any testimony, that there was a robbery, considering the nature of the trial, as it comes before the jury, it is the same as if Squires had declared it herself.

John Ward, sworn.

John Ward. I have known Susannah Wells, I believe, 20 years.

Mr. Williams. When did you see her lately?

J. Ward. I seeing in a news-paper of her being taken up, and put into Clerkenwell Bridewell, and living in Southwark, the first time I came cross the water I thought I would go and see her (I had had a notion that she was dead, for I had not seen her for above twelve years.) I went to see her in Bridewell. The first word she said to me was, Who thought of seeing you here? My reply was, by seeing your name in the news-papers.

Mr. Williams. How long was this after she was taken up?

J. Ward. It was just after she was taken up; I cannot say to the day of the month; it was before the trial of Squires and her. I ask'd her, how she came to keep the girl there a fortnight?

Mr. Williams. What did you mean by *there*?

J. Ward. I understood by the paper the girl was kept at her house.

Mr. Williams. What was her answer?

J. Ward. She said, she was there 28 days. I asked her, what room she kept her in? She said, you know the room very well.

Alderman Dickenson. Had you been acquainted with her, and did you know the rooms in her house?

J. Ward. I had been acquainted there 12 or 13 years ago, but not since I have been in

business for myself, and have been all over the house.

Mr. Williams. Did you understand what room she meant?

J. Ward. No, Sir.

Mr. Williams. Did you see her after this?

J. Ward. I did, on the Sunday following, then I met her in the Bridewell yard. We never drank together the first or second time. I asked her, how she thought to get off of this affair? She said, she must take her trial.

Baron Legge. How came you to go a second time?

J. Ward. Because my wife had a mind to see her; we both lived at Waltham abbey before I married. Mr. Jones went with me the first time.

Mr. Williams. Where do you live now?

J. Ward. I live in Maid lane, St. Mary Overy's parish, Surrey. I am a breeches-maker.

Mr. Williams. Are you a house-keeper?

J. Ward. Yes, Sir, I have lived there near the spot 13 years, and have carried on business 14 years.

Baron Legge. So you asked her, how she kept the girl a fortnight there, without knowing in what room?

J. Ward. Yes, my Lord.

Baron Legge. Did she form her answer out of the news-paper?

John Ward. Not as I know of.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. What business carried you there?

J. Ward. By seeing her name in the paper, I went to see if it was the same woman, out of curiosity, not having seen her above 12 years.

Mr. Davy. How far did you live from Endfield wath?

John Ward. I liv'd at Waltham abbey.

Mr. Davy. Had you had a great desire to know whether she had been dead or alive, you might have gone to Endfield wath, and have known that.

J. Ward. I wish I had never gone to have seen her.

Mr. Davy. Had you any other business there?

J. Ward. No, none at all, only I had some at Saffron-hill, with a man that works with me; and I had also some business in Shoe-lane, and Mr. Jones went with me.

Mr. Davy. What business had he there?

J. Ward. He went with me as a friend and acquaintance; he had never seen her in his life before.

Mr. Davy. Did not you ask her, what she was there for?

J. Ward. No, I did not.

Mr. Davy. Did not you ask her more questions than that you just mentioned?

J. Ward. No.

Mr. Davy. Do not you, upon your oath, believe she meant, to let you know, she was charged for keeping the girl in her house 28 days?

J. Ward. No, I did not understand her so.

Mr. Davy. Did not she tell you she was innocent of the charge?

J. Ward.

J. Ward. No, sir.

Mr. Davy. Did not she, before the trial, say she was innocent of it?

J. Ward. No, sir, what I told you is all truth.

Mr. Davy. How long did you take the confinement to be, when you read the news-paper?

J. Ward. I took it to be a fortnight.

Mr. Davy. What are the words you made use of?

J. Ward. I said, how came you to keep the girl there a fortnight?

Mr. Davy. Where did you mean?

J. Ward. I meant in her own house, and she said 28 days.

Mr. Davy. How came you not to give evidence of this when she was tried?

J. Ward. I did not know I should be wanted; the reason I came now was, I was with my friend drinking a tankard of beer, and he threw his skits, and said, mother Wells had been an old procurer of mine; and the people in the house heard this affair talk'd over, and they went and brought some people from Aldermanbury, who came to me, to whom I related it again.

Mr. Davy. I insist upon Mrs. Wells being produced to know if he knows her.

Mr. Nares. That you never intend.

Baron Legge. You say you saw it in the News-paper, and you asked her, how she came to keep the girl a fortnight; she said, why she was there 28 days. Suppose it was to be said, I saw in the News-papers you sat 5 days in the Old Bailey. The answer would be, we sat 10, if the News-papers were 10.

Mr. Nares. Did you ask this with any apprehension of becoming a witness against her?

J. Ward. No, not in the least.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever make affidavit of this before?

J. Ward. It was just when they were going to file a bill against the Abbotsbury men.

Mr. Davy. How long is it ago?

J. Ward. Before the trial of the Abbotsbury men; the gentlemen ask'd me to make it, which I did before Sir Robert Ladbroke.

Mr. Davy. Was you examined then before the grand jury?

J. Ward. I was.

Richard Jones sworn.

Mr. Nares. Did you go with John Ward to Clerkenwell Bridewell?

Richard Jones. Yes, sir, he asked me to go with him to see mother Wells, and said, he knew her in the country.

Mr. Nares. When did you go with him?

Rich. Jones. I think it was about the beginning of February was 12 month.

Mr. Nares. What conversation passed between Ward and mother Wells there?

Rich. Jones. He ask'd her, how she came to be so vile as to shut up the girl a fortnight? A fortnight, said she, she was there eight and twenty days.

Mr. Nares. What did he say to her upon that?

Rich. Jones. I cannot tell.

Mr. Nares. Did he ask her any thing more?

Rich. Jones. No, nothing more, as I know of.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. Was any thing said about a News-paper?

Rich. Jones. No, he told me, he had read it in a news-paper of mother Wells's being in Bridewell.

Mr. Davy. How came you to go with him?

Rich. Jones. I went with him to keep him company.

Mr. Davy. Did he say any thing to her about seeing it before in the news-paper?

Rich. Jones. Not as I know of.

Mr. Davy. Not a word?

Rich. Jones. No, not as I know of.

Mr. Davy. Did not she say she was innocent?

Rich. Jones. No, nothing at all about it.

Mr. Davy. Did not she say she had never seen the girl in her life?

Rich. Jones. No, she did not say she had, or had not.

Mr. Nares. Where do you live?

Rich. Jones. I live in Shoe-lane, I am a brass founder, I have a wife and family there.

Mr. Nares. How long have you liv'd there?

Rich. Jones. About 10 years.

Mr. Nares. Are you a house-keeper?

Rich. Jones. I keep a House of 20 l. per year.

Mr. Nares. I have in my brief some witnesses of credit and character that were near the gipsy when she was tried, and heard some confessions which she made at that time. How far your lordship thinks these witnesses are proper, I leave to your lordship.

Mr. Davy. I waive that, I have no objection to that.

Baron Legge. Whether any thing said in court is any evidence, unless said to the court. There is here a manifest difference between what is said in court, and to the court; for what is not said to the court, is the same as said any where else.

Mr. Nares. It is no part of the evidence given, but observations she made upon the evidence given against her.

Mr. J. Clive. That is giving evidence of that which is no evidence.

Mr. Nares. We are now going, my lord, to impeach the credit of some of the witnesses; we begin with Judith Natus.

Nathaniel Crumphorne sworn.

Nathaniel Crumphorne. I live at Waltham-crofs in Hertfordshire; I have been a house-keeper there above 7 years.

Mr. Williams. What is your business?

N. Crumphorne. I am a cordwainer.

Mr. Williams. Do you know Judith Natus?

N. Crumphorne. I do, she is wife to Fortune Natus; they live at Waltham-crofs.

Mr. Williams. Did you know them when they liv'd at Endfield-wash?

N. Crumphorne. No, I did not.

Mr. Williams. When did you see Judith Natus?

N. Crumphorne. I saw her at my house on the 21st of April last. She came to know if one Thomas Pain wanted a person to pick up stones. I said to her, Mrs. Natus, how can you have the conscience, knowing this innocent

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cent creature Betty Canning was at Mrs. Wells's house, that you should go and be an evidence against her. The answer she made me was, *Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, I cannot say but she really was there, when we lodg'd there.*

Mr. Williams. Did she come to your house accidentally?

Nath. Crumphorne. She came to ask if Mr. Pain wanted a person to pick up stones.

Mr. Williams. Who was 'by at the time?

Nath. Crumphorne. My neighbour and my wife were.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. Then they did lodge at Wells's, did they?

Nath. Crumphorne. She said so.

Mr. Davy. When did you understand by her, that she and her husband lodg'd there?

Nath. Crumphorne. She told me so on the 21st of April; but I cannot tell when they lodg'd there.

Mr. Davy. Did she tell you they all three lodged in one room?

Nath. Crumphorne. I can say nothing at all about that.

Mr. Davy. There is the little word *but*, are you sure that was mentioned? I will read it without that word,—*Mr. Crumphorne, I cannot say she really was there when we lodg'd there.*

Nath. Crumphorne. She said the word *but*.

Mr. Davy. Are you sure she said that word?

Nath. Crumphorne. She said it indeed.

Mr. Davy. What did you understand by it?

Nath. Crumphorne. What I understood by it was, that she really was there, when she lodged there.

Baron Legge. When was it you had this conversation?

Nath. Crumphorne. It was on the 21st of April last.

Mr. Nares. Then what you charged her with was, how could she in her conscience swear so, knowing the innocency of Canning.

Nath. Crumphorne. Yes, and the words she said were, *Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, I cannot say but she really was there, when we lodg'd there.*

Baron Legge. How many days before this trial began, was it that she said so?

Nath. Crumphorne. It was a fortnight ago yesterday.

Elizabeth Crumphorne (sworn.)

Elizabeth Crumphorne. Nathaniel Crumphorne is my husband. Judith Natus came to our house on the 21st of April last.

Mr. Nares. Did you send for her?

Eliz. Crumphorne. No, I did not, nor I did not want to see her. She came to ask for a person about picking up stones. My husband said to her, How could you be so cruel, knowing Elizabeth Canning was confined when you was there, to go to swear as you did? Her answer was, *Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, really she was there, when we lodged there.*

Mr. Nares. Tell the words as near as you can?

Eliz. Crumphorne. She said, *Indeed, Mr. Crumphorne, she actually was there, when we lodg'd there.*

Mr. Nares. Did she say she was confined there?

Eliz. Crumphorne. No, Sir.

John Jackson sworn.

John Jackson. I have liv'd at Edmonton 14 or 15 years; I saw Fortune Natus lay a wager (at the four Swans at Waltham-crofs) that he was at Wells's house, all the time of January 1753, and it was proved he lay at another house one night.

Paul Stevens sworn.

Paul Stevens. I live in New Prison walk, Clerkenwell, I am a publican, and have liv'd there between 12 and 13 years.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Susannah Wells?

P. Stevens. I do, I have seen her in Bridewell, and at her own house.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Mary Squires?

P. Stevens. I do.

Mr. Nares. See if you see her here?

P. Stevens. That is the woman (*pointing to her*.) I saw her in New Prison, about 3 or 4 days after she was taken up and carried there. There was a gentleman or two and I went down to see the people on the common side, in the prison. She was sitting by the fire side in the kitchen, in the master's side. We had a bottle of wine there. She began to speak and resolve some questions; she acknowledged she was at Mrs. Wells's house, but said (for what I am here for, I am innocent of, that is, cutting off her stays, but to be sure the person was there, I believe) she said, she never was guilty of robbing the girl.

Mr. Nares. How long did she say she had been there herself?

P. Stevens. She said, she had been there a fortnight and three days, I think.

Mr. Nares. What girl do you mean?

P. Stevens. I mean Eliz. Canning.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. Then she said, she did not cut her stays off?

P. Stevens. She put her hands up and said, as God is my Saviour, what I am sent here for, I am innocent of, but she said, she believed the person was there.

Mr. Davy. Did she say she saw the person there?

P. Stevens. No, she did not. She said, she herself was there a fortnight and three days, and the girl was there in the time.

Mr. Davy. Answer my question, Did she say she saw Eliz. Canning at Wells's in her life?

P. Stevens. No, she did not.

Mr. Davy. Did she make use of the word believe?

P. Stevens. She said, she was sure she was there.

Mr. Davy. Did she acknowledge she was there?

P. Stevens. She did, she came into a free way of speaking at last, more than at first.

Mr. Davy. Did she say, she was not above a fortnight and 3 days in the whole?

P. Stevens. She did not say she was there more.

Mr. Nares. Did she acknowledge she was there a fortnight and three days?

P. Stevens. She did.

Mr. J. Clive. Did she say, she saw her there?

Paul Stevens. She said, she was in the house sure enough; she believ'd she was, and positively, almost, sure of it.

Mr. J. Clive. What did you go to the goal for? was it to get this confession from her?

P. Stevens. No.

Mr. J. Clive. Who were those gentlemen that you went with?

Paul Stevens. Mr. Martin and Mr. Dudley.

Mr. J. Clive. Did you give evidence here upon the trial?

P. Stevens. No.

Joseph Haines sworn.

Mr. Williams. Are you a house-keeper?

Jos. Haines. I live at Ware in Hertfordshire. I have been a house-keeper above forty years there.

Mr. Williams. Do you know Fortune Natus?

Jos. Haines. I do. I have known him 6 or 7 years, or more.

Mr. Williams. Do you know his wife?

Jos. Haines. I do, she was bred and born in the town.

Mr. Williams. What kind of a character does he bear? Do you look upon him to be an honest man?

Jos. Haines. No.

Mr. Williams. Do you believe his oath is to be taken?

Jos. Haines. I believe it is not. I know it is not fit to be taken. He is a very dishonest man.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. What is your business?

Jos. Haines. I am a barge master. I am an owner of part of 2 barges.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever hear any body speak well of him in your life.

Jos. Haines. No, not lately; when he came to our town, he turn'd a bad man, when he work'd at Fatham's hall, he went on better, but when he came to our town he deceived a great many people.

Mr. Davy. How long is that ago?

Jos. Haines. That is 10 or 12 years ago.

Mr. Davy. How long is it since you heard a good character of him?

Jos. Haines. I have not heard a good one of him for almost three years.

Mr. Davy. Do you think if he was to come into a court of justice, and not to get a farthing by it, that he would perjure himself?

Jos. Haines. I think he would say any thing to get a shilling.

Mr. Davy. Suppose he could not get a shilling by it?

Jos. Haines. He would try for it.

Mr. Davy. Do you think he would rather swear false than truth, tho' he did not get a shilling by it?

Jos. Haines. I think he would, he hates truth.

Mr. Davy. You say, you believe he hates truth. I do not know what you mean. Is he a bad rogue?

Jos. Haines. Nobody will give him a good character about us.

Mr. Davy. Do you know his wife, she is a bad wretch too?

Jos. Haines. She is a bad body.

Mr. Davy. A drunken beast?

Jos. Haines. You have guessed right as any man in England. You give a very good guess.

Mr. Davy. What have you not made it up with him?

Jos. Haines. He once brought me a forg'd note.

Mr. Davy. Are you at law?

Jos. Haines. No, Sir.

Paul Chapman sworn.

Paul Chapman. I live at Ware, and have done these 20 years.

Mr. Williams. What are you?

P. Chapman. I am a bricklayer.

Mr. Williams. Do you know Fortune Natus?

P. Chapman. I do.

Mr. Williams. What is his character?

P. Chapman. He has a very bad character.

Mr. Williams. Do you think he is to be credited upon oath?

P. Chapman. I believe he is not to be believed upon oath.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. How long has he left Ware?

P. Chapman. I believe he has left Ware 3 or 4 years.

Mr. Willes. Have you seen him since he left Ware?

P. Chapman. No, I have not, till now, he behav'd very ill there.

Thomas Green sworn.

Thomas Green. I live at Ware in Hertfordshire. I am a farmer. I have lived there 30 years, and have been a house-keeper almost as long.

Mr. Nares. What do you rent per year?

Tho. Green. I rent 600 l. per year.

Mr. Williams. Do you know Fortune Natus?

Tho. Green. I do.

Mr. Williams. What is his general character?

Tho. Green. Really, in my conscience, he has a very indifferent one.

Mr. Williams. Is he to be believed upon oath?

Tho. Green. I make a query whether he is—I believe not.

Mr.

Mr. J. Clive. Did you ever hear him forswear himself?

Tho. Green. No, I never did.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. One question, yes, or no. Do you believe, that in a case where he was not interested a single shilling, he would perjure himself?

Tho. Green. I have reason to think he would say any thing for hire.

Recorder. Give a reason why he would say any thing for hire.

Tho. Green. He has never injured me, nor robbed me; but he was a parishoner of Ware, and he elop'd, and left a child to the work-house.

Baron Legge. Is his character so bad, he would wantonly perjure himself?

Tho. Green. That I cannot answer for.

Mr. Nares. My lord, I will now call justice Tashmaker to shew, that Virtue Hall's confession was taken, not in the hearing of Canning. Mr. White says, they were taken in the hearing of one another.

Mr. Davy. This is applying to the jury matter foreign to the case. With your lordship's leave, I will say, the jury are not to know, that such a person ever existed as Virtue Hall.

Mr. Morton. The jury are not to take notice there is such a person as Virtue Hall in being; but we have a right to call what evidence she gave in the court here. You have heard Canning's evidence, and called the minuter here to prove it. If your lordship thinks I have no right to call the justice of the peace to prove she gave her testimony when the parties accused were not by; that is, when Wells and Squires were not by, I would call justice Tashmaker to prove what she said, who was in the room when she was examined.

Mr. Willes. I think it would have been extremely right if Canning's evidence was not taken down in writing.

Baron Legge. The perjury is assigned upon the evidence she gave at the Old Baily. The question is not, who was by when the deposition was made before a justice of peace? that is no way in issue in the case.

Mr. J. Clive. We are of opinion it can be no evidence to call justice Tashmaker.

Mr. Nares. My lord, Ezra Whiffen swears, that on the 18th of January he was in the room where Canning was confined, to buy some sign irons. We will call the man who painted the sign, to shew that he was not there at the time.

William Metcalf sworn.

William Metcalf. I am a glazier, painter, and plumber, and live at Endfield highway.

Mr. Nares. Do you know Ezra Whiffen?

Will. Metcalf. I do. I remember I carried a sign home to his house, on the 8th of

January 1753, old stile, and set it down directly in my book.

Mr. Nares. Where is that book?

Will. Metcalf. It is at home, I could easily have brought it, had I had an Order so to have done. But I can satisfy you another way. I have a pocket-book in my pocket, and I took it from this pocket-book, and put it in my day-book. *(He produces the pocket-book.)*

Mr. Nares. Tell me by looking into that book, the day you brought the sign home?

Will. Metcalf. It was on the 8th of January, O. S. I wrote this myself in his own house, with his pen and ink.

Mr. Nares. Upon your oath is it your own hand-writing?

Will. Metcalf. Upon my oath it is.

Mr. Nares. What day was it new stile?

Will. Metcalf. It was on the 19th, N. S. He told me he had spoke to one Mr. John Garret, a blacksmith, to make the irons to hang it upon. I went directly to the blacksmith, and asked him, whether he had done them? He told me he would not do them at all, till such time as Whiffen had paid what was due already.

Mr. Nares. Did you go back again then to Whiffen?

Will. Metcalf. No, about ten or fourteen days after I saw Whiffen, and asked him if he had got the irons? He said, he had got none. Then I said, you are very much to blame you did not go down to mother Wells's, to see for her hooks, because they were the same that the sign hung upon; and I thought they might be in the same piece of wood, which was sawed off when the sign was taken down?

Mr. Nares. Did he say he had been for them?

Will. Metcalf. No, he did not, but he said he would go.

Mr. Nares. Had he the hooks when you spoke to him?

Will. Metcalf. That I do not know. He did not say he had been at mother Wells's, or that he had got them.

Mr. Nares. When was it hang'd up?

Will. Metcalf. I do not know.

Cross examined.

Mr. Willes. The 1753, which is in black figures; when was it wrote in this book? I observe it to be in a different ink.

Will. Metcalf. That was wrote on Saturday was 7-night, I believe; that was taken from the other book. I took that date out of my other book; for I set it down in my pocket-book, without the date at first.

Mr. Morton. I observe in this, here is Oct. 17, do you mean old stile, or new stile?

Will. Metcalf. I mean old stile; all that is set down, is set down by my clock.

Mr. Morton. When you made that entry, did you mean it according to old stile, or new?

Will. Metcalf. To the old.

Recorder. Why did not you bring your book here?

Wil.

Will. Metcalph. I did not know it would be wanted.

To her character.

Mr. Marshall sworn.

Mr. Marshall. I have known Elizabeth Canning, the younger, almost ever since she could go alone, since she has grown up, she has come to my shop almost every day. She bears a very good character; I never knew a girl behave more modestly in my life. I am one of her bail, and if I had not believed her to have been entirely honest, I would not have been bail for her.

Cross examined.

Mr. Davy. Look at this paper, it has your name to it, was it done with your consent?

Mr. Marshall. It was not; but when it was done, I did not contradict it.

Mr. Davy. Here is an attestation of all the facts she had sworn, why did you suffer it to be printed?

Mr. Marshall. I did not contradict it.

Mr. Davy. Did you ever declare that you was ignorant of the things that you here attest?

Mr. Marshall. As to the facts, they put my name in to attest her being a harmless girl; the contents I never saw, till I saw them in print.

Mr. Davy. You have said here, the truth of the abovementioned facts, we, whose names are under written, being also ready to attest. Did you ever take any pains to satisfy the world that you were not able to attest these facts?

Mr. Marshall. I had nothing to do with the printing the papers. My attestation was only to tell of the girl's absence.

Mr. Davy. Did you give any of these papers away?

Mr. Marshall. I believe I did.

Mr. Davy. Do you know of their being scattered about at the time of the trial of Wells and Squires?

Mr. Marshall. I have heard they were delivered about, but I did not do it. I said it was a bad thing to distribute them about then.

Mr. Davy. Upon your oath, did you consent to the publication of it?

Mr. Marshall. Upon my oath I did not.

Mr. Davy. Was your name put to it without your consent?

Mr. Marshall. It was.

Recorder. Did you see your name to them before you distributed them about?

Mr. Marshall. Yes, I did.

Mr. Davy. Whether the intent of publishing these papers was not to inflame the world against the gipsy?

Mr. Marshall. No, I believe not.

Mr. Nares. Did you believe the truth of these papers that you distributed?

Mr. Marshall. My belief was, that the girl had been so long missing from her friends.

Mr. Davy. I am to tell the jury from the prosecutor, I have nothing against the girl's character, exclusive of this fact.

Mr. Nares. Then we need call no more to her character.

Mr. Davy. I have only to call witnesses to the support of Natus's and Whiffen's characters.

Tuesday the 7th.

Mr. Morton. We last night finished this long trial in behalf of the defendant. I am very sensible, that, perhaps, there never was a case came before a court of justice, in which it was more proper, I hope I need not say more necessary, for some of the counsel concerned to have made observations from the material part of the evidence given on both sides.

That is what is the province of a counsel, to observe how far our evidence answered the evidence given on the behalf of the prosecution.

It has been among the many misfortunes of the defendant, that it has been impossible for any one of her counsel, to have attended thro' this whole trial. Mr. Williams, whose proper province it was to have replied, has necessarily been absent, during great part of the evidence; therefore it is impossible for him to discharge his duty in that.

It has likewise been my misfortune to be absent, and it has also been Mr. Nares's misfortune to be absent, so that we could not attend upon that part of the evidence. I mention this, that I may lay in my claim with your lordship, who has been so very acute and attentive, that whatever observations are proper to be made, the jury may carry the facts along with them, as well as the prosecutor's charge; and that your lordship will be so kind to supply what we have been obliged to omit. I make no doubt but you will do so, because no greater accuracy, and no greater attention can be shewn, than has appeared in your lordship through the course of this trial; therefore my client will not suffer thro' this absence.

Recorder. You may assure yourselves I shall, and I hope you will be present, when I sum up to the jury; and I shall not take it in the least amiss to be instructed, if I make any mistake whatsoever.

Mr. Morton. When once the case is in your hands, I am very sure it is in safe hands.

Mr. Davy. I desire it may be proved to the jury, that the days of the arrival of the letters from Basingstoke, are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Thomas Ravenhill again.

Mr. Willes. As you are an officer in the post-office, you can tell what days of the week the post comes into town from Basingstoke in Hampshire?

Tho. Ravenhill. It comes in on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and no other days.

Cross examined.

Mr. Morton. What post road does it lie in?

Tho. Ravenhill. It comes in the Portsmouth mail; it is in the western road.

Mr.

Mr. Morton. Does the Portsmouth bag come thro' Basingstoke?

T. Ravenhill. I cannot tell that.

Mr. Davy. Whether the Portsmouth bag does not come thro' Basingstoke? or, whether there is not some every day's post comes thro' Basingstoke.

T. Ravenhill. Upon my word I cannot tell. Basingstoke bag comes in three days a week.

Mr. Morton. That letter is not proved ever to have been in Basingstoke post-office; it remains still to be proved, that there is an every day's post comes thro' Basingstoke.

Mr. Davy. Does the Basingstoke letters ever come in on any other days besides Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays?

T. Ravenhill. No, they come in only on those 3 days.

Mr. Davy. When does the Salisbury post come in?

Tho. Ravenhill. That comes in the same days.

(Mr. Davy produced the almanacks back to 1749, which proved the 19th of January was never on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, since January 1749, till the year 1753.)

Mr. Willes. There is one Anne Johnson, who swears she saw Mary Squires at Endfield Wash on the 18th of January; and she has sworn, that she works for Mr. Smitheram; and that she carried home her first work for that year on the 16th of January; and that her master constantly put the work carried home, down in a book; and we have that book to prove, it was carried home on the 23d of January.

Thomas Smitheram sworn.

Mr. Willes. What is your business?

T. Smitheram. I keep a boarding school at Endfield highway, and I keep a shop like-wife.

Mr. Willes. Did you employ one Anne Johnson to spin yarn for you?

T. Smitheram. I did.

Mr. Willes. Have you a book in which you set down the work as it is brought home?

T. Smitheram. I have, but it is seldom under my management, I leave it to my family.

Mr. Willes. Do you, or some of your family, put down the time when you deliver out work to be done?

T. Smitheram. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Willes. Do you always put down the time when you have it brought home?

T. Smitheram. Yes, Sir, one column is to put down the delivery, and the other when brought home spun.

Mr. Willes. Look in it to the year 1753, and tell whose hand-writing that first article is?

T. Smitheram. It is my daughter's hand-writing, her name is Anne Hudgel.

Mr. Willes. I see in it, here is January 16, 1 pound S fine, delivered.

T. Smitheram. That is the work delivering out.

Mr. Willes. Is there a mark upon the first column that signifies it was the time of the delivery of it to be spun?

T. Smitheram. Yes, here is Anne Johnson's name on the top.

Mr. Willes. Here is January 23, one P. S. fine, returned.

T. Smitheram. That is my hand-writing the delivering out, but the receiving is not mine.

Mr. Willes. Was that the same yarn that is returned?

T. Smitheram. I take it so to be. I did not receive it my self.

Cross examined.

Mr. Morton. Is this last entry, the word returned, your writing?

T. Smitheram. It is.

Mr. Morton. When was that word wrote?

Tho. Smitheram. The very same day. The reason of it is this, I had heard she had sworn what she did, and I looked in my book, and I said, you are mistaken; and the old woman was so angry, she brought home my work, and would spin no more for me; then I clasp'd that mark upon it *Returned*. She returned it unfinished.

Recorder. When you heard what she swore; where did she swear?

T. Smitheram. Before the grand jury. She came to our house, and I looked in the book after she had sworn. I said you brought your work home on the 23d, and you are mistaken, or to that effect.

Recorder. Was that yarn you delivered to her on the 16th, the same she returned on the 23d?

T. Smitheram. I cannot tell that, it is possible sometimes they may change it.

Alderman Dickenson. Did she return the same weight?

T. Smitheram. She did, for ought I know, I did not take it in.

Anne Hudgel sworn.

Mr. Willes. What are you?

A. Hudgel. I am daughter to Mr. Smitheram, I generally keep this book; it is a day-book, I make marks when delivered out, and when brought home.

Mr. Willes. Look for Anne Johnson's account.

A. Hudgel. The first entrance is my father's, and that of being brought home spun, is mine, on the 23d of January. After we heard she was concerned in this affair, and had sworn to the 18th day of the month, we told her it was the 23d.

Mr. Willes. Can you recollect what time it was that you told her she was mistaken?

A. Hudgel. I cannot tell.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever tell her she was wrong?

A. Hudgel. No, sir, but I heard my father tell her so, tho' I was not in the same room?

Mr. Willes. Had you no conversation with her about it?

Anne Hudgel. No, Sir.

Cross examined.

Mr. Morton. Did not this woman apply to you to see the book?

A. Hudgel. When she brought the work home undone, she would see the book to see me cross it out, tho' she could not read.

Mr. Morton. Did she ever apply to you to see the time when she brought the work home?

A. Hudgel. I do not remember she ever did.

Mr. Morton. She has sworn she did.

A. Hudgel. Very likely she might, but I do not remember it, nor that she did till after the time she swore before the grand jury.

Mr. Morton. Do you think she would forswear herself?

A. Hudgel. I do not know that she would.

Mr. Willes. Did not your father tell her the wool was not brought home till the 23d?

A. Hudgel. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Davy. My lord, we now call witnesses to the support of the characters of these two people which they have impeached; that is, Ezra Whiffin and Fortune Natus.

Thomas Smitheram again.

Thomas Smitheram. I have known Ezra Whiffin a year and a half.

Mr. Willes. What is his general character?

T. Smitheram. I never heard but he was a very honest man.

Cross examined.

Mr. Morton. Have you not known many honest men mistaken in point of time, at a year's distance?

T. Smitheram. I do not know but I have.

John Barnes sworn.

John Barnes. I am high constable of Edmonton hundred. I know Ezra Whiffin very well, and have these three years and a half; he was two years a neighbour of mine. I believe him a very honest man.

John Smart sworn.

John Smart. I am an attorney, I knew Ezra Whiffin all the time I lived at the Coffee-house at Endfield.

Mr. Willes. How long is that?

J. Smart. I have known him about three years. I never heard any harm of his character.

Thomas Bell sworn.

Thomas Bell. I live at Waltham-crofts at the 4 swans.

Mr. Willes. How long have you known Fortune Natus?

T. Bell. I have known him about 15 months, he has been a servant to me about 13 months.

Mr. Willes. Did you ever know him before that?

T. Bell. No, Sir.

Mr. Willes. How has he behaved since he worked for you?

T. Bell. Very honestly, very civilly, and very industriously.

Mr. Willes. Do you look upon him to be an honest man?

T. Bell. Indeed I do. He assists to brew, and goes out with a load of hay; he always behaved very honestly; when I go out, if I bid him do such things, I am sure to have them done.

Mr. Davy. Do you think he would forswear himself?

T. Bell. I do not think he would.

Mr. Willes. During the 13 months he has been with you, has he been faithful and honest?

T. Bell. During the whole time I do not know he has told me a lie. I have 8 servants about my house, and I should be glad to find the fellow of him.

Mr. Morton. The gentlemen have called some fresh evidence in. I do not think to give it any answer; therefore it must rest upon these people's given testimony.

Here the material things are, to support the letter, supposed to be wrote at Basingstoke, and to contradict Anne Johnson.

The endeavour to support the letter by producing the man again from the post-office, who tells you, the post comes in only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from Basingstoke. Then they have produced some old almanacks to shew the 19th of January was never on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday, since January 1749, to the date 1753. But they have not proved the letter was put in at Basingstoke yet; that remains to the jury, and the post mark, I own, my eyes are not good enough to distinguish. This might have been made clear if the man that received it had been called, and if he had shewed he had received that letter, at the time mentioned, that would have carried up this evidence that I could have had nothing to say against it; but whether it was ever put into the office at Basingstoke or not, that must be left to the jury; it is a very easy thing to have a letter dated, and it might be the 9th, or the 29th, still there is no conclusion.

Now, as to contradicting Anne Johnson, a poor old woman. What does she swear? She swears she did apply to these people to be set right, and she was informed by their book; therefore she would never have referred to that piece of evidence, if she had been mistaken in what she swore; it is only a mistake.

Now, after we are done, I do think it is a great misfortune for my client, that the other gentleman, who should have made a proper reply, was obliged to attend elsewhere; and was

I to

I to do it, I must do it very imperfectly; and so I rest it in your hands.

Mr. Davy.

May it please your Lordship, and you Gentlemen of the Jury,

After so unusual a Time taken up in this Trial, I wish I could dispense with giving you any farther trouble.

But, Gentlemen, it is my Duty to recal your Attention to the Evidence, which was produced to maintain this Indictment—to reply to what has been urged by way of Defence—and to make such Observations upon the whole, as may convince you, that the Evidence for the Prosecution stands unanswered, and is the most indubitable Proof of the Defendant's Guilt.

Before I enter upon this Undertaking, which, I am afraid, will engage more of your Time than would be found necessary, if the Conduct of this Prosecution was in abler Hands than mine, I cannot avoid taking notice of the great Indulgence, with which this Cause hath been already favoured. For altho' five long Days have been employed in this Inquiry, yet hath not the least Hint of Impatience dropped, either from the Court, or the Jury.

To the Honour of this Country be it remembered, it's Judges always administer impartial Justice upon the most deliberate and careful Examination; and never think any time mispent, which may conduce to the Discovery of Truth. There was indeed a particular Necessity for a very solemn Examination in the present Case, because this was become an Affair, not only of great Importance and publick Expectation, but also of no less Intricacy and Difficulty,—arising, not so much from the Nature of the Question, as from the Clouds of Darkness, in which it was envelop'd by those, who, merely in Opposition to the Prosecutor, adopted the Crime of Perjury, and formed a Faction to support it.

But such is the Force of Truth, and so strongly does it shine forth in this Prosecution, that its Opposers must now hide their Faces, and reflect with Shame, that they have contaminated themselves with the Guilt, which they are no longer able to conceal.

Gentlemen, as in the Outset of this Cause I desired you to divest yourselves of all Prejudices, which you might have received in the Defendant's Favour; so now, out of Humanity, I would caution you against falling into the like Error on the other Side, on Account of some Accidents, which have happened during the Course of this Trial.

The Insolence of Mobs about this Court, attempting to over-awe and intimidate Justice, you all have observed, and some of you have felt. Altho' the Design of these Outrages was easily discovered, yet it would be very hard that such Misbehaviour, however occasioned, should affect the unhappy Person at the Bar. She has enough to depress her, without the additional Load of others Guilt; and God forbid we should attempt to call in the Aid of Prejudice against her! We desire this Cause may be tried singly upon its own Merits,

and that there may be no Ingredient in your Consideration, but what fairly results from the Evidence on both sides.

You will take Care, for your own sakes, to discharge your Duty, as Jurymen, considering the Obligation upon your Conscience, the Notoriety of this Cause, and the Freedom, with which Men will hereafter deliver their Sentiments concerning it. You will consider, the Eyes of the World are now upon you; and the Circumstances of this Cause are so peculiar, and have been so much the Subject of Controversy, that the History of this Transaction hath travelled where-ever the *English* Language is understood. And, I doubt not, your serious and solemn Determination, upon this important Occasion, will answer the Ends of Justice, will gratify the universal Curiosity, and will prove a lasting Honour to yourselves.

Gentlemen, when you reflect upon the Nature and Circumstances of the Offence this Woman stands accused of,—together with the Purposes it was intended to serve,—the Fulness of the Evidence produced to prove it,—and the weak, if not the wicked, Defence attempted in answer to it; you will be fully satisfied, how much it concerns the *Public* to bring this *Delinquent* to Justice.

Of all the Crimes the human Heart can conceive, PERJURY is the most impious and detestable. But the Guilt of this Person is so transcendent, that it seems even to defy Aggravation.

To call upon the GOD OF TRUTH in the most solemn Manner, and upon the most awful Occasion, to attest a FALSHOOD—to imprecate the Vengeance of Heaven upon her guilty Head—to prostitute the Law of the Land to the vilest Purpose—to triumph in the Ruin of an innocent Fellow Creature—to commit a MURDER WITH THE SWORD OF JUSTICE;—and then, having stripped her own Heart of Humanity, by all the Arts of Hypocrisy, to insinuate herself into the Compassion of others, is the peculiar SIN of this Person, not yet twenty Years of Age.

One would wonder, indeed, at the FOLLY of an Attempt to impose so gross, so absurd a Falshood upon the World, if we did not live in an Age wherein nothing is too incredible and fantastical to be well received.—Let it be but a *Novelty*, and a Subject of Admiration, and it cannot fail to make its way with the Bulk, the most ignorant Part, of Mankind.

How this strange Story obtained Credit so far, as to prevail with a Jury, to convict two innocent Women, you have seen in the Course of this Tryal. For that there was false Evidence given in that Cause by one Witness at least, appears now confessed even by his own Testimony. SCARRAT (of whom I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter) swore upon the Trial of *Squires*, that *Canning's* Information before Alderman *Chitty*, thoroughly corresponded with her then Evidence: but he now owns, he does not know what Account she gave before the Alderman; and, upon his best Recollection, he admits, in effect, that her Information to Mr. *Chitty* was, in many respects, different from her Evidence upon

upon the Trial. And yet this was one of the most *material* Questions in the whole Cause.

It is no Wonder, therefore, that this Story, with all its Absurdities, so supported by *Prejudice* and *Perjury*, obtained Belief. And, that it was not fatal to the poor Wretch destined for a Sacrifice, was entirely owing to the Interposition of a MAGISTRATE, whose only *Motive* to it was Compassion, whose only *Reward*, the bitterest Invectives.

Gentlemen, in this Indictment there are as many Assignments of Perjury, as there are Circumstances in the Defendant's Evidence, from the Time of the pretended Robbery in *Moor-fields*; so that if any Part of her Relation is false, she is guilty of Perjury within this Indictment. However, we do not mean to cavil, and catch at little Circumstances; for the Proofs, we have offered, are sufficient to satisfy all Mankind, that the whole of this Story is a Fiction from the Beginning to the End.

Gentlemen, as this was a Case of universal Enquiry, the Prosecutor was desirous of giving all the Satisfaction in his Power: For tho' the indubitable Evidence of the GYPSY's Innocence, without any farther Proof, would have been sufficient to justify his own Conduct, and to convict the Defendant, yet his Regard for the Public called upon him to detect the whole Imposture; and, if possible, to put an End to all the Disputes and Troubles, to which this mysterious Transaction hath given rise.

To answer these Purposes effectually, there hath been a great Variety of Proof laid before you, under several Heads of Evidence; of which I will beg Leave to remind you, in the Order they were given.

Our first Head of Proof was to the ALIBI of *Mary Squires*.

With Regard to this, and the Answer attempted to be given to it, by the Defendant's Witnesses, you will be pleased to recollect the Certainty or Incertainty of the Evidence on both Sides, as to the Identity of the *Persons* sworn to, and the Exactness of the *Times* in which the Witnesses swear to have seen them. For a Mistake in either of these Matters will account for a Variance in the Testimony, without impeaching the Credit of the Witnesses, which I am always willing, as far as I can, to avoid.

In the first Place as to the *Identity* of MARY SQUIRES.

She is not only so extremely remarkable, that it is almost impossible to mistake her for another, but several of the Witnesses for the Prosecution have known her a considerable Time, from two to thirty Years past, and have often seen her: It is impossible therefore, for these People to mistake with Regard to this *Person*, and if they did not see this *very* Woman, they are certainly guilty of Perjury—Besides, the Witnesses for the Crown swear *not only* to the *old Woman*, but likewise to her *Son* and *Daughter*, for they were seen *all together* through the whole Journey; by which Means they are less liable to Mistake, than the Witnesses for the Defendant.

Are all the Witnesses to this Head of Proof, *forty one* in Number, wilfully and corruptly foresworn?

Through the whole of this Cause hath the least Reflection been thrown upon the Character of any one of them?

Has it been even suggested, that they have any Interest to serve, or any Passion to gratify, which could lead them to so much Wickedness and Danger?

Are they not Strangers to the Defendant, and most of them to one another, living at remote Distances?

They have all been separately examined; and I refer to your own Observation, whether effectual Care has not been taken, to prevent any Communication between them, so as that any one Witness could possibly know another's Testimony.

And yet what an amazing Congruity is there in the whole of their Evidence!—Not a material Circumstance varied from!—But the Testimony of each Witness corresponds so exactly with what went before it, that it demands Credit, and authenticates the Evidence of the former.

Consider too the Variety and Weight of the Circumstances sworn to, and the Correspondency of Events happening in Consequence of them.—The Dancing at *Abbotsbury*,—the Fidler there,—who and who were Partners,—the wet Night at *Portesham*,—the heavy Rains that fell the next Day,—and the Waters being out at *Dorchester*, two Days after.

How notorious are these Facts, and how easily disproved, if false!

Was it ever known that any Number of false Witnesses pre-concerted Circumstances, which ten Thousand People were capable of contradicting?

Is it conceivable that there should be a perfect Harmony in the Evidence of such a Number of perjured Witnesses, concurring in Circumstances of public Notoriety?

Then the parting with *Clarke* at *Ridgway*,—the Piece of Nankeen pawned with the Landlord for a Reckoning, and produced in Evidence with the Man's Name upon it,—the skinning the dead Horse, mentioned by several Witnesses,—the Letter from *Lucy Squires* at *Basingstoke*, alluding to the Particulars of the Journey with *Clarke*, and to the Weather, "*hoping he received no Illness from it.*"—

Were these Circumstances all pre-concerted, or did they really happen at some other Time, than that to which they have been applied by the Witnesses?

Examine then into the Certainty of the Evidence with Regard to *Time*.

Besides the Impossibility, that all the Witnesses, speaking with such absolute Certainty, and referring to collateral Matters incapable of misleading them, should mistake in this Respect; there are two Facts before you, which prove the Times of the Gypsies being at *Abbotsbury* and *Basingstoke* to Demonstration:

The Time, referred to by the *Abbotsbury* Witnesses, is ascertained by the Books belonging to the EXCISE OFFICE. Every one knows with what Preciseness these Books are kept,—that not only the Days, but the very Hours

Hours of each Officer's Visits, are regularly entered in his Accounts;—that all his Acts and Entries are scrutinized and chequed by a Supervisor,—and the Books transmitted to the *general Excise Office* in LONDON.

Now the Book of *January 1753*, belonging to the *Excise* at *ABBOTSBURY*, has been produced in Evidence from the *general Excise-Office*; by which it appears, that *Andrew Wake* was placed at *Abbotsbury* in the Room of *Ward*, the Officer stationed there, who was ill and incapable of Duty; and that *Wake* began to officiate in the *Excise-Office* at *Abbotsbury* on the first of *January*, and continued to the fourteenth.

Wake swears, and is confirmed in it by all the Witnesses from *Abbotsbury*, that he came to *Gibbons's House*, to officiate as Exciseman in the Room of *Ward*, on the very Day the GYPSIES came there.

Here then is no Possibility of Mistake; and if the *Abbotsbury* Witnesses are perjured, all the rest of the Witnesses must be so too; for the whole Evidence refers to the Journey from *South Perrot* to *Abbotsbury*, and from *Abbotsbury* to *Endfield-Wash*; and all the Facts sworn to are like so many Links of a Chain, depending one upon another.

It is also remarkable, that this very *John Gibbons*, who has now given Evidence of this Fact, was produced as a Witness upon the Trial of *Mary Squires* in *February 53*; and he then gave the same Evidence he has given now, and with the same Circumstance relating to the Exciseman. For, being asked, on that Trial, by what Circumstance he recollected the Day of the GYPSIES coming to *Abbotsbury*, this was his Answer, "There came an Exciseman, one *Andrew Wicks* or *Weeks*, to officiate there for one *John Ward*, who was sick, and I put the Day of the Month down, when he came there; for the *Excise-Office* is kept at my House."

It is also observable, that *Gibbons* was indicted for Perjury in that Evidence. What but the Consciousness of Truth could now encourage him to repeat the same Evidence, and run the Hazard of a second Prosecution?

Another Circumstance equally demonstrates the Time of the Gypsies being at *Basingstoke*.

The Letter wrote there by the Witness, *Mrs Morris* for *Lucy Squires* to *Clarke* bears Date the 18th of *January*, and she swears that was the Day, on which it was written.

On the Outside there appears the Mark of the *General-Post-Office* in LONDON; and if this Letter went from *Basingstoke* on the 18th, it must come to London on the 19th, for there is no Post-Road from *Basingstoke* to *Abbotsbury*, but by way of London. But the Post-Mark not being very legible, the Clerk of the Western Mail, belonging to the *General-Post-Office*, is called to clear up this Matter.

He tells you, that the Post comes in from *Basingstoke* on no other Days, but *Monday*, *Wednesday* and *Friday*;—that by the nicest Observation he is able to make (and he produces some Stamps belonging to the Post-Office to verify his Observation) this Letter came into London on the 19th or 29th of *January*, and he gives you his Reasons for saying so.—The only remaining Doubt then is, as

to the Year; for the last Figure being torn off, there being only three Figures 175-, the Council for the Defendant have thought fit to rely upon it as a capital Objection, insinuating as if it had been torn off on Purpose to mislead you; but at the same Time they admit, that, if the whole Date had appeared perfectly, the Fact intended to be proved by it would have concluded irresistibly upon them.

Now it happens very fortunately, that this Defect can be supplied by another Evidence, which proves itself; and that is the *Almanack*.

I have all the *Almanacks*, since 1749, now in my Hand, which I desire you will examine yourselves, and by them it appears, that no 19th of *January*, since *January 49*, has happened upon a *Monday*, *Wednesday* or *Friday*, except in 1753, when it happened on a *Friday*, and by the three Figures, which remain in this Letter, the Year's Date must be either 1750, 51, 52, 53, or 54.

To this Circumstance you will be pleased to add another,—that all the Witnesses mention the Days of the Week, as well as the Days of the Month, and if you trace them in all their Testimony, from *Friday* the 29th of *December*, at *South Perrot*, to *Wednesday* the 24th of *January*, at *Endfield-Wash*, you'll find the whole Evidence refers to the Gypsies being at *Basingstoke*, on *Thursday* the 18th of *January*.

This Observation will entirely remove the only Doubt of the Post-Officer, whether the Post-Mark is the 19th, or 29th of *January*. For the Days of the Week, sworn to by all the Witnesses, correspond exactly to their being at *Basingstoke* on a *Thursday*, and the *Almanacks* will inform you, that the 29th of *January* has not happened on a *FRIDAY* for several Years past.

From all which it appears, that the Witnesses are as little liable to Mistake in Point of Time, as in Respect of the Person of *Mary Squires*. And therefore, upon the whole of this Evidence I will venture to say, no Man living can doubt that these Gypsies were at *Abbotsbury* on the first of *January*.

For through the whole Chain of Evidence to prove it, I appeal to your own Observation, whether all the Circumstances have not been supported by the best Testimony and the clearest Proofs, in their Nature they are capable of receiving? And whether it would not be as unreasonable for one to doubt the Fact, they conduce to prove, as it would be to believe the Story, they are intended to contradict?

Surely there never was such a Variety of Circumstances so clearly and compleatly proved in any Case,—surely there never was a Case standing so little in need of it.

But sufficient as it may be thought for the Defendant's Conviction, this is far from being the best Part of the Case. For though this fully proves the Defendant was not robbed by *Mary Squires*, yet it goes no farther. But the rest of the Evidence for the Crown entirely overthrows the Defendant's whole Story, and evinces, to the utmost Degree of Certainty, that she is an Impostress.

To the Evidence of Mr. Alderman *Chitty*, Mr. *Nash*, Mr. *Aldridge* and Mr. *Hague*, you'll be pleased to apply an Observation, I took the Liberty to mention in the opening, and which I apprehend to be very reasonable, that, if the Defendant was *really confined* in this Room at *Wells's* twenty-eight Days, there being Light enough to see every Part of it, she could not possibly *fail* of giving an exact *Description* of it; much less could she mention Things, that were not there.

Now the Account she gave, before she was carried down to *Endfield* on the 1st of *February*, is liable to Objection both in respect to its *Defectiveness*, and its *Falsity*.

To try the Truth of any Relation, when its Authenticity must depend upon the Credit of the Relator, we should enquire whether at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Occasions, he tells the same Story, with all its Circumstances, in the same uniform, invariable Manner.

The Gentlemen of Council for the Defendant, aware of the Force of this Observation, have, with great Judgment, endeavoured to apply it in their Client's Favour, in Respect to some few Particulars pretended (but far from being sufficiently proved) to have been described by her, upon the 29th of *January* at her Mother's, and upon the 1st of *February*, with regard to the Prospect from the Window.

In the first Place, her Description is extremely *defective*.

When she was asked by Mr. Alderman *Chitty* to enumerate all the *Particulars* in the Room, by which her Veracity was to be tried, and when it so much concerned her to recollect the Whole, she *omitted* several material Things which could not possibly escape her Observation for a *whole Month* together.—The *Jack Line* and *Pulley*, and the *broken Casement* over the Chimney, entirely forgot.—The *three Saddles*, are not one of them mentioned,—nor the *Chest of Drawers*. And instead of mentioning half a *Load of Hay*, she in Effect *denied* there was *any*; for Part of her Complaint, which melted the Hearts of her Friends, as they themselves have sworn, was the Want of any Thing, but the cold, bare Floor, to lie upon.

Can it be pretended, that any Alteration had been made, between the Time of her pretended Escape, and her going there again in three Days after? On the contrary, is it not fully proved, that all these Things had been there, unmolested for a very long Time? Had they not Marks of Antiquity,—Marks which could not be made, but by PROVIDENCE ITSELF, or by the *Creatures* he formed for the Purpose? When the *Chest of Drawers* was removed, in order to see if it had been newly put there, it rended from the Wall a thousand Cobwebs, covered with Dust.

The same Observation occurred, upon removing the broken Casement from off the Chimney Ledge;—that also appeared to have been fixed there by many Generations of *Spiders*.

And it is remarkable, that the Defendant herself was so struck with the Force of these Objections, and found herself so much in Danger of immediate Detection, that she *then* pretended to recollect some of the Things,—

particularly *one* of the Saddles, which you are to suppose she had forgot.

This proves, at least, that the Things had not been put there to deceive her. And to satisfy you that her not having mentioned them, in her Information, did not proceed from Hurry, or Surprise, Mr. Alderman *Chitty* swears, she was under Examination *above an Hour*, with all her Friends, and none else, about her—and that after recounting all the Particulars, she thought fit to mention, she, apprized of the Danger of omitting any Thing, was again asked, “whether there was any Thing *else* in the Room?” To which she coolly and deliberately answered,—“NOTHING BUT THE THINGS IN THE PAPER.”

But, what Excuse soever may be invented for the *Defectiveness* of her Description, who can account for its *Falsity*? How came she to swear to an *old Stool* or two, an *old Table*, *old Pictures* over the Chimney, and a *Grate* in the Chimney?

Is it not most certain, none of these Things were, or had been, in the Room? The Proofs, that some of 'em had not, are so strong, and of such a Nature, that one is tempted to say, The Finger of God points out the Discovery of this Imposture.

Had this Woman been *once* in this Room, even five Minutes together, could she possibly have mistaken it for a *little, square, dark Room*? She might as well have called it an Amphitheatre, or a Ship; for no Description could be more unlike. And yet, you must either think she was actually there, with her Eyes open, Light shining through two Windows and a thousand Holes, and a Month's Leisure for Observation, or else that she is guilty of Perjury. For no Charity can impute *all this* to Mistake.

Gentlemen, the pretended *Manner* of her *Escape*, is another Proof of her Guilt.

At first she swore she escaped, “by making a Hole, and removing a Pane of Glass, and so *sliding* down over a *Penthouse*.” But when she afterwards went down to make Observations, seeing the *Wall perpendicular* from both Windows, and that there was no *Penthouse*, or *Shed* near it, she cut the Knot, she could not untie, and *boldly swore*, “SHE JUMPED OUT OF THE WINDOW.”

Was there no other Evidence in the Cause, *this alone* would be sufficient to falsify her whole Story.

But she was so unlucky, as to give still further Proofs of her own Guilt; and not only contradicted herself, but aided the Detection of her Mother's Evidence.

Her Account of being carried between two Men, one at each Arm, through *Bishopsgate Street*, is totally *irreconcilable* with her being *stunned* by a *Blow* in *MOOR-FIELDS*, which “*threw her into a Fit, wherein she remained insensible for four Hours after.*”

The Mother had advertised her being heard to *scream* in *Bishopsgate Street*.

Is it not marvellous that *Bishopsgate-Street* should be mentioned by both Mother and Daughter upon the same Occasion, when they

had not seen each other, and this too merely by the Force of Imagination! For the *Daughter* you see, had no Foundation for saying it; and *what* led the *Mother* to it, I shall speak of, when I come to observe upon her Evidence.

The multiplying *four, five, or six Pieces of Bread* into *four and twenty*, will not be thought a trifling Mistake, when we are tracing the several Marks of Falsehood, to detect so strange a Tale.

When she applied for a Warrant against the Woman, who had taken her Stays, did she give any Description of *Mary Squires*, who, you see, is marked so, as to distinguish her from all the Rest of the Creation? The Defendant had told her whole Story in the Hearing of *honest* Mr. SCARRAT, who had been acquainted with Mrs. Wells, but did not discover by any Description of the Defendant's, that Wells was not the Woman who had robbed her. For Scarrat was present, when a Warrant was granted against Wells for the Felony.

By what Name will you call him, if he knew this to be a Mistake, without attempting to rectify it?

One of her own Witnesses proves, that when she was going up the *great Stair-Case*, she said, "THESE ARE THE STAIRS, UP WHICH I WAS CARRIED."

This was *after* she had been in the *Kitchen*; for they all agree she was first carried into the Kitchen, but took no Notice there, that it was the Place, wherein she had been robbed of her Stays, or that it was contiguous to the Room, in which she had been confined.—They all agree likewise, that she went up the *great Stair-Case*, into all the Rooms of the House, to which it led, without the least Intimation, that the Room, sought for, was upon a *lower Floor*, and but *six or seven Steps* from the *Ground*.

Her Behaviour upon this Occasion, staggered the faith of her Friend ADAMSON. Even He thought it a strange mistake.

Gentlemen, the next Evidence we troubled you with, was out of her *own Mouth*. That Witness, though unfit to be believed in any Thing else, may fairly enough, be admitted to give Testimony against *herself*; for the best Kind of Evidence is Confession.

Before Mr. Alderman Chitty she swore, she had not drank up all the *Water*, even at her coming away, but left some of it behind her.

Before Mr. Fielding she swore, she drank it all up on the *Friday*.

In this Court she swore that she drank up the last Drop about *half an Hour*, before her *Escape*.

Let Faction, in the Mask of Charity, suggest Mistake and Inadvertency, to palliate these Self-Contradictions as much, as the Defendant can wish; yet what Regard is due to *her Oath*, who can be drawn in to swear so rashly?

Shall one, detected of so gross Prevarication, be believed, upon her single Testimony, in the most marvellous Tale, which was ever heard!

Shall *that Tale*, patched up with irrelative Circumstances, stand a Moment in Compe-

tition with the indubitable Proof of its Falsity?

Our next Evidence was the positive Testimony of *eleven* Witnesses, in absolute Contradiction to the whole Story of the Defendant's Confinement.

It was proved by most of those Witnesses, each Witness referring to several Circumstances, and each Circumstance supported by other Testimony, that *Natus* and his Wife lay in this very Room every Night of the Month of *January, 53*.

Is it even attempted in the Defence to deny this? No other Answer is given to it than by attacking the Characters of *Natus* and *Whiffen*, which I shall observe upon hereafter, though it does not depend merely upon their Credit.

White, the Officer, swears he saw *Natus's* Wife, coming out of this Room, as if just out of Bed in the Morning, when he went down with Mr. Alderman Chitty's Warrant to apprehend the People of the House. The Bed of Straw, with a Sack of Wool for the Bolster, was particularly described by him, and many others.

Is there any Answer given, or even attempted, to any Part of the Evidence, which relates to the cutting the *Trees*? and yet that Evidence is totally incompatible with the Truth of the Defendant's Story. So is the Evidence with Regard to the Sign-Iron bought by *Whiffen*, and taken out of this very Room, while *Natus's* Wife lay in the *Hay-Bed*; which also stands clear of Contradiction.

Permit me now, Gentlemen, to make a general Observation, which goes to all the Witnesses for the Crown;—*that their Behaviour*, and the *Manner* of their giving Testimony, from first to last, carries with it the Air of Sincerity and Candour.

Was there a single Witness produced, who seemed in the least inclined to suppress the Truth, or who hesitated, prevaricated, or was pinched at any Question? Did they not, every one of them, speak out fully, clearly, and openly, so as even to force your Assent to the Evidence? But to how few of the Defendant's Witnesses may the like Observation be applied? I appeal to your *Senses*, whether Truth is not visibly marked in this prosecution.

This, Gentlemen, I think, is in general the Substance of the Evidence for the Crown.

I have recollected it as well as I could, without troubling you with every minute Circumstance, which might possibly lose its Force by a tedious Repetition. And when I reflect that all this Weight of Evidence is to prove *that* false, which, in itself is impossible to be true, I have more Need to apologize for having already taken up so much of your Time.

But, Gentlemen, how well supported soever this Charge against the Prisoner is, she had yet a Right to give the best Answer to it in her Power; to which you have attended with unwearied Patience. And this Defence, if what has been attempted deserves to be so called, I must now beg leave to consider and reply to:

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In order to bespeak your Approbation of what was to follow, the Gentlemen, who are of Council for the Defendant, were pleased to make their first Address to your Passions; they hope, that if this Case should appear doubtful, if you can impute the Defendant's Evidence to a *Mistake* with Regard to the Person of *Mary Squires*, your Compassion will incline you to acquit her.

In this I agree with them most heartily; and so far as your Humanity, under the Regulation of Reason, can afford her any Assistance, I wish her the full Enjoyment of it. If it should lead you to acquit her, I shall, for my own Part, and I hope every body else will, cheerfully acquiesce under your Verdict.

But you will remember, that when Men suffer their Compassion to silence the Calls of Reason and Justice, they prostitute the brightest Ornament of human Nature;—that the most *deserving* Object of our tenderest Concern is the Common-wealth;—and that whenever we extend Compassion to any one, at the Expence of the PUBLIC, we are guilty of the highest Injustice, and answerable for it to Society.

I could wish indeed, for her own Sake, that the Defendant's Title to Humanity from others, had received no Interruption from the Want of it in herself.

When a poor, friendless Wretch, the Object of no one's Pity, stood at this Bar, upon Trial for her Life; the least Remains of Humanity would have suggested to this Defendant to relax a little of her Severity towards her.—If there was a *Possibility of Mistake*, Compassion would have inclined her to doubt at least; but if there was no Possibility of it at that Time, why should it be suggested *now*?

Surely, the Defendant can have no Pretence to this Plea, having disowned it herself, upon the most solemn Occasion.—She swore *positively* to take away an innocent Woman's Life; and being now called upon to answer for it, in a criminal Prosecution, 'tis too late to pretend *she was mistaken*.

It is objected, with an Air of great Seriousness, that the Evidence for the Prosecution is insufficient, because there is no Proof *where the Defendant really was* during the Month of *January*.—An Objection which has been founded in the Ears of the Multitude, who have been fooled into a Conclusion, that if the Prosecutor could not prove this, she must have been confined at *Wells's*.

I am sorry the Defendant's Council have no better Opinion of this Jury than to imagine, that *they are to be captivated by such an Objection*.

It was incumbent on the Prosecution to prove she was *not* at *Wells's*; and if she was *not* there, it is of no Consequence where she was.

However, if it could be fully proved, tho' it be merely a Question of Curiosity, I should be glad of it, for the Sake of silencing every Clamour. But her Friends, to do them Justice, have been so faithful to her, that this Secret is yet impenetrable.

I am strongly inclined to include Mr. *Scarrat* in this Compliment; though I cannot conceive so highly of him, as to suppose he would retain this Secret at the Expence of his Interest; and therefore, when he finds the divulging it, consistent with his own Safety, he may, perhaps, chuse to oblige the Public with this Discovery, rather than satisfy Justice in a *Way*, that may be more inconvenient to him.

This Man's Behaviour, throughout the Whole of this Affair, according to his own Account of it, will save me from the Imputation of a rash Suggestion. He, who thought fit, at first, to help her to a Description, by which her Evidence was afterwards to be authenticated, and to perjure himself in order to corroborate *that* Evidence, may fairly be presumed a *Principal Agent* in the whole Contrivance.

Where was she, is a Question we are not concerned to resolve: But if you desire to be further satisfied in it, ask *Scarrat*: if he refuses to inform you—ask the *Mother*: If she too refuses it—I would refer you to her *Conjurer*: And if he would reveal so much of his Art, as to inform you what led him to tell Mrs *Canning*, that her Daughter was *in the Hands of an old Woman, and would soon return*, you would not be far from unravelling this Mystery.

But, in all likelihood, the Time is not far off for an ample Discovery.

The Defendant has been hitherto very well supported by her *Managers* (that being the Name by which her Friends have thought fit to call themselves in their late Advertisement.) But when she shall be delivered up to Justice, and find, that those People can no longer protect her; when she shall seriously reflect upon the Distress, to which her Guilt has reduced her, Conscience, perhaps, may prompt her to atone in some Measure for the Mischiefs she has occasioned, and she may, at the same Time, hope to obtain some Remission of Punishment, by the Gratification of an universal Curiosity.

But, say the Gentlemen, why not call *Lucy Squires* to confirm her Brother's Evidence? She was a Fellow Traveller with him and her Mother through the whole Journey; and therefore they insist, that our not producing her, which they call a *Concealment*, is the strongest Proof in the World that the Evidence of her Brother was false.

Was she concealed? You saw her every Day during the whole Trial; she is yet in Court; and if you think it would be material, in a Case of so much Consequence, you have a Right even now to her Evidence.

But the true and only Reason of our not calling her, is her gross Stupidity: Before her Brother was examined, I confess it was our Intention to have called her to the same Facts; but finding that in the Course of his very long Cross-Examination, he had fallen into many Blunders, and being told that *Lucy* was, if possible, still more stupid than him, we did not think it prudent to risque the Credit of any Part of our Case upon the Evidence of such a silly Creature.

The Objection to the Brother's Evidence from his being so much more exact in the Particulars of his Journey from *South Perrot* towards *London*, than from *London* downwards, will have no Weight, when you consider that his Memory, as to the former, has been refreshed by his having since travelled that Road with Mr. *Willis*, and others, *five Times*, in order to ascertain the Places particularly; and that his not having retravelled any Part of the Road through which he had gone before he reached *South Perrot*, is the probable and natural Reason of his Incapacity to describe the other Parts of his Journey.

You may easily conceive in what an irregular Manner, *Gypsies* dealing in smuggled Goods, traverse the Country. They avoid Market Towns, as much as possible; for being Vagabonds, they are aware of the Danger of falling into the Hands of the civil Magistrate.

But why not call *Virtue Hall*, in order to support her Recantation from her Evidence against *Squires*? The learned Gentleman, who made that Objection, supposes the Omision to arise from our Apprehension she would have relapsed. If that be really his Opinion, I should be glad to know why she was not called for the Defendant? For, they know, she has attended the Trial every Day.

There are two Reasons why we did not produce her as a Witness. One of which has been mentioned by the learned Recorder; that by Law she was not admissible as a Witness to retract her own Evidence on the Trial of *Squires*.

Upon the Trial of *Titus Oates* in the first Year of King *James* the Second (I mean his first Trial) the Council for the Crown would have produced one *William Smith*, in order to prove, that what he had sworn at a former Trial was false, and that he was persuaded to it by *Oates* the Defendant. My Lord chief Justice *Jefferyes* (who would have been glad to have hanged *Titus Oates*, and who of all Men living could least be suspected of Partiality towards him) rejected the Evidence; and being told by Sir *Robert Sawyer*, the then Attorney General, that the like Evidence had been admitted in former Trials, the chief Justice (who, with all his Faults, has been ever esteemed a great Lawyer, and, I am sure, in this Instance did no Dishonour to his moral Character) said, "he hated such Precedents in all Times,—that he could not believe a Villain in one Word he said, when he owned that he forswore himself, and that he ought never to be received as a Witness." And in his Opinion all the Judges of the King's Bench concurred.

But I had another Reason for not calling *Virtue Hall*;—as an honest Man I dared not; nor could I reconcile it to the Hopes of supporting my own Character an Hour longer. For how immoral and treacherous would it have been, to produce a Witness, to prove she had been perjured in a former Trial; when by that very Evidence, she would have exposed herself to Punishment!

Besides, what Degree of Credit could be given to a Witness offering such Testimony?

Gentlemen, there is a Reflection thrown upon Mr. *Nash*, Mr. *Hague* and Mr. *Aldridge*, for their not appearing on the Trial of *Mary Squires*; as their Testimony would have been extremely material upon that Occasion, and, in all Probability, would have prevented her Conviction.

I must confess that their Conduct, in this Respect, is not strictly justifiable; nor are the Reasons assigned for their Absence sufficient. This seems to be their own Judgment afterwards, when, sensible of their Neglect, they made the best Attonement in their Power. Mr. *Nash* was so affected when he found the Woman was convicted, contrary to his Expectation, that he declares he was very uneasy, and should never have forgiven himself, if she had been executed.

Finding she was convicted, what was the Behaviour of these Gentlemen? they readily assisted in an Application to the Throne for Mercy; and in all Likelihood the Facts disclosed in their Affidavits materially contributed to the saving the Convict's Life.

The Council for the Defendant have thrown another Reflection on Mr. *Nash*, on account of the Letter, which he wrote on the 10th of February to Mr. *Lyon*. These are the Words of that Letter;—"Mr. *Lyon*, I am informed by Mr. *Aldridge*, who has been at *Enfield*, that if a Person be appointed there to receive Contributions, some Money may be raised in that Place for the unhappy poor Girl. I wish you Success, and am yours."

The Gentlemen, by Mistake, (for I dare say they would not misrepresent it knowingly) have taken Notice of this, as proposing Contributions to carry on a Prosecution. But you see there is not a Word about a Prosecution, for it is only to raise Money for the unhappy poor Girl.—What does this prove, besides Mr. *Nash*'s Compassion and Friendship to the Defendant, in distressed Circumstances, whether her Story were true or false? She was poor, and under Affliction; and whether that Affliction was the Consequence of Guilt or Innocence, Humanity felt for her.

But there is a wide Difference between assisting the Girl, and assisting to carry on a Prosecution. This Letter shews, at least, that Mr. *Nash* did not then bear the least Ill-will either to her, or her Mother; and seeing there is no Evidence, that he has since had any reason to alter his Sentiments; What, but his Duty to the Public, brings him here? What should induce him to appear in a Court of Justice, and perjure himself, to ruin a poor, unhappy, innocent Creature who never offended him?

It is not pretended, that he can propose any Sort of Interest to himself, or the Gratification of any Passion whatever, by so foul a Villainy. And I defy Malice itself to suggest any Thing to the Prejudice of his Character. He, as well as Mr. *Hague*, and Mr. *Aldridge* being Citizens of extensive Acquaintance, it is very likely their Characters are not unknown to you—and if so, their Credit must remain unshaken.

Y y

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, having now gone through the several Objections, which were made by the Defendant's Council, I must intreat your Patience while I observe upon the Evidence, which hath been offered on her Behalf.

Through the whole Defence, they have not attempted to prove a single Fact in express Contradiction to any Part of our Evidence, except to the Alibi of the Gypsy.

Neither have they attempted to impeach the Character of any one of our Witnesses, except *Natus* and his Wife, and also *Ezra Whiffen*, by a little Side-reflection which is now wiped away. — All the other Witnesses for the Crown stand clear of Imputation.

It is also observable, upon considering every Part of the Defence, that the Defendant may be guilty of the Perjury charged in this Indictment, if all her own Witnesses speak Truth; but that she cannot be innocent, unless fifty of ours are perjured.

For is there one Circumstance in the whole Defence, which necessarily infers a Belief of her Story? Or is there one in the Charge, which does not clearly infer the Contrary? So that if you convict this Woman, you find a Perjury upon the fullest Proof, that ever came before a Court of Justice; but if you acquit her, you must disbelieve Facts uncontradicted, yet sworn to by Witnesses of irreproachable Characters.

If these general Observations are not justified by the Evidence, you have heard on both Sides, I shall be very ready to retract them; for nothing is more remote from my Intention, than to mislead you.

All the Evidence for the Defendant tends to prove, — That she was missing from the first to the twenty-ninth of *January* — That she was in good Health on the first, and very ill on the twenty-ninth — That she was seen upon the Road, between *London* and *Enfield-wash*, on the first of *January* at Night, between two Men — That she was seen in the same Road upon her Return Home — That on the Night of her Return, and three Days afterwards, when she went down to *Enfield* with her Friends, she told her Story with such Clearness and Consistency, as ought to induce a Belief of it — That *Mary Squires* was really at *Enfield-wash* on the first of *January* — That *Squires* and *Wells* have confessed both the Robbery and Confinement — That *Natus* and his Wife, and *Ezra Whiffen* are a set of Wretches not fit to be believed — And lastly, That the Defendant herself bears an exceeding good Character.

What of all this is material, namely, the Defendant's being met upon the *Enfield* Road, — the *Contra-alibi* (if I may be allowed the Expression) of *Mary Squires*, — the Confession of *Squires* and *Wells*, — and the Defendant's Account of herself, I shall take notice of, when I apply myself to the Witnesses produced to prove these several Matters. And you will find, upon Consideration, that it was not the Defendant but other Persons, who were met upon the Road the first and twenty-ninth of *January*, supposing their own Witnesses swear truly; — that the Evidence to encounter our Proof of the *Alibi*, is extremely weak, uncertain and improbable; — that the pretended Confession of *Squires*

and *Wells* was neither more nor less than a Declaration of their Innocence; — and that the Defendant's Behaviour upon her supposed Return, and afterward at *Enfield*, is a further Confirmation of the Charge against her.

As to the rest of the Evidence;

Whether the Defendant was missing from the first to the twenty-ninth of *January*, concludes nothing to the Purpose, unless it be proved she was at *Wells's*. Nor is it material to this Cause, that the Defendant was in an ill State of Health on the twenty-ninth of *January* and afterwards, unless it were also shewn, that her Disorder was the Effect of such Ill-usage, as she pretends to have endured. — But you observe by the very Witness, the Physician, produced for that Purpose, that her Illness might proceed from other Causes.

The Characters of *Natus* and *Whiffen*, I shall take notice of, when I come to that Part of the Case.

The only remaining Evidence for the Defendant, was to her own good Character, to which several Witnesses appeared; — but, thinking it immaterial, and for the saving Time and Trouble, I was ready to admit it. And because such Admission should be taken in the strongest Terms against us, I am willing this young Woman at the Bar should be considered (*exclusive of the present Charge*) as a modest, virtuous, honest, creditable Girl, fit to be believed in any thing, *as far as* any Body should be believed upon the like Occasion.

But there is a Time, Gentlemen, wherein People begin to be wicked; with some it happens early, with others late: Some are misled by ill Example and bad Education, and others by various Accidents.

What was the Cause of this unfortunate young Creature's deviating from the Path of Virtue, so far, as at last to plunge her into all this Guilt and Misery, does not clearly appear: She was meanly, though not wickedly, brought up, and had lately, you see, been a Servant in an *Ale-house*, where we may suppose, at least, that she was not much strengthened in Virtue. I don't pretend to say, there is any direct Proof of her want of Chastity; but I think it may fairly enough be conjectured as the incentive of her present Guilt; but whatever has been the Cause of it, she has been proved guilty of Perjury, and as she once bore a fair Character, it is probable that she did not fall into this Sin at once. Which, I think, is all that can be inferred from her good Character.

I have no Objection to the Evidence of Mr. and Mrs. *Colley*, the Uncle and Aunt; For the Defendant might have parted with them at *Hounsditch* in good Health on the first of *January*, and they not see her again till the 29th.

But Mrs. *Canning*, the Defendant's Mother, who is called to prove several Circumstances, has said enough to create a Jealousy, at least, that neither her Daughter's Perjury, nor the *Motives* to it are *unknown* to her.

First, with regard to the Papers, that were sent to the Office, in order to be printed in Advertisements; in one of which it was said, that the Defendant had in her Pocket *Twelve Shillings*

Shillings and Nine Pence Half-penny. She tells you, that in the Morning her Daughter had half a Guinea three Shillings and a Farthing—That she lent her a Box to put the half Guinea in, and that the Girl took her Money out, and shewed it her. Why then did the Mother propose to advertise as if her Daughter had just Twelve Shillings and Nine-pence Half-penny? Why not insert Half a Guinea, three Shillings and a Farthing? Because the little Brother had told her, she had changed some Money, and had given to each of the Children a Penny; and so computing what remained of the thirteen Shillings and Six-pence Farthing, she reckoned that the Girl must have twelve Shillings and Nine-pence Half-penny in her Pocket when she parted with her Uncle at *Houndsditch*. Now, if this be true, the Defendant's Account of the Money is false: She swore that the Men robbed her of half a Guinea and three Shillings. The Farthing, you observe, was not taken from her, for she brought it home, and gave it, the same Night, to one of her Brothers. The Mother being pinched at this obvious Objection, endeavoured to remove it by lessening the Force of the Evidence, she had given before; and by way of Recollection says, she is not positive whether the Thirteen Shillings and Six-pence Farthing were not shewn to her *after* the Half-pence had been given to the Children. And if it was *after*, then the Mother is in Hopes she has entirely removed the Objection, and left the whole Sum of Thirteen Shillings and Six-pence in the Daughter's Pocket, which was the Sum she swore to have been robbed of. But with all the Mother's Cunning and sudden Recollection, Truth is too hard for her; for by forgetting a little Circumstance (Mr. *Fielding's* "pretty Incident of the Penny "Mince-pye") she is in the same Dilemma, as before. For, supposing the Half-pence had been given to the Children, before she had shewn the half Guinea Three Shillings and a Farthing, yet the Mince-pye was bought, after she parted with her Uncle, as was sworn by the Defendant: Now, out of what Money was the Pye paid for? And if she had no Half-pence, and only Half a Guinea, Three Shillings and a Farthing, before she bought the Pye, then how could she be robbed of Half a Guinea and three Shillings in *Moorfields* afterwards? Thus that *pretty Incident*, "*which*," her learned Advocate, in his Pamphlet, says, "*possibly saved this poor Girl's Life*," leads to a Detection of her Guilt upon the Evidence of her own Mother.

The Mother mentions another strange Circumstance. "She thought the Girl had been "murdered by the *Jews* and thrown into "*Houndsditch*." Why then did she advertise her lost, strayed, or missing by her Friends? Why no searching for the Body? Was there a human Creature sent to enquire about it? Besides too, the very next Witness, the Apprentice swears what stands in flat Contradiction to the Mistress; "That Mrs. *Canning* told him she thought her Daughter had been "snapped up by some rakish young Gentleman."

The screaming out of a Coach, in *Bishopsgate-street*,

seems to be one of the *wandering Thoughts* she speaks of; for though it is pretended she received Information of that Matter by the Woman of the Oil-shop, yet they have not thought fit to produce this Person; which, in a Case where every Circumstance is material, is an Omission one cannot account for to the Credit of the Defence.

But it seems, as if the Thoughts of both Mother and Daughter *wandred* towards the same Objects; for the Daughter dreamt of *Bishopsgate-street*, while she was in a Convulsive Fit.

Then as to the *CONJURER*; to whom, by the bye, there was not a Word mentioned about being murdered by the *Jews*.

She was introduced to this illustrious Personage with great Solemnity: the Lights, the Skeleton, the Magic Instruments, the Wand, the Circle, and all the Apparatus proper to inspire a poor ignorant Woman with Awe, and engage her to a *Discovery* of what she wanted to know, were all before her.

She was so terrified, that, you find, she hardly remembers one Word, she said to him; and yet she must have said *something*, very material, instructing him to give her so good an Account of her Daughter.

At last she recollects, that she did tell him some thing about *BISHOPSGATE-STREET*, though she does not remember the Particulars. But she must have gone much further, before the Doctor could have found out, her Daughter was in the Hands of an old Woman; that she should advertise her once more, and she would come again. Whether she really had this Intelligence from the Conjuror, or, in order to carry on the Plot, thought fit to invent it for the Amusement of her credulous Friends, who had lent her Money for his Fee, is not easy to say: But either way the Inference is, that she knew *more* of her Daughter, than is consistent with the Defendant's Innocence.

For, if what the Daughter swore had been true, how could the Mother, at one Time believing her murdered by the *Jews* at *Houndsditch*, and at another, that she was snapped up by some rakish young Gentleman, be so suddenly undeceived, and discover she was in the Hands of an old Woman, and would return?

When one considers the whole of this Woman's Evidence together,—the several Advertisements,—the Conference with this pretended Conjuror,—her wandering Thoughts,—the putting up Bills in the Church, and the Meeting-houses of Presbyterians and Methodists, to pray for her Daughter's safe Return (by which the pious Congregations were predisposed to Charity)—the nightly repeated Prayers to the same Purpose with the Apprentice at home,—particularly the praying with him on the twenty-ninth of *January* for the Daughter's Apparition (never mentioned till that very Evening)—That Prayer answered in the same Moment by the Daughter's suddenly rushing into the Room,—Her Mother's pretended Surprise at seeing her, "*Feel her, feel her, 'tis an Apparition!*" and then fainting away;—all these things put together, together too with the Account the Daughter gave before Mr. Alderman *Chitty* about *Bishopsgate-street*, though

though they do not directly prove, yet surely, they create something more than a Suspicion that the whole was a Contrivance.

To support the Defendant's Evidence, as to the Manner of her Escape out of Window, Mrs. Canning the Mother, James Lord the Apprentice, and Mrs. Meares have sworn, that her Ear (which the Defendant said was scratched in breaking out of the Window) was bloody, when she returned home. The Mother says, the "Ear was then bleeding." James Lord says, "it was all over bloody," and the Handkerchief bloody," and Mrs. Meares says, "the blood then dropt from her Ear upon her Shoulder."

This was six Hours after the time of her leaving *Endfield-wash*, and according to the Defendant's own Evidence, she wrapped a white Linnen Handkerchief round her Head, which she found in Wells's Room, and wore it, instead of a Cap, all the way to her Mother's. Now, if her Ear bled at the Rate, those Witnesses would have you believe, the Handkerchief must have been extremely bloody in *one* particular Place. That Handkerchief has been produced to shew to the Witnesses under another Head of Evidence, and is now before you. Does it not give the Lye to these three Witnesses? It has indeed the Marks of *little* Spots of Blood upon it, but in *different* Places, all over the Handkerchief, and not at all corresponding with their Testimony, but rather like Dots made by a Finger on purpose.

But it being a good while since Mrs. Canning had the Possession of this Handkerchief, I do not wonder at her forgetting in what manner she had dressed it up, seeing her want of Memory has betrayed her into a flat Contradiction to the Evidence she herself gave upon the Trial of *Squires*. For she now swears her Daughter came home with two Handkerchiefs on her Head, and that "she had no Cap on;" but upon that Trial, she said nothing of the Handkerchief, but swore, that upon her Return "she had a Cap on."

Gentlemen, it is an Objection to the Credit of the Apprentice, that he has been hid, till he is brought here as a Witness, lest he should make Discoveries; for when Mr. Biddulph went to the House in order to ask him a few Questions, another Person was imposed upon him in his Stead.

It will be material to another Part of the Evidence afterwards, to recollect Lord's Description of the Defendant upon the 29th of January, that "she was black and blue as if beaten," and that "her Arms and Face were as black as his Hat." He also tells you, what is contradictory to all the rest of the Evidence, that on her first coming home, before Mr. Scarrat or any Body came in, she said she had been confined at *Enfield-wash*. If you consider the whole Tenor of the Evidence for the Defendant, you must be convinced that this Lad has sworn falsely, and that he was hid for a very iniquitous Purpose.

The Name of Mr. Scarrat, the next Witness, I have had Occasion to mention once or

twice already, in Terms not much to his Advantage.

He came to the Defendant, *before* she was asked any Questions; one of the Witnesses says, it was *before* she answered any Questions.

What brought *him* there, a total Stranger both to the Mother and Daughter? for, if you can believe him, he had never spoke to either of them in his Life.

He says, he was prompted merely by Curiosity, upon hearing, in the Neighbourhood, that *Betty Canning* was returned home: And the Moment he came in he asked her, "*where she had been confined!*"

Ready to satisfy this Stranger at once; she told him she had been confined some where on the *Hertfordshire* Road, for she remembered the Coachman's going by.

The next Question was "how far from London?" she answered, "near nine or ten Miles."

Without further Inquiry, SCARRAT instantly replied, "I'll lay a Guinea to a Far-thing she has been at Mother Wells's;" she immediately said, "I think I did hear the Name of *Wills* or *Wells*:" And he then helped her to a perfect Description of Wells's House, and the Places about it.

Mr. Scarrat proceeds to ask her various Questions, in order (as he says) to be satisfied, whether she really had been there. He asked her about the Prospect from the Window,—the plough'd Land,—the Brook,—the Tan-ners,—and every remarkable thing he could recollect; and to every Question she answered in the Affirmative.

If Scarrat really meant to be satisfied, whether she had been at Wells's, seeing she answered affirmatively to every Question, why did he not put *one* Question at least, to which her answering *yes* would have convinced him, she had *not* been there? The Reason of that Omis-sion may be easily collected from the rest of his Behaviour.

Being asked, whether he knew Mrs. Wells's, he would have you think he only knew her House by passing and repassing. Was you never there? Why, "he believes—he is not sure—he has been there *once or twice*." No oftner?—Upon your Oath have not you been there more than twice? "I believe I have been there *two or three times*."—Four times, Sir? "He might have been there *three or four times*." At last it came up to *ten*. "He could not say but he had been there *ten times!*" But, says he, I had never been in the Hay-loft. In this I believe him, because the Defendant appears to have been helped to no Description of it.—If he had been there, he might have asked some Questions about that too, which she would also have answered in the Affirmative; but though he might have never been in this Hay-loft, yet he had been all round the House, and must have known by the Outside, that there was such a Room, and where the Windows were.

He swears further, that as soon as the Defendant went into the Kitchen at Wells's, she pointed to the Door leading to the Workshop, though it was shut, and said, "This is the Door leading to the Room in which I was confined." But Scarrat, not knowing what the

the other Witnesses had sworn, after having outrun them all, was reduced to the Necessity of giving Evidence against the Defendant, by answering this Question, viz. If she had ever been before in the Kitchen with the Door of the Workshop open, and yet had taken no Notice of it, and had never pretended to recollect the Place till after she was in the Workshop, and this too after she had been in every other Room of the House, supposing all this, what he would have thought of her. Little dreaming of what had been proved, he answered, it would have led him to disbelieve her whole Story.

This is the Man, who was present at Mr. Alderman *Chitty's* granting a Warrant against Mrs. *Wells* for a capital Felony; who knew by the Description she could not be the Person meant, and yet he never dropt the least Hint to prevent it: And now he denies bearing any Ill-will to Mrs. *Wells*, his old Acquaintance, or that he ever vowed Revenge against her.

This is the Man, who, though an entire Stranger to *Canning*, first helpt her to a perfect Description of the Places about *Wells's* House, which gave Credit to her Story; and afterwards, in order to give her Credit with a Jury to convict two innocent Women, by way of *Corroboration*, as he terms it, committed Perjury.

Mary Myers and Mrs. *Woodward* say, the Defendant's Shift was neither draggled, nor dirty. Yet this was the Shift, you are to suppose she had on, when two Men had drag'd her twelve Miles, for six Hours together, through dirty Roads, in *January*—which Shift she wore for a Month in a filthy Room, and upon her Return through the same dirty Road.

Had this been true, not only the Shift would have been draggled and dirty, but her Petticoat, Shoes, and Stockings must have been extremely so—why were they never produced?

Mr. *Lion*, Mr. *Wintlebury*, and Mr. *Adamson* are next called to prove what passed at *Endfield-Wash*.

The first of these Witnesses, being an exceeding honest Man, and cautious of what he swears, has done the Defendant so little Service by his Evidence, that he might very well have been spared. He tells you, that he himself has no other Reason for believing what the Defendant said, than because she said it; for that he never made the least Enquiry about it, but swallowed the whole Story at once upon the Credit of this Servant of his, without supposing it possible, she should tell him a Lye. Had his Head been as good as his Heart, he would certainly have required some Reason for assenting to the most wonderful Story, he ever heard in his Life.

But as much as I admire his Goodness, I cannot help being sorry for his Credulity; because I am apprehensive, his being so easily to be imposed on, might have encouraged the Defendant at first to invent this ridiculous Excuse for absenting so long from his Service.

Mr. *Wintlebury* endeavours to account for the Defendant's saying there was more Hay in the Room, than when she had been confined there; by swearing that it appeared to have been tossed up, and hollow towards the

North Window. But this stands contradicted by almost every Witness.

He says also, That *George Squires* endeavoured to go away in a Hurry, and that he would have avoided an Examination. Tho' this is not much to the Purpose, yet it is a very suspicious Evidence; for, *Squires* was so well guarded, it was hardly possible for him to escape, and, there being no Charge against him, nor the Defendant so much as pretending to have ever seen him before, what had he to apprehend, which should make him attempt it? Besides, you find, he voluntarily and readily gave a full Account of himself and his Mother, the Moment his Mother was charged with the Robbery, by declaring that they were at *Abbotsbury* on the first of *January*, and for several Days after.

Mr. *Adamson* owns the Defendant made no Observation in the Kitchen: And yet you find even by her own Witnesses, that she could have seen near two Thirds of it from the Room, in which she is supposed to have been confined. None of them deny this; and some admit, that the Hole between the Hay-loft and the Kitchen was so large, that she might have looked through the Kitchen into the Road. Now if she had been in this Hay-loft for a whole Month together, was it possible, when she was brought to the Kitchen again, she should forget, that it was contiguous to the Hay-loft, and leading to it by only five or six Steps? Whereas you find by this Witness, that when she was first brought into the House, seeing the Stair-case which faces the Street-door, she immediately said, she believed, "that was the Stair-case she was carried up."

It appears incontestably, that this Stair-case is at a considerable Distance from the Hay-loft, and has no sort of Communication with it. And *Adamson* himself allows it is not at all like the little flight of Steps leading from the Kitchen;—that it struck him, for he thought it strange she should make such a Mistake. How contradictory to each other are the Testimonies of this Man and *Scar-rat*! Observe here the good Effects of a separate Examination.

When she was carried into the Hay-loft, did she immediately say (what she must have known before she got up three of the Steps, if she had ever been there before) this is the Place? No.—But when she was in the Room, and after a Pause, she recollected (having seen every other Room of the House) "this is the Room, but there is more Hay in it." *Adamson* tells you, it occurred to him to search about the House whether there had been any Hay lately carried there; but that there was no Appearance of any,—not a single Blade could be found.

Not recovered from the Amazement into which her owning the Stair-Case had thrown him, and having yet received no Proof of her Sincerity, he devised a most ingenious Trial, to satisfy himself that the Defendant had been really confined in the Hay-loft. And this was by asking her concerning the Prospect from the Window. But this sagacious Gentleman had not thought of the Experiment, until she had

had been in the Room for the Space of five or six Minutes, to furnish herself with Observations.

And after all, what was her Answer? "*Hills and Trees at a Distance.*" The Chances were so many in her Favour, that Hills and Trees might be seen from any Country Window, that she might have ventured this, *before* she was carried there. But if Mr. *Adamson* had not been over-fond of removing doubts, he would certainly have required a more ample Description of a Prospect she pretended to have had for a Month together. The Trees were almost peeping in at the Window, and must have been seen by her, as well as the Hills, as soon as she entered the Room.—But besides these, there were many other Things (as you find by the Witnesses) observable from the Room. A Hedge, and a Ditch broad enough for a Foot-Way, just under the same Window,—several Fields both plowed, and in Grass, and a Variety of other Things proper to be mentioned in Answer to such a Question of such a Tendency. And yet, you observe, the Answer of "*Hills and Trees at a Distance*", was sufficient with Mr. *Adamson* to destroy the glaring Proof, she had just before given him of her Insincerity.

He also swears, he helped to pull down the Boards from the Window, and that Mr. *Colley* assisted in it. This was a Fact so very material, tending to destroy one of the capital Objections to the Defendant's Credit, that one should have expected the fullest Evidence to prove it. *Colley* had been before called to Facts infinitely less material, but he has not mentioned a word of this. From whence one might fairly conclude, that *Colley's* Account of this Matter, would have done the Defendant or Mr. *Adamson* no Service.

The Willingness of *Adamson* to reconcile all Difficulties, and regain for the Defendant a forfeited Credit, appears by his riding back to ask her about the Hay. To obviate this Objection to himself, he has ventured to deny even his saying to her, "What! Hay, *Bett!*" But he dares not disown his riding back to inform himself about it; and another of the Defendant's Witnesses, who was then with her, swears to the very Words. That other Witness was material to several Facts, as well as Mr. *Adamson*; and as one of them must be foresworn (unless the *Doctrine of Mistake* is to prevail universally) it will be of equal Advantage to the Prosecution, give up which you please.

Beale, the Turnpike-Man, was the next Witness to prove his seeing the Defendant on the 1st of *January*, carried by two Men in the Road towards *Enfield*. But what does he prove? Most clearly, that he never saw her there; which appears, past all Doubt, even by the Defendant's own Testimony. She swore she was stripped of her Gown and Apron in *Moor-fields*, and had neither of them on, when she arrived at *Wells's*; but *Beale* swears, the Woman, he saw, had a light coloured Gown, and an Apron, on: So that, of all the Women in the World, whoever it was, certainly it was *not Elizabeth Canning*.

There is another Reason, why she could not be the Person. *Canning* was insensible, in a convulsive Fit, and therefore unable to walk a Yard; but the Woman, *Beale* saw, so far from being borne by two Men, was walking very fast, "*nimbly going along the Road, sobbing and crying,*" whilst one of the Men was pulling her on, saying, "Come along, you are drunk;" the other following, "Lord, how drunk she is!"—Could this be *Elizabeth Canning*? Were the Cries he heard, like the Screams of a Woman in a convulsive Fit? Could *Elizabeth Canning*, in her then Condition, without either Gown or Apron, be the Person this Witness describes? How many Impossibilities must be swallowed to suppose this Woman guiltless!

But even these are not the only Proofs it was not the Defendant, whom *Beale* is supposed to have seen on the Road. For, if you consider the Place and Time of the Night, you'll find another Impossibility to contend with.

What *Beale* has given an Account of, was at *Stamford-Hill*-Turnpike, about four Miles from *Moor-fields*. According to the Defendant's Evidence, she was robbed in *Moor-fields* between Nine and Ten, and she arrived at *Wells's* about Four in the Morning: So that this Journey of Eleven Miles (the Distance between *Moor-fields* and *Wells's*) must have taken up above six Hours. At which Rate of travelling, she could not have reached this Turnpike till almost twelve o'Clock. But what *Beale* saw, was betwixt Ten and Eleven, which was but an Hour after the Defendant was first attacked in *Moor-fields*. Is it possible that two Men could have carried her, in such a Condition, four Miles in one Hour?

Besides, the Witness is uncertain as to the Day of the Month. He swears only to the "*fore-end of January*", but is not able, by any Circumstance whatever, to fix it to the first Day of the Month. Whereas *New-Year's Day* being a very remarkable Time, it is probable he would have been able to recollect it particularly, had that been the Day.

Such was the Evidence of the Defendant's being seen upon the Road, between *London* and *Enfield-Wash*, on the 1st of *January*. Let us now examine the Proof of her being seen in her return Home upon the 29th.

Thomas Bennet, the first Witness called to this Fact, says, that about a quarter of a Mile from Mrs *Wells's*, and twenty Poles below the ten Mile Stone, he met a Woman, "miserably poor, without either Gown, Stays or Hat, yet with something about her, not a Gown".—That she appeared to be a Stranger to the Road, for she enquired the Way to *London*, and told him, "*She had been frightened by a Tanner's Dog.*"

Had he omitted this last Circumstance, there had been nothing to detect him of Falshood by; and the Fact would then have depended merely upon his Credit, which, *probably by Appearance*, could not have weighed much, unsupported by other Proofs. But the Incident of the Tanner's Dog, has quite defeated his Evidence, for it was impossible she

she could tell him of this, in her Way from *Endfield-Wash* to *London*, before she was come so far as the Tanner's. She might, indeed, have met a Dog, and been frightened by him, but how could she, a perfect Stranger, know he belonged to a Tanner? This Witness tells you, the Tanner's is an hundred Yards on this Side of the ten Mile Stone, but he met the Woman twenty Poles below the ten Mile Stone:—And it was not the Witness, but the Defendant, who called it a *Tanner's Dog*.

This will not be thought too nice an Objection to the Credit of one deposing a Fact, not very credible in itself, and which you will find to be false, when coupled with the Evidence of the subsequent Witnesses. And in a Case of this extraordinary Nature,—where the Defendant's Attorney (not the present Attorney to give him his Due) had advertised for Evidence, it became necessary narrowly to watch every Circumstance coming from the Mouth of a Witness in so low a Station of Life.

The next Witness was *David Dyer*: He says he saw a "poor distressed Creature" pass very slowly by him on the 29th of *January*;—that he said to her "Sweetheart, do you want a Husband?" Being asked to give an Account of her Cloathing, he says, *she had a white Handkerchief on her Head*. In this he goes too far; for according to her Mother's Account the white Handkerchief was covered by a coloured one, which she had taken out of her Pocket, and which from the Smallness of the white one, must have totally concealed it.

Willing to fix every Circumstance, he swears to something that may answer to the Bed-Gown,—“A shortish Thing about her, that did not come very low”; and that he saw the Woman soon afterwards, and took her to be the same Person with the Prisoner at the Bar. But being called upon to describe her, as she appeared to him upon the Road, this Witness, unacquainted with what the rest had sworn (another good effect of a separate Examination) proves most clearly, that the Person he saw, if any one he saw, was not *Elizabeth Canning*. Her Face, says he, was very pale,—not black, but *whitish*.—He looked earnestly at her, and particularly observed her, and did not only admire her Face, but her Hands too—they were *delicately white*.

Refer yourselves to the Description given of her at her Return Home, particularly by the Apprentice, “*She was black and blue, as if beat, her Arms and Face as black as his Hat*.” Could this be the *pale Woman with a white Hand*, whom *Dyer* met upon the Road?

Mary Cobb, the only remaining Witness to the Defendant's being on the *Enfield Road* on the 29th of *January*, swears she met her *creeping along*, in the Middle of the three Duck Fields, between the five and six Miles Stones. This is said to be a Mistake, and that it is between the six and seven Mile Stones. Take it either Way: if she met her between the five and six Mile Stones, it was near five Miles from *Wells's*,—if between the six and seven Mile Stones, it was near four Miles from thence; for *Wells's House* is about

the Midway between the ten and eleven Mile Stones.

Now by comparing this Woman's Evidence with what the Defendant has sworn, you will find it impossible to be true.

The Defendant swore she set out from Mother *Wells's* at four o'Clock, and that the Clock struck Ten, as she was going over *Moorfields*: So she was six Hours travelling eleven Miles (the Distance between *Wells's* and *Moorfields*) which is less than at the Rate of two Miles an Hour.

Reckoning from the Time the Defendant herself has fixed for her setting out, it must have been past six before she had crept to the Middle of the Three Duck-Fields, supposing it to be but four Miles from *Wells's*, and if five Miles, then it must have been half an Hour later. Now, at what Time did this Witness see her? She says it was duskish. The 29th of *January* was the Day after a new Moon, so there could be no Moon-Light; and if it was duskish, it could not be so late as five o'Clock. A great deal of Pains was taken in the Cross-Examination of this Witness, to fix the Time of her being at the Place, where she is supposed to have met the Defendant. At three o'Clock she left her own House,—she had a Mile to go to one Mrs *Carter's*,—She had been there, but I think staid not a Minute,—She called no where on the Road,—she might indeed be detained a little by Acquaintances, who met her, but made no considerable Stop any where,—and met *Canning* within a quarter of a Mile of her own House, on her Return Home;—so then she must have walked a Mile and three Quarters, and no more from three o'Clock, and make very little Stay. How late could it possibly be then? Let this Woman creep as slow as she pleases, let her be as slow in walking, as she appears in Invention, she could not eke out the Time so as to meet the Defendant. Even five o'Clock will not do—duskish will not answer—It must have been past six before *Canning* could possibly come to that Place, by her own Calculation. But this Mrs *Cobb* has even ventured to swear to a perfect, an absolute Remembrance of the Defendant's Face, *By the Tip of her Nose!* By what Light could she make so nice an Observation after six in the Evening, on the 29th of *January*?

Upon the Testimony of these three last Witnesses, I shall only make this further Observation, that, if it were possible to admit, they saw any Person in the Manner they have sworn, it appears, by every Circumstance, they all saw one and the same Person, and the Evidence of *Dyer* fully proves, that Woman was not the Defendant.

These, Gentlemen, are the Objections which have occurred to me on that Part of the Case, relating to the Defendant's having been seen on the *Endfield Road* on the 1st and 29th of *January*: By which it appears, that her Friends have reaped no great Benefit from their advertising for Evidence.

The next Attempt was to answer the Proofs we gave of the Gypsies being at *Abbotsbury* on the 1st of *January*; in my Observations upon which, I shall not take up much of your

your Time. Indeed I cannot take upon myself to enter minutely into the Evidence, because I was unavoidably absent Yesterday, when most of the Witnesses to it were examined. But from the Notes of my learned Friend, the Gentleman, whom I have the Honour to assist, I am authorised to say, the Defendant has had no better Success in this Part of her Case, than in the rest.

Are the Witnesses to prove the Gypsy's being at *Enfield* before the 24th of January so very certain, both as to the Person of *Mary Squires*, and the exact Times of seeing her there, as to leave no Possibility of Mistake? If so, this will rest merely upon the Credit of the Witnesses; otherwise it will not admit of Dispute. For it is most certain, that the Witnesses for the Crown cannot possibly be mistaken in either of these Respects.

It is observable, that none of the Defendant's Witnesses pretend to have ever seen *Mary Squires* with either of her two Children; whereas every one of our Witnesses, swears directly to all their Persons.

With what Uncertainty do the Defendant's Witnesses speak also to Point of Time! Some of them do not know one Day, and some not one Month from another, and some are ignorant whether *Christmas* is in *June* or *January*.—One keeps the Day of the Month by his Clock,—another refers herself to the Almanack, without being able to distinguish by what Day of the Week such a particular Day of the Month was. The Experiment was made upon her Cross-Examination, and an Almanack was put into her Hand,—she understood nothing by it. But, says she, I swear from the Assistance of a Sheet Almanack; yet what had been shewn her, was the same cut into Leaves and bound up.

Gentlemen, those, who pretend to be positive as to Time, either refer to Circumstances inconclusive, or to Papers and Books, not one of which has been produced. It was material for them to be exact, and they saw the Necessity of being so. Why then did they produce no written Evidence to ascertain Facts of such Consequence, since by their own Account this was to be had?—Is it not apparent, no Diligence has been wanting in this Defence to lay before you every Circumstance that could be construed in their Favour? To what Cause can such Omission be ascribed? Persons speaking merely upon Memory are very liable to mistake; and in a Cause of so much Spirit, the Zeal of Witnesses may urge them to strain the Truth at least, even where they would not venture at direct Perjury. Falshood is glossed with Doubtfulness, and Doubts are raised to Certainty.

An Instance of this was exemplified in the Evidence of *Anne Johnson*, who swears she saw *Mary Squires* at *Enfield* on the 18th of January. Was it possible for any Witness to be more positive than this Woman? She remembers the Time perfectly, it was just two Days after she carried her Work Home to Mr. *Smitham* her Master, who entered in his Book the Time of its being both delivered out, and returned.

Here was a Reference to a written Memorandum, and the producing it would have fixed the Time past doubt. Yet this, like all the rest, was thought proper, by those concerned for the Defendant, to be left merely upon the Credit of Memory. But, by Accident, We got Access to Mr. *Smitham's* Book of Accounts, and he and his Daughter, in whose Hand-Writing the Entries were, have been so kind this Morning, as to produce the very Book, which *Anne Johnson* referred to; by which it appears, that the Work was carried Home on the 23d of January. So that the Time of her having seen *Mary Squires*, two Days after, must have been on the 25th, which was the Day after *Squires's* coming to *Enfield*, according to the Account of all our Witnesses.

I do not mean by this to impute any Thing more than Mistake to this *Anne Johnson*. But it shews how uncertain Memory is, how positively Witnesses, warmed into a Contention for Victory, will depose Facts, which they should relate with some Degree of Doubtfulness, and shews indeed the Reason, why no Books or Papers are produced.

Sarah Star swears to the 18th, or 19th of January, and refers to a Note of Hand of the same Date, which she delivered to Mr. *Miles*, the Defendant's then Attorney. But neither the Note itself, nor Mr. *Miles*, nor the Person, who, *Star* says, brought the Note to her, is produced.

In short, for 'tis Time to make an End, nothing conclusive appears.

Grace Kirby, another Witness, ready as the rest, to fix an early Time of seeing *Squires*, upon her Cross-Examination is not certain of having seen her, till within eight Days before *Squires's* being apprehended, which was on the 1st of February.

Wife Bassett, is sure of the Time, because she killed a Hog, on the Thursday before new *Christmas-Day*; and she has no other Reason for fixing the Time, but because it was the Monday was a Month after; which brings it to the 22d of January.

How vague and uncertain is all this Evidence, compared with the clear, determinate, positive, absolute Testimony, that *Mary Squires* was at *Abbotshury* on the 1st of January! I should be ashamed to take up more of your Time in Observations upon this Part of the Defence.

They next call *Ward* and *Jones* to prove, that *Susanna Wells* confessed the Defendant's Confinement.

Ward, having just read the News-Paper relating the Particulars of the Defendant's Story, went to see Mother *Wells* in *Clerkenwell-Bridewell*, and *Jones* went with him as his Friend. One of them (*Ward*, as I recollect) asked *Wells* "How came you to keep the Girl a Fortnight?" To which *Wells* answered, "It was twenty-eight Days." The next Question was, "In what Room was she?" The Answer was, "You know the Room very well." This was the whole Conversation tending to a Confession. But such a Confession, I may venture to say, was never before given in Proof.

Wells,

Wells, at every other Time, both before and after this pretended Confession, stoutly denied every Article of the Charge. It is therefore most likely she did not mean, at this Time, to admit it. And if you consider the Occasion of *Ward* and *Jones* going there, and the very Words of the Conversation, you will find that *Wells* really confessed nothing, but only corrected *Ward's* Mistake by the Charge against her. The News Paper had mentioned, that *Wells* had confined the Girl twenty-eight Days, *Ward* had mistaken it for a Fortnight, and *Wells* set him right: The Whole of which, taken together, amounts to just as much as if *Wells* had more fully answered, viz. you are mistaken as to Time, for I am charged with having confined her twenty-eight Days.

Her Answer to the other Question naturally bears the same Construction,—"you know the Room very well." What Room did he know? That which he had read an Account of, and in which the Girl had said she was confined.

This is the natural and the only sensible Exposition of the Words. If *Wells* intended to confess the Crime she was accused of, something more would have been said explaining the Motives and Design of such an extraordinary Transaction. The same Curiosity which carried these two Witnesses to Bridewell would certainly have urged them to further Questions; and the same Candour, which this pretended Confession supposes at this Time in *Wells*, would as certainly had led her to explicit Answers.

If, on the Contrary, *Wells* did not intend a Confession, how infamous was it in these Men, by a pretended Mistake of a Fortnight instead of twenty eight Days, to ensnare her into an Answer, which by an equivocal Interpretation should amount to a Confession, and leave it unexplained, in order to be furnished with Evidence?

If this was the only scandalous Part of the Defence, it would require more Observation than I shall trouble you to make.

To as little Purpose was the Attempt by *Daniel Stephens*, a Publican, to prove the Confession of *Mary Squires* in *Clerkenwell* Prison. This Witness went there with two or three Gentlemen to see her, about three or four Days after her Commitment. But who these Gentlemen are, or why they do not appear to support this Man's Evidence, we know not. The whole Confession amounts to no more than this, namely, "What I am here for, I am innocent of;" and afterwards speaking of being at *Wells's* House, "I believe whilst I was there, Elizabeth Canning was there." This, and this alone, they call a Confession; to procure which, they treated her with a Bottle of Wine. Severities had been tried before to no manner of purpose: she had been complaining, that they had buffeted her about, because she was not willing to answer Questions. But good Words and a Bottle of Wine opened the old Woman's Heart, and she frankly confessed to these civil Gentlemen, What?—that she was innocent of the Charge against her. But she believed, whilst she was there, *Elizabeth Canning*

was there. She never said she *knew*, but she believed. It is plain she never saw her, for if she had ever seen her, it could not rest upon her Belief. And the Witness himself is so doubtful of the Words spoken, that nothing, besides the Innocence of *Squires*, and the Perjury of *Canning*, can be collected from it. At first, *Stevens* was positive, that the Words were "I believe, while I was there *Canning* was there." Then the Witness believes these was the Words—and then the Words were, "to be sure *Canning* was there, as I believe." And several Times afterwards, the Witness varied the Expression, and could never fix it.

What a Confession is here proved! A steadfast Declaration of her own Innocence, coupled with a Belief, touching a Transaction, which if innocent she must be ignorant of.

This poor Woman was a Stranger to *Wells*, having never seen her till the twenty-fourth of January, when she came to lodge in her House. Eight Days after, she (with all the People of the House) was apprehended on the Accusation of *Canning*, that she had been robbed and confined there—*Wells* bore an infamous Character universally;—*Canning's* Complaint was favoured by several Persons of Credit and Reputation, and therefore *Squires* was inclined to believe the Girl had been robbed by some body, and that her Story might be partly true. But her own Innocence she persisted in;—so there's an End of all Pretence of Confession.

They next call Witnesses to impeach the Evidence of *Natus* and his Wife.

Nathaniel Crompton says, that so lately as last Friday Fortnight, the twenty-first of April, he asked *Judith Natus* "How came you to have the Conscience, knowing this poor, innocent Creature was at Mother *Wells's*, to go and be against her?" And that *Judith Natus* answered, "Indeed, Mr. *Crompton* I cannot say, but she really was there, when we lodged there."

Considering these Words, as an Excuse, in answer to *Crompton's* Reproach for giving Evidence against *Canning*, you will have no Difficulty in believing the very Reverse of what that Witness intends; and considering the Time of this Conversation, it looks as if this *Crompton* was tampering with the Witness to swear what in Truth she could not. *Crompton* is certain to every Word spoken, and indeed it was very material he should be so; for by striking out the single Word (*but*) the Sense would be intirely altered, and then the Answer would be proper to the Question. And that *Crompton* goes too far in swearing to the very Expression appears by the next Witness, his Wife, who gives Evidence of these Words only, "Indeed Mr. *Crompton* she really was there, when we lodged there." The former Part of the Words "I cannot say but" is intirely left out. So that it remains doubtful what were all, and the particular, though few, Words made use of upon this Occasion. You will therefore apply your Attention to the Substance of this Conversation, that *Judith Natus* was reproached with giving false Evidence, and that she was justifying herself.

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That *Natus* and his Wife lay at *Wells's* during the Month of *January*, is supposed even by this very Witness. Now I should be glad to know in what Part of the House they lay. It appears that every other Room in the House, except the Hay-loft, was wholly occupied by the rest of the Family. And if they lay in the Hay-loft, it could not be, while the Defendant was there, because *she* swore, "she did not see a human Creature during all the Time of her Confinement, but once through a Crack of the Door."

Further to discredit *Fortune Natus's* Evidence, one *Jackson* is called to prove the Proposal of a Wager by *Natus*, at the three Swans, whether he had not lain out of *Wells's* House a single Night during the Month of *January*. This was intended to contradict *Natus*, as having, in his Evidence, denied proposing any such Wager. But in Reality *Natus* was so far from denying it, that he himself gave an Account of his having lain out of the House one Night, and no more. And his Wife, you may remember, gave the same Account. This Circumstance, so confirmed by the Defendant's Witness, would add Credit to *Natus*, if he stood in need of it.

The next Evidence is to the Impeachment of *Natus's* Character, by three Persons swearing with such Rancour and Malice, as is sufficient to overthrow all Pretence of Credit in themselves.

One of them, in effect, says, he believes *Fortune Natus* is so infamous a Fellow, that without the Temptation of Interest, or any Passion to indulge, but merely for the sake of giving false Testimony, and from his Propensity to lying, he would perjure himself in a Court of Justice.

But let not human Nature bear the Reproach of such a Character. There cannot be a Man on this Side Hell so abandoned by his Maker, as that rash Witness would have you to think. The Earth has never bore such a Monster, as to fall in love with naked Falshood. What Devil incarnate was ever heard of, who did not incline to Truth, till he was warped by some particular Temptation to leave her? For has not the Author of Nature created her lovely in the Eyes of all Mankind? Let any Man breathing ask his own Heart, whether he was ever persuaded to embrace a Falshood, till she was robed in the Garb of Truth to deceive him? It would be a Contradiction in Terms to say otherwise. The Witness, who is capable of representing *Natus* in such Colours, must be conscious of the Truth of this Observation, and feel himself impelled to such a horrid Misrepresentation either by Avarice or Revenge, or some Passion, which he dares not avow.

But see the real Character of this *Natus*, by one, who knows him better.—Mr. *Bell*, his Master, says, he has known him very well for fifteen Months past, and that he is his Servant—that he is a very honest, civil, and industrious Man—that he never once caught him in a Lye in his Life—that he has now eight Servants, and would be glad to have his Fellow.

The same Man may indeed have several Characters, as different People are differently

affected to him. And perhaps it would be a good general Rule to take the Medium betwixt the two Extremes of any Character whatever. But surely there never were two such Extremes as these concerning the same Character before; and considering the Nature of the Evidence, and who are the Witnesses, I may very safely rest upon the Credit of *Natus's* Testimony, especially as it has been so well supported by many other Witnesses, attesting such a Number of Circumstances to confirm it.

Another Witness, Mr. *Metcalf*, was called to contradict Mr. *Whiffen*, as to the time of his receiving the Sign-iron. But *Metcalf's* Evidence is so very uncertain and indeterminate, that it proves nothing. He swears to a Transaction upon the 8th of *January*; but when he is called upon to assign his Reason for being particular to the Day of the Month, all he can say is, that he keeps his Reckoning by his Clock, and is ignorant whether his Account is according to the old Stile, or new.

But Mr. *Whiffen's* Evidence is sufficiently supported by several Circumstances, the time is fixed beyond all doubt, and there now remains no Stain upon his Character.

Gentlemen, I think I have taken Notice of all the material Circumstances on both Sides, two only excepted, which I did not sooner recollect.

One is, the Defendant's claiming the Bed-Gown, before sworn by her to have been found at *Wells's*, in the Grate in the Chimney. This then lay, together with the Pitcher, on a Table at the Mansion-House; and she would have taken them both away; but that was objected to, because they did not belong to her, and that they might be deposited in some public Place, for the sake of further Discoveries: Upon this (relinquishing the Pitcher) she insisted on taking away the Bed-Gown, for "That was her Mother's".—It has been proved, that there was no Grate in the Chimney at *Wells's*.

And I should have added to the Observations upon the Evidence of the Mother, who proved the Defendant's Hand-Writing to some Papers now before you, that the Innocence of the Defendant having been most cogently inferred from her supposed Simplicity, and she having been represented as a poor, silly, illiterate Creature, incapable of inventing such a Story, to furnish her Advocates with so excellent an Argument, she sett her Mark to her Information before Mr. *Fielding*, as if unable to write her Name; which Information is also before you. I dare say it was not then imagined that this Marks-Woman had received so good an Education. Who would have thought, upon reading the Pamphlet, which that good Magistrate was pleased to oblige the World with, containing the Information at large, with such ingenious Remarks upon her Stupidity;—who would have dreamt, that this "Child in Tears, more so in Understanding," was able to write a very fair, legible Hand?

And this may serve as a Specimen to shew what mean Artifices have been made use of to deceive Mankind.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, you have now before you the whole Merits of this Cause; the Subject of universal Controversy, which it is hoped your Verdict will put an End to.

Permit me, therefore, to remind you briefly of what you must necessarily believe, in order to acquit the Defendant of the Charge against her.

In the first Place, you must believe a most astonishing Story of several Incidents, every one of which is, to the highest Degree, improbable. You must also believe, that above forty Witnesses to the *Alibi* of the Gypsy are all guilty of Perjury, although there is a greater Combination of Circumstances to add Credit to their Evidence, than was ever before required to satisfy a human Enquiry. To this End, you must also believe, that all these Witnesses conspired to this Perjury, and preconcerted every Circumstance with so much Art and Contrivance, as to defeat the Possibility of Detection upon a separate Examination; and all this you are to suppose, although the Evidence to contradict them is infinitely less clear, less certain, and less conclusive.

But if, notwithstanding, you can prevail upon yourselves to suppose *Mary Squires* to have been at *Endfield*, when we proved her elsewhere, or (which is as hard to suppose) that the Defendant mistook her for another, you have yet more Difficulties to reconcile. For you must further suppose, either that Mr. Alderman *Chitty*, Mr. *Nash*, *Hague*, *Aldridge*, together with many of the Defendant's own Witnesses, to several Circumstances, are absolutely perjured; or else you must yield your Assent to a new Train of Events, as many and as wonderful, as those in the Defendant's Story.

You must, moreover, believe all the ten Witnesses, confirming *Natus's* Evidence likewise guilty of Perjury; although no Attempt has been made to disprove their Testimony, except only (what I hope is sufficiently answered) with Respect to *Natus* himself, and also as to the Time of *Whiffen's* buying the Sign iron.

And upon what Foundation are you to suppose all this?—Upon the Credit of *Elizabeth Canning*, proved to be self-contradicted in no less than three Instances, relative to a single Fact; or, upon the Evidence of her Witnesses, who have given no Answer to the Charge. For it is observable, that not one of the Witnesses for the Crown, except to the *Alibi* of *Squires*, is contradicted by those for the Defendant; and yet, if their Evidence be true, she must be guilty.

These, Gentlemen, are the Remarks occurring to me upon the various Circumstances in this very long Trial. Many of them may, perhaps, have been unnecessary, or improper, whilst some, which I may have omitted, should have been enforced; but whatever Errors are imputable to me in the Course of this Prosecution, I solemnly protest, that the mis-stating or misapplying any Facts, has been intirely foreign to my Intention throughout the Cause; in the Merits of which I have at no Time been engaged, otherwise than, as I conceived, the Duty of

my Profession directed me: And this Duty I have discharged to the best of my Abilities.

Mr. Nares.

I only beg leave to mention one Thing. There has been one Reason attempted to be given, why a very material Witness is not produced, the want of which Witness is attended with the utmost Inconveniency to the Prisoner at the Bar; that is, *Virtue Hall*, by her not being called we can give no Evidence relative to her; that is, as to what she has said, and the Means used in her Recantation. Mr. *Davy* has given this as a Reason (because she is not in Law a Witness) but I beg leave to say, that according to all the Cases and common Practice every Day, she is a Witness; it only goes to her Credit, and that goes to the Jury. You know the Case of *Cartwright* at *Hertsford*, he confessed he had perjured himself in four or five different Courts; I should be glad if the Court would deliver their Opinions on it.

Mr. Baron Legge.

I believe Witnesses have very often been called, that have declared they have been perjured in other Instances; but I will never admit or suffer a Person, that will say they have been perjured in another Affair, and I knew it before they were sent for. When she swears true I cannot tell; but that she has sworn false once, I must know.

Mr. Nares.

In the Case of Subornation of Perjury they are admitted every Day.

Mr. Baron Legge.

They are admitted, but it goes so much to their Credit.

Mr. Recorder.

I remember that in the Trial of *Titus Oats*, Lord Chief Justice *Jefferys* would have been glad to have hanged him, but would not suffer a perjured Person to be examined against him. What must such Set of Witnesses swear? Why, they must set out in saying they have been perjur'd before. Then what is the Consequence? but that they must destroy their own Credit.

Mr. Baron Legge.

When a Witness stands up and tells us she has once sworn false, what Credit can be given to her Testimony?

Mr. Davy.

I have known such Witness examined more than once; the Jury have a Right to call and examine her, but I have no Right to call her, neither has the Defendant.

Mr. Recorder.

Gentlemen of the Jury, *Elizabeth Canning*, the Prisoner at the Bar, stands indicted for Perjury, in swearing that *Mary Squires*,—[See the Indictment, the Perjury assigned, and the Averment mentioned before in this Trial.]—But as this is a Trial of unusual Length, and of great Expectation, I shall state the Evidence in the clearest Manner I have been able to collect it, and if, in the stating the several Facts which

have been laid before you, during the Course of this long Proceeding, I should accidentally disclose my own Opinion, I must desire that it may have no Weight, or make the least Impression on you, in determining your Verdict otherwise than as the Weight of the Evidence justifies it. As this Indictment is founded upon the Evidence given by *Elizabeth Canning* against *Mary Squires*, on whose Testimony she was capitally convicted, *Thomas Gurney*, the Short-Hand-Writer is called, who says, that upon the 22d Day of *February*, *Mary Squires* was tried in this Court; and upon that Trial, *Elizabeth Canning* swore, *That on the first Day of January, in the Year 1753. she had been at Salt-Petre-Bank to see her Uncle and Aunt, and staid there till about nine at Night;—that her Uncle and Aunt came with her to Aldgate, when they parted;—that she was then alone, and so came down Houndsditch and over Moor-fields by Bedlam Wall, where two lusty Men, both in great Coats, laid hold of her, and took Half a Guinea in a little Box out of her Pocket, and three Shillings that were loose;—that they afterwards tied her Hands behind her, and dragged her to Wells's House at Endfield-Wash, where they arrived about four o'Clock in the Morning;—that she saw there the said Gypsy Woman Squires sitting in a Chair, who took her by the Hand, and asked her if she chose to go their Way, saying, that if she did she should have fine Cloths; but she refusing, Mary Squires then took a Knife out of a Dresser Drawer, and cut the Lace of her Stays, and took them from her;—that Mary Squires gave her a Slap on the Face, and pushed her up Stairs out of the Kitchen into a Room called the Hay-loft, and shut the Door, and threatened her if she stirred or moved to cut her Throat;—that when Day-light appeared she could see in the Room a black Pitcher not quite full of Water, about twenty-four Pieces of Bread, a Fire place and a Grate;—that she continued there a Month by the Weeks, all but a few Hours;—that she broke down a Board that was nailed up at the Inside of the Window, and got out on Monday the twenty-ninth of January about four o'Clock in the Afternoon;—that she took out of the Grate in the Chimney an old sort of a Bed-gown and Handkerchief, which she tied over her Head instead of a Cap; and got to her Mother's House in Aldermanbury about a Quarter after ten o'Clock at Night.*

In order, therefore, to prove that the Evidence she then gave was false, a great Number of Witnesses have been called to prove *Mary Squires* at a different Place at the Time on which *Elizabeth Canning* has sworn to her robbing her at *Wells's* at *Endfield-Wash*.

The first of these Witnesses is *Hester Hopkins*, who says, that she keeps a Publick-House at *South Parrot*, which is some Miles beyond *Abbotsbury* in *Dorsetshire*, is positive she saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at her House on the 29th of *December 1752*; that they lodged at her House that Night, the Reason of her remembering it, that two Gentlemen that Day had been there, left their Reckoning unpaid; that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter went away next Morning, is particularly positive to *Mary Squires*, having never seen such another remarkable Wo-

man; that she is more positive to the Son than to the Daughter, for he had a Bag which he carry'd under his Arm; they all travell'd on Foot.

The next Witness was *Alice Farmer*, who lives at *Wynbiard's Gap*, ten Miles beyond *Abbotsbury*, says, that she saw *Mary Squires* at *Wynbiard's Gap*, about eight or nine o'Clock on the *Saturday Morning* next after *New Christmas*, with her Son and Daughter; the Reason of her being so positive to *Mary Squires* is, that having seen the Picture of Mother *Sbington*, she thought she resembled that Picture. They all staid about an Hour at her House, and had a Quart of Beer, and some Bread and Cheese, and when they parted with her, said, that they would come and see her again at old *Christmas*; that they all went towards *Abbotsbury*, which is 10 or eleven Miles from *Wynbiard's Gap*; that she had seen them come into *South Parrot* the Day before, and seeing they were Gypsies, her Mother asked if she was not frightened, this she remembers was on a *Saturday* was, because she had a Mind to have gone that Day to *Crewkbern-Market* to buy some Things against Old *Christmas*, but her Mother would not let her go, she saw a Bag under the Son's Arm, and the Daughter dress'd very neat in a white Holland Gown, has never seen them since; but is very positive to them, that they had a Mug of Beer, and paid for it.

The next Witness who undertakes to prove the whole Journey to *Endfield-Wash* is *George Squires*, who is Son to *Mary Squires*, who says he was at *South Parrot* on *Friday* next after new *Christmas Day*, and they put up at the *Red Lion* there, staid one Night only, that (they set out from *Newington* near *Southwark* about seven or eight Weeks before *Michaelmas* preceeding) from *South Parrot* they all went to *Wynyard's Gap*, and then to *Litton*, that they lay there upon *Saturday*, and he left his Mother and Sister there, and went to *Abbotsbury* on *Sunday*, to see some Friends he had there, and particularly to see *William Clarke*: That He and *Clarke* went to *Litton*, for his Mother and Sister, the *Monday* following, and at *Litton* the Sister, *Clarke* and he dined together. His Mother being gone towards *Abbotsbury* to see for *Clarke* and him; but upon her Return dined with them. After Dinner they all set out for *Abbotsbury*, and arrived there upon the *Monday Night*, being the 1st of *January*, and lay there, at the Sign of the *Ship*, at one *Gibbons's*; they danced 'till twelve o'Clock at Night, and several People were with them. His Partner was *Gibbons's* Sister, and having been at *Abbotsbury* before, he knew several there. *Clarke* danced with his Sister, and that his Mother, his Sister and himself staid at *Abbotsbury* from the 1st to the 9th of *January*; that the 1st of *January* being a wet Day, one *Andrew Wake*, who was then an Exciseman at *Abbotsbury*, borrowed his Great Coat of him, in order to make his Survey. That on *Tuesday* the ninth of *January*, his Mother and Sister and himself left *Abbotsbury*: *Clarke* went with them, and went to a Place called *Potsham*, about a Mile and a half from *Abbotsbury*. The next Day they went to *Ridgeway* about

five or six Miles from *Abbotsbury*, *Clarke* and he lay together, and lay there at the Sign of the Ship, at one *Bewley's*, where there happened to be a Horse which had just died, and his Money being short, left a Piece of Nankeen for his Reckoning, his Mother and Sister being then with him. From thence on *Thursday* the eleventh, they all went to *Dorchester*, and there they had an Account of his Sister *Mary's* Illness, and then they determined to hasten to her, and the Waters being very much out, he carried his Mother upon his Back, and a Miller took his Sister on a Horse behind him through the Water; they travelled on foot almost the whole Night, and arrived at a Village called *Chadley*, which is four Miles beyond *Blandford*, and on the *Saturday* following, they all lay at *Marten* in a Barn belonging to Farmer *Thane*; on the *Sunday* after they all went to *Coombe* and lay there at one *Greville's*, the Sign of the Lamb, who is since dead: On the *Monday* following he does not recollect where they lay, neither can he recollect where they all lay till his Arrival at *Basingstoke*, and when they got there they put up at the Spread Eagle, where the Woman of the House, at his Sister's Request wrote a Letter to *Clarke* at *Abbotsbury*; they lay that Night at a Place called *Old Basing* (their usual way of travelling being about ten Miles a Day) from thence they went to *Bagshot*, and lay at the Sign of the Grey-hound there, and from thence to *Brentford*, where they all arrived and lay there upon the *Saturday*, and on the *Sunday* he went to *London* to see his Sister *Mary*, and on the *Monday* he brought her to *Brentford* to one Mrs. *Edwards's*, where they all staid till *Tuesday*, and on *Tuesday* they all went to the Sign of the Seven Sisters at a Green near *Tottenham*, and on *Wednesday* they all arrived at Mrs. *Wells's* at *Endfield* (whom he never saw before) but was recommended there. That before they went to Mrs. *Wells's* they called at another House, where they were recommended to a House at *Cheshunt*, but that being too far they went to *Wells's*, where he left his Mother and Sisters; that in two or three Days after he went to *London* to receive some Money and returned next Day, and found his Mother and Sisters at *Wells's*. His Mother and Sisters lay in the Room over the Parlour, and he lay in a little Room fronting the Stairs, and *Wells*, her Daughter, and *Virtue Hall* lay in a Room on the left Hand, and one *Fortune Natus* and his Wife lay in a Room some few Steps out of the Kitchen; that during the Time they were at *Wells's* they bought their chandlery Ware of one *Larney*, and it being Herring Time they lived very much upon Herrings, which they bought of an old Man who carried them about to sell. That during the whole Time he was at *Wells's* he never saw the Prisoner *Canning*, neither had he ever seen her before his Mother was arrested, which was on *Thursday* the first of *February*. Upon his cross Examination he says, that he cannot recollect where he was the *Christmas* before he set out towards *Dorsetshire*, neither can he recollect the several particular Places through which he travelled, except *Lewis* and *Salisbury*, and some other principal Towns in the West of Eng-

land. He gives an Account of the whole Journey from *South Perrot* to *Enfield*, except four Days, which is from their Arrival at *Coombe* till they got to *Basingstoke*.

Then to confirm the Account which *George Squires* has given, they call a great many Witnesses, the first is *John Fry*, who is a Tyler, and Plasterer, lives at *Lytton* in *Dorsetshire*, he says, that he saw a Gipsy the 30th of *December* at one *James Hawkins's* a Public-house, that it was on a *Saturday*; he remembers it because it was new *Christmas* Time, and the *Monday* following was *New-Year's-Day*; is very positive both to *Mary Squires*, her Son, and her Daughter, the Part of the House he saw them in was the Kitchen, and has known *Mary Squires* for thirty Years.

Francis Gladman is called next, is sure that he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Litton* in the Morning on the first of *January*, for he shaved *George Squires* the *Sunday* before, he remembers the Day particularly because he was one of the Ringers who rung in the *New-Year*. That *Mary Squires* was asked whether she could tell Fortunes, and she said no. Then he asked her, whether she could speak *Spanish* or *French*? who answered, she could not. The next Witness is

James Angel, who says, that he saw *Mary Squires* and her Daughter at *Hawkins's* at *Litton* on the Thirty-first Day of *December*: But he did not see *George Squires* because he was gone to *Abbotsbury*; he remembers it because the *Monday* following he was called to ring in the *New-Year*; He did not see *Mary Squires* in the Evening because she was gone to *Abbotsbury*, which was three Miles from *Litton*. The next Witness is

James Hawkins, who remembers that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter came to his House at *Litton* on *Saturday* the thirtieth of *December*, and they staid there all *Sunday*, except *George*, who went to *Abbotsbury* on the *Sunday*, and that *George Squires* and *William Clarke* returned from *Abbotsbury* about ten or eleven o'Clock on *Monday* Morning, and after they had dined they all set out for *Abbotsbury* about two o'Clock the same Day.

William Clarke is called next, who lives at *Abbotsbury*, is very well acquainted with *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter; that *George Squires* came to him at *Abbotsbury* on *Sunday* the thirty-first of *December*, he staid with him there till *Monday* Morning, that he asked *George* after his Sister *Lucy*, who told him, that his Mother and she were at *Litton*; that they both together went to *Litton* next Morning where they arrived about three o'Clock, *Mary Squires* was not there upon their first Arrival, because she went towards *Abbotsbury* to meet her Son *George*, that upon her coming back to *Litton*, they all dined together upon a boiled Fowl; and after Dinner he went with them to *Abbotsbury*, and it being the first of *January* they had a Dance at *Gibbons's* the Sign of the Ship there. That *Lucy Squires* was his Partner, and one *Arnold* play'd on the Musick; is very sure, that both *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter were at *Abbotsbury* upon that Day, and is as sure that they all continued there till *Tuesday* the ninth of *January*, for he saw them there every Day, and

and upon that *Tuesday* he sat out with them on their Journey, and went with them to *Poisham*, and then to *Ridgeway*, where he left them at one *Bewley's* House there; that they had Beef Stakes for their Supper, and when he parted with them, *George* borrowed six Shillings of him; that he, the Witness, desired *Lucy* to write to him, and told her how to direct to him; that he has known *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter four Years.

The next is *John Gibbons*, who keeps the Sign of the Old Ship at *Abbotsbury*, knows *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter; has known *Mary Squires* for three Years, is very positive they were all at his House the first of *January*, 1753, in the Evening, dancing; that *George* danced with his Wife, *Lucy* with *Clarke*, that they all stayed at his House from that time till *Tuesday* the ninth of *January*, and remembers that while they were there the Exciseman borrowed *George's* Great-Coat to go his Rounds; that they and *Clarke* went away together on *Tuesday* the ninth of *January*. He was a Witness at the Trial of *Mary Squires*, but doth not remember he was ask'd about the Dancing on the first of *January*.

George Clements is called next, who confirms what the other Witnesses have sworn about the Dancing at *Gibbons's*, in every Circumstance; that he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son, and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* the second and third of *January*; the *Sunday* following he dined with them at *Gibbons's*, that *Clarke* and they set out together the *Tuesday* following, that he knows them all very well, remembers *Mary Squires* forty Years. The next is,

Melchizedek Arnold, who is a Blacksmith, lives at *Abbotsbury*, he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* the first of *January*, at the Old Ship there; remembers the Dancing that night, played on the Fiddle, that *Clark* was *Lucy's* Partner, and *George* was *Mary Gibbons's* Partner, that he saw them all several times during the Week they were there, and remembers all the several Circumstances mentioned by the other Witnesses.

John Ford is called next, who is a Carpenter, and lives at *Abbotsbury*, is Uncle to *Gibbons*, who keeps the Old Ship, which is the Excise-Office, saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter there every Day during their Stay there, which was from the first of *January* to the ninth, knows *Mary Squires* as well as his own Mother; that he sells Bread, and they bought their Bread of him during the whole Time they stayed. The next is,

Daniel Wallice, who is a Mercer at *Abbotsbury*, is very positive that he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* on *Sunday* the seventh of *January*, and that *George Squires* bought Sugar of him; that seeing *Mary Squires* at the Day of his having bought a new Jack, she asked him to dine with her that Day. Then they call

Hugh Bond, who is a Schoolmaster at *Abbotsbury*, who says, that on the thirty-first of *December*, being Holiday-time he went to see his Wife who was ill in *Devonshire*, and he returned to *Abbotsbury* on *Monday* the eighth of *January*; that he lodged at the Old Ship, is very positive that he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter there that Night, and saw

them there next Morning, the ninth of *January*; that he had some Conversation with *George Squires* along with one *Wake* an Exciseman, who officiated for one *Ward* an Exciseman who was then sick, and *Wake* lay at the Ship in the same Bed where *Ward* us'd to lye, and that *George Squires* lay in another Bed in the same Room. Then

John Bayly is called, who is a Carpenter at *Abbotsbury*, he says he has known *Mary Squires* ten or fifteen Years, and has known *George* and *Lucy* three Years; is very positive that he saw them all at the Old Ship there on *Monday* the first of *January*, that they continued there from that Time till *Tuesday* the ninth, and that he shaved *George* twice within that Time, and remembers it particularly by his Brother's setting out on the first of *January* for *Bristol*, in order to go to Sea. The next is

Thomas Hauson, who lives at *Abbotsbury*, has known *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter about four Years, and is very sure he saw them at the Old Ship there on *Friday* the fifth of *January*, and is sure they are the same Persons he had seen four Years before, that *Clark* was with them, and it was reported that *Clark* and *Lucy* were Sweethearts. Then they call

James Hawkins, who is a Weaver at *Abbotsbury*, who remembers seeing *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Abbotsbury* the first of *January* at *Gibbons's*, is certain that they all continued there from the first to the ninth of *January*, having seen them every Day, and he particularly remembers the Dancing, and *Arnold's* playing on the Fiddle. Then

Andrew Wake the Excisemen, is call'd (who is mentioned by some of the former Witnesses) he says, that he was order'd to officiate as Exciseman at *Abbotsbury* during the the Illness of one *Ward*, who was taken sick there, that he went to *Abbotsbury* on *Sunday* the 31st of *December* to *Gibbons's* the Sign of the Ship, which is the Excise-Office, was in Company with *George* and *Lucy Squires*, and *Clarke* at that House, and on that Day; and that *George* and he lay in the same Room; and that he saw *Mary Squires* was in Company with her and *Lucy*, and in the same House on the *Wednesday* following; he also remembers the Dancing at *Gibbons's* on the first of *January*, and that *George* and *Lucy Clarke* danc'd there on that Evening, and particularly remembers that *Arnold* played on the Fiddle, and he being a Dealer in Cyder he survey'd him, and this Witness being at that Time out of Order he borrowed a great Coat of *George*, and that *Mary Squires* order'd something for him to take, and says that he left the Excise-Books with *Ward*, when he went away from *Abbotsbury*; which was on the 14th of *January*, he then refers to those Books and swears to the Entries and the Journal, says that when he went to bed at *Abbotsbury* he always went to his own Room thro' that where *Mary Squires* and *Lucy* lay, and that he generally saw them every Night during his Stay there, he afterwards went to *Dorchester* where he saw in the News an Account of *Elizabeth Canning's* being robbed by *Mary Squires* on the first of *January*, and that she was found Guilty of, and that he then immediately said, she could not be the

Woman because he saw her on that Day at *Abbotsbury*; he then went to *Lewes* and there he received the Commissioners of Excise Orders to attend the then Lord Mayor in *London*, and upon his Arrival there he went to *Mary Squires* then in *Newgate* who immediately knew him, and seemed rejoiced to see him, and put him in Mind of all the several Circumstances beforementioned, and concludes with saying, that she is same Person that he saw at *Abbotsbury* at the Time he has sworn to—The next is

Francis Allwood (who is produced to confirm the Evidence of the last Witness, with Respect to the Entries in the Books return'd to the Excise Office by the Excise-Officers out of the Country, and he produces the Books, by which it appears that the last Witness *Andrew Wake* officiated for *John Ward* (who was ill) during that Time of which *Wake* has given you an Account. The next Witnesses are

William Hayne, and *John Hayne*, his Son, who both prove that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter were all at *Potsham* (which is a few Miles off *Abbotsbury*) on the ninth of *January*, and that *William Clark* was with them, and that they lodged at the Sign of the Chequer there; that he invited them to his House, which they refusing, he and one *Chippinham*, who was with him, went to them at the Chequer; that the Reason of the Father's being so certain of the Day of the Month is, that because he went to *Abbotsbury* the Day before, which was the eighth, he is very positive to *Mary Squires*, and has known her for thirty Years.—The Son confirms the Testimony of his Father, in remembring them at *Potsham*, and remembers also his seeing *Mary Squires* at *Abbotsbury* on the sixth of *January*, that it was wet Weather. From *Potsham* they went to *Ridgeway*, which is four or five Miles from *Potsham*; to prove their Arrival at *Ridgeway*, *Francis Bewdley* is called, who keeps a publick House there, who swears, that he saw this Family at *Ridgeway* on *Wednesday* the tenth of *January* about ten or eleven o'Clock in the Morning; that they had Beef Stakes there, that he remembers a Woman whose Horse died there, that he supplied her with another in its Place, and remembers this particular Circumstance of the Horse being drawn out of the Stable to be skinned, and that at that Time *Mary Squires* came into the Yard, and it was a remarkable wet Day, that *Clark* bargained with a Turnipman for an Horse to carry her back to *Abbotsbury*, remembers that *Mary Squires* and her Family being short of Money, desired he would take a Waistcoat they had for the Reckoning, which he did, and which Witness produc'd it, and has kept it ever since, and that he remembers them both by those Circumstances, as well as by the dead Horse, the Wetness of the Weather, by its being *Blandford* Sessions, which is always held on the tenth of *January*. Then they call

Thomas Mocheridge, who is the Man that sold Turnips, and whose Horse *Clark* hired to return to *Abbotsbury*, and he remembers all or most of the above mentioned Evidence; as to *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter being at *Ridgeway* on the tenth of *January*, that they were at one *Bewley's* the Sign of the Ship there, that he remembers *Mary Squires*

above three Years before that time, and is very positive as to the Circumstance about skinning the Horse. The next is

John Taylor, who lives at *Fordington* near *Dorchester*, who swears that he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter, there on *Thursday* the eleventh of *January*, remembers that the Rains had been so great on the tenth, that they could not go along the High-road, but were obliged to go through his Yard; remembers that a Miller's Boy carried the Daughter through the Water on his Horse, and that *Mary Squires* walked through the great Part of the Water, and there were three little Rivers to cross; they all told him they lay at *Ridgeway* the night before, and asked him their Way to *Cheatle*. The next Witness is,

Thomas Hunt, who was threshing in a Barn at *Cheatle* on the 12th of *January*, and says, that he knows, and saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter there on that Day, that there being no Publick-house there, he, at their Request got them lodgings in an Out-house belonging to Mr. *Watts*, where they lay on Straw, and stay'd there till between nine and ten o'Clock next Morning, it was very wet Weather, and it was on, or about old New-year's Day. From *Cheatle* they went to *Martin*, to prove which

John Elderton is called, who says, that he is Servant to one Farmer *Thane*, who lives at *Martin*, and is positive that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter, by Consent of his Master, lay in an Out-house belonging to his Master; that he saw them all there at four in the Afternoon on the *Saturday* seven-night after old *Christmas* Day, and he saw them about eight o'Clock next Morning, and that his Master saw them at the same time, of which he would have given Evidence, but was prevented by his being taken ill at *Salisbury*. This last Witness is confirmed by

William Hart in the Circumstances and Facts before mentioned, with this further, that *Lucy* was next Morning mending some China. The next is

John Blandford, who is a Blacksmith, works for Farmer *Thane*, is positive that he saw *Mary Squires* at Farmer *Thane's* Barn at the time the other Witnesses swear to. Then

Joseph Hayter is called, who is a Malster at *Coomb*, who says, that he met them all upon the Road between *Martin* and *Coomb* on the Fourteenth of *January*, being the *Sunday* next after old *Christmas*, is positive to *Mary* and *George Squires*, having seen them before, he met them about eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, and upon his Return to *Coomb* the same Day, he saw them all at one Mrs. *Grant's* the Sign of the Lamb there. This last Witness is confirmed by

Mary Greville, who was Sister to *Thomas Greville*, who was prosecuted for Perjury, for what he swore at the Trial of *Mary Squires*, but is now dead, and she swears that she saw them all at *Coomb* on the Fourteenth of *January* at her Mother's Mrs. *Grant's*, the Sign of the Lamb there, and that they lay there that Night and went away the next Morning. They are also proved to be at *Coomb* on the Fourteenth of *January* by four other Witnesses, the first of them is

George

George Stowel, who saw them there on the Fourteenth of *January* at *Mrs. Grant's* the Sign of the Lamb.

Richard Amor, who saw them at *Mrs. Grant's* the Morning they went away, which was the Fifteenth of *January*: And by

Thomas Mertin, who saw them there the Fourteenth of *January*: And by

Martha Walter, who saw them there the same Day, and that she asked them to tell her Fortune. From thence they went to *Basingstoke*, which was about forty Miles, and that they were four Days in travelling thither; but there is no Evidence laid before you of the several Places through which they went in getting there, but this Chasm will not be very material if you give Credit to the several Witnesses whose Evidence I have already laid before you, for if ye believe that *Mary Squires* was at *Abbotsbury* on the first of *January*, which is the Day on which the Perjury is assigned, it is impossible that she could have been at *Enfield* on the same First of *January*, which the Defendant swore she was.

Mary Morris is called next, who says, that she lives at *Basingstoke*, and is positive that she saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at her own House there, the Sign of the Spread Eagle on the Eighteenth of *January*, and has this particular Reason for remembering it, which is, that *Lucy Squires* desired she would write a Letter for her to one *Clark* at *Abbotsbury*, the Letter was produced, and she swears it was the same she wrote, and which she sent by her little Boy to the Post-office; she says, that they stayed at her House about four or five Hours, and from thence they set out for *Old-Basing*, which is about two Miles from *Basingstoke*; she is very certain as to their Persons, says that *Mary Squires* had lain once at her House; from thence they went to *Brentford*, and to prove them there,

Elizabeth Edwards is called, who says, that she lives at *Brentford*, that *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter came to her House there on *Saturday* the Twentieth of *January*, is sure they came on that Day, recollects the Time, because one of her Neighbour's Children was christened on that Day, and on the next Day, being *Sunday*, *George Squires* went to *London* to fetch his other Sister, and brought her on *Monday*, and on *Tuesday* they all went away; is positive to *Mary Squires*, because some time after she saw her in *Newgate*. The next is,

Susanna Burwin, who is Daughter to the last Witness, and confirms her Mother's Evidence in every Particular. From thence they went to a Place called *Page-Green*, to prove which they call

William Threadget, who keeps the Seven-Sisters a publick House at *Tottenham*, four Miles from *London*, is very sure that he saw *Mary Squires*, her Son and Daughter at *Page-Green* on the Twenty-third of *January*, who told him they wanted Lodgings; that his Wife and he were together, she recommended them to lodge at a Farm-house in that Neighbourhood, and says, that he is certain as to the Person of *Mary Squires*, having seen her three Years before, and had taken Notice of her as the most uncommon Face he had

ever seen, and went to see her when in *Newgate*. They then call

Mary Threadget his Wife, who agrees with her Husband in every Circumstance of his Evidence, and the next Day, as appears by the Evidence of *George Squires*, they all arrived at *Enfield*. The next Piece of Evidence is to prove the Letter sent by the Post which *Mary Morris* says in her Evidence she wrote to *Clarke* at the Request of *Lucy Squires*, and to prove this they call

Thomas Ravenhill, who is Clerk of the Western Road, and he proves the Letter to be sent from *Basingstoke* to *London* by the Mark of the Post-Office in *London*; it was sent to *Dorchester* which is the Post-Town to which *Abbotsbury* is nearest, and that the whole Postage through *London* from *Basingstoke* to *Abbotsbury* amounted to Seven-pence.

The Evidence next proper to be laid before you is that of Mr. Alderman *Chitty's* who was the fitting Alderman at *Guildhall* upon the 31st of *January* 1753, which was the Day on which *Elizabeth Canning* laid her Information before him of the Treatment she had met with at *Wells's*, the Account she then gave, appears by the Notes he took, which he produced, and which have been already read in Evidence, so that by comparing the Information she laid before him, and the Evidence she gave at the Trial of *Mary Squires* you will find they differ in many remarkable Circumstances, both as to the Size of the Room she was confined in, the Furniture of it, as well as the Bread and the Water she swears she found left there; as to the Size of the Room she swore before him that it was a square, dark, or darkish Room, furnished in the Manner you have heard; that there was some Water left in the Pitcher when she made her Escape, and that she found in the Room no more than four or five Pieces of Bread amounting to the Quantity of about a Quartern Loaf, so that by comparing the Information she then gave with the Evidence she gave at the Trial of *Mary Squires*, you will find that there is a manifest Contrariety in those two Accounts in many Particulars. The next Witness is

Mr. *Gawen Nash*, who says, that upon seeing a very extraordinary Paragraph in the News-Paper relating to *Elizabeth Canning*, and being an intimate Acquaintance of Mr. *Lyon* (who was her Master) he went to Mr. *Lyon* on the 31st of *January* 1753, and hearing that *Elizabeth Canning* was to be examined before Alderman *Chitty* that Day, he went with Mr. *Lyon* to hear the Account she gave, and remembers that she was asked by the Alderman what sort of a Room she was confined in; her Answer was, That it was a little square, dark, or darkish Room, and that there were some Boards nailed before the Windows, through which she saw the *Hertford* Stage-Coachman who us'd to carry her Mistress; that there was in the Room a broken Stool and an Iron-Grate in the Chimney, and a few old Pictures over it; she said that she lay on bare Boards, and that there were several Pieces of Bread which were blue and mouldy, and amounted to about the Quantity of

of a quartern-loaf; the account she gave of her escape was by pulling down a board nailed on the window, and that she hurt her ear by a nail, in getting out; she said, she heard the name of mother Wells during her confinement, and therefore concluded she had been at her house; but she never mentioned the name of Virtue Hall before alderman Chitty. Upon this, the alderman granted his warrant, which being backed by a Middlesex justice, Aldridge, Lyon, Hague, and himself went to Enfield, to see it executed; that when they went to Wells's, they saw several people in the parlour there, and having taken a view of several rooms in the house, they saw a labouring man there, and asking him if there were not some other rooms in the house, he pulled a button off a door, and opened it, which led up seven or eight steps into the hay-loft or work-shop; he is very confident that there was no lock on the door, or even the marks of one, when he went into the room: it appeared a very long one, and not resembling the description which Canning had given of it, wondered where the room was in which she was confined, and upon acquainting his companions with the variety of things he had observed there (and of which she had not made the least mention) particularly of the quantity of hay, the nest of drawers, the tub of pollard, the three old saddles, the bed made of hay, where some poor people seemed to have lain, together with the jack-lines and pullies, the little chimney, where there did not appear to have been either hearth or grate, nor any pictures over the chimney, nor the appearance of any; though he says there was a window which commanded the great Hertford road through which might be seen a great watering-pond which was within nine or ten feet of the window, and that this window was in the east-part of the room, but had not (as he could observe) the least appearance of ever having been boarded up, and was large enough for him to get out of, and was so near the ground, that he shook hands with his wife out of it when she stood on the ground, the casement of which opened and shut very easy, and the room was light; and if he had hung his body out of that window, his feet could have been at most not above three feet from the ground. The east-window looks over a lane, and trees grow within reach of it; and then observing that there was a good deal of hay, which Elizabeth Canning had not mentioned, he told the company with him, that he was sure that could not be the room. Afterwards they had an account brought them, that Wells, and Mary Squires, and the rest, were secured; upon which, they went to Wells's, and being impatient for the arrival of Elizabeth Canning, who was then on the road, Adamson went to meet her, and asked her upon the road, whether there was any hay in the room? Who answered, there was a little hay there; at which he seemed very much pleased. And a very little time after this, Elizabeth Canning was brought to Wells's, and being brought into the parlour where the prisoners then were, she was desired to fix on the person who robbed her, and she instantly fixed on Mary Squires (but at this time Mary Squires was in such a situation in the room, that neither Canning nor he could see her face). Upon which, Lucy

Squires said to her mother, that the young woman (meaning Elizabeth Canning) charges you with robbing her. Mary Squires, upon that, came across the room to her, and said, madam, do you say I robbed you? Pray look at this face; for if you had seen it before, you must have remembered it: for God Almighty never made such another. And upon Canning's saying that she robbed her on New-year's-day, Mary Squires said, Lord! madam, I was on that day an hundred and twenty miles off. Upon which the witness asked, Where? Her answer was, That she was at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire, and that she could bring a hundred people to prove it, who had known her for twenty, thirty, and forty years. There was one Judith Natus then in the room, who said, that she, Judith Natus, had been in the house ten or eleven weeks, and that Mary Squires had been in the house but a very little time; and that Judith Natus then said, that she had never seen Canning before. When she was taken into the room called the hay-loft, she said, she remembered a little hay there, the pitcher, and a tobacco-roll; but being asked about the chest of drawers, the tub wherein the pollard was, and several other things in the room, she made no answer. And being asked, why she did not endeavour to escape out of the east-window, she said, she thought it was fastened. And upon the whole, this witness tells you, that upon comparing what he had observed at Wells's, with the account which Canning gave before alderman Chitty, he was of opinion, that her evidence was designedly false, or at least that she was grossly mistaken. On his being asked, why he did not give this evidence at the trial of Mary Squires, his answer was, That he was that day obliged to leave the Old-Baily, to attend the goldsmiths company (having an employment under them); and being fully satisfied of the innocence of Mary Squires, concluded that she could not be found guilty; and that he declared the substance of what he has now sworn to several people before that trial; and being extremely uneasy after her conviction at his not giving evidence upon her trial, he went to Sir Crisp Gascoyne, then lord-mayor, to whom he disclosed the whole or the substance of the evidence he has now given. The next witness is

John Hague, who went with the last witness to Enfield, and having told him what passed before alderman Chitty, agreed to go with him, Aldridge, and Lyon, to Enfield. He confirms the account which Nash has given them in every particular; but with this addition, that during the time that Elizabeth Canning was in the house till she was carried into the parlour (where Mary Squires, Wells, and the rest were) she never mentioned her being robbed. He says, indeed, that Elizabeth Canning, on being asked whether she saw the person who robbed her, pointed to Mary Squires; but he was surprised at her doing so, because in the situation Mary Squires then was, he thought it impossible she should see her face. Says, he heard Mary Squires express herself (when she was charged with the robbery) in the manner Nash has mentioned: he describes the room in the same manner Nash has done; that there was not the least appearance of a grate ever having been there,

there, or pictures over the chimney. Agrees with Nash as to the windows, trees, hay, and bed there, and likewise the chest of drawers, &c. which appeared to have been above a year there, and that there was only a button on the door, and no lock, no penthouse under either of the windows; and then finding that what he saw did not correspond with the account which Canning had given, said to her with some warmth, zounds, child, I can't think you have been here at all. Upon which Nash, Aldridge, and he told Lyon, that they thought her whole story was false, which he thinks to be the reason they were not subpoenaed to give evidence at the trial of Mary Squires, though he owns he was in court during the whole trial. He says, that Elizabeth Canning charged Virtue Hall and Lucy Squires as being present when her stays were cut off; but they both very solemnly affirmed at that time, that they never saw her in their lives before she so charged them. He says, he was so greatly affected by the evidence which Elizabeth Canning had given, that he had not spirits to desire to be called to contradict her. And says farther, that upon Mary Squires being convicted, he could not rest till he applied to the late lord-mayor, to acquaint him with the account he has now given; and that his only motive in so doing, was that of rescuing the innocent from oppression.

The next is Edward Aldridge, who is a silversmith in Foster-lane, who went with Nash, Lyon, and Hague the 1st of February, 1753, and who agrees with the two former witnesses in every particular as to the description of the room, and is of opinion, that when Elizabeth Canning was first carried there on that day, that she did not seem to know where she was; and that when she was first taken into the parlour, Wells asked her, If she knew her? Her answer was, That she did not. And that George Squires asked her the same question as to her knowing him; to which she gave the same answer; but says, That she charged the old woman in the corner of the chimney (meaning Mary Squires) as the person who cut off her stays; but is of opinion, that Elizabeth Canning could not at that time see her face; and is positive in remembering what Mary Squires said as to her being very remarkable in her person, and of her being at Abbotbury at the time when Elizabeth Canning swore she was robbed. He then made his observations on the room called the hay-loft, and recollects seeing all the particulars there which Nash and Hague have mentioned in their evidence, and says, that from all the observations he could make, he is convinced that it was not a place of confinement. He says, that he went to Wells's as a friend of Canning's, at his own expence, and after laying all the circumstances attending this extraordinary case together, he saw one Mr. Hall, of Tibbalds, and told him, that he thought Elizabeth Canning was mistaken; for he was sure she never had been at Wells's. He says, he was at the Old-Baily part of the time of the trial of Mary Squires, but went away to dine with the goldsmiths company. Concluding, that she must have been acquitted, as being quite innocent of the robbery with which she was charged. The next witness is

William White, one of the marshal's men, who is one of those who went to Wells's, in order to execute the warrant, took Wells, Mary Squires, and the rest into custody; when they were secured, they desired they might look over their goods, which they did in his presence: but he saw no stays amongst them. He then went into the hay-loft, where he observed about twelve or fifteen truss of hay, which seemed to have been there a considerable time; and he also observed all the other things in the room, which the other witnesses have mentioned, concluded as they did (for the reasons you have heard from them) that Elizabeth Canning was mistaken. He went under the north-window, out of which she says she escaped; but there were not the least marks or footsteps to be seen of any body's getting out of that window, neither was there the appearance of any shed or penthouse. Was present when Elizabeth Canning fixed on Mary Squires, and heard both Mary Squires, her son, and her daughter say, that they were at that time in Dorsetshire; and the other daughter said, that she was at that time at her uncle's in the Borough. The next witness is

Fortune Natus, who is a poor labouring man (and is mentioned by some of the other witnesses) says, that he came to lodge at Mrs. Wells's about a fortnight after Sir Crisp Gascoyne was sworn lord mayor, and that he and his wife lay in the room called the workshop or hay-loft, that his bed was made of hay and straw, and his bolster a sack of wool, and describes the situation of both windows in the room, and that one of them looked into the great road. He says, that he and his wife continued in that room from the 27th of November to the 2d of February following, except one night, during which time he had a very good opportunity of observing every thing in it; and says, that there was no grate in the chimney, but remembers the nest of drawers, the side-saddles, the tub with pollard, and many other things, which he specifies particularly in his evidence; he mentions the sign of the crown, which was at the feet of his bed, which he says was bought by Whiffin; but is positive that there were no pictures over the chimney; and says, that he is sure that he lodged there the whole month of January, and continued there till the warrant was executed on the 2d of February, and after: and that he never saw Elizabeth Canning there, or any where else, before that day. He says, that during that month of January, Wells's son and daughters used frequently to go into this hay-loft, where he and his wife lay, for hay and pollard as they wanted; and says, that during his stay there, Virtue Hall was a lodger in the house; and says, that Mary Squires, her son, and daughters had been there no longer than a week and a day before they were taken up; and when he is asked why he is so particular, his answer is, That Mary Squires's person was so remarkable, that it struck a sort of terror in him. He remembers the pitcher, and says, that his wife, and all Wells's family, used to bring water in it from Mrs. Howard's, which was opposite to Wells's; but says, that he never saw a bed-gown at Wells's. He was subpoenaed to give evidence at the trial of Mary Squires

Squires and Wells, and attended in the yard at the Old-Baily; but was assaulted there; and was (with some other witnesses, who attended there on the same occasion) turned out of the yard three or four different times. Then

Judith Natus (who is wife to the last witness) is called in, who agrees with the evidence her husband has given in every particular; that they lodged at Wells's ten weeks all but three days, and continued there till they were all taken up, which was on the 2d of February. She is rather more exact than he is as to the signs; for she says there were two signs, one the sign of the fountain, and the other was the sign of the crown; and that Whiffin bought the sign of the crown some time (as she believes) before old Christmas, and afterwards bought the irons of both the signs, which were not taken away till about a week before Mary Squires and the rest were taken up. When she is shewn the bed-gown and handkerchief, she swears that she never (to her knowledge) saw them before. She remembers all the several things in the room, of which her husband has already given a very exact account; and says, that she gave the same account she does now before Mr. Fielding; but was so insulted by the mob at the time when she attended at the Old-Baily upon the trial of Mary Squires and Wells, that she was not able to give evidence. The next is

Mary Larney, who keeps a chandlers-shop at Enfield-wash, who says, that she remembers the two last witnesses lodging at Wells's about the time they have told you. She says, that the first time she saw Mary Squires was on Wednesday the 24th of January, and she did not see her after till the Thursday se'nnight following; and that during the time that Mary Squires was at Wells's, Lucy Squires used to buy chandlery ware of her.

Sarah Howet is the next, who is Wells's daughter, and swears that she lived with her mother that same month of January which Elizabeth Canning has fixed on to be the time of her confinement; and says, that Mary Squires and her family came to her mother's on Wednesday the 24th of January, and remained there till they were taken up. She is positive that Fortune Natus and his wife lodged at her mother's, in the hay-loft, both before and after they were all taken up; and that they had been there considerably above two months in the whole; mentions the hay and pollard there, and the use they were put there for. She is very certain that she lay at her mother's the whole months of December and January, during which time, Virtue Hall and she went very frequently into the hay-loft; remembers a particular circumstance of trees growing against the east-window of that room, and that upon the 8th of January, Edward Allen, Giles Knight, and John Larney lopped them, and at that time Virtue Hall and she both looked out of the window, the casement of which she, the witness, opened, and that the trees belonged to one Richard Allen. She was present when Elizabeth Canning fixed on Mary Squires as the person who robbed her; but says, that at that time Mary Squires was in such a situation, that it was impossible for her to see her face. The next witness is

John Larney, (who is produced to give an account of the lopping the trees mentioned by the last witness) who says, that he very well remembers that he, Allen, and Knight went together on the 8th of January, 1753, for that purpose; and that Knight lopped them, and told him, that he should have the lops; and that at the same time Sarah Howet, and Virtue Hall were looking out of the window of the work-shop; and that Allen flung dirt at them, which they desired he would not do; he says, he had the arms of the trees, and Wells had the spray. He says, that he plastered up two of the four windows in the work-shop; and there remained only two, viz. one on the east, and the other on the north; that the window on the east was not above seven or eight feet from the ground, and that the wall was so very thin, being only lath and plaster, that any one might have pushed it down. He is very positive to the 8th of January, being the day on which the trees were lopped, because his child was christened, and he set his chimney on fire with the lops which he burnt on that occasion. He lives opposite to Wells's, and gave this account before the trial of Mary Squires.

Giles Knight is called next, who says, that he lopped the trees mentioned by the former witness, and is very positive that he lopped them on the 8th of January. Remembers that circumstance of Virtue Hall and Sarah Howet looking out of the Window of the work-shop at the same time, and of dirt being flung at them, and that Larney had the lops, and Wells the spray, for which she gave them some beer. Remembers an accident of one Mr. Piggot's cart breaking down that day; and says, that the window out of which the women looked at that time was large enough for him to get out of. The next witness is

Edward Allen, who (as the two former witnesses swear) was with them at the time of the lopping the trees which were near the work-shop, and is very positive to the 8th of January, as the other witnesses have sworn; and particularly remembers that Virtue Hall and Sarah Howet looked out of the Window of the work-shop or hay-loft at the same time, and confirms what they have said in every circumstance.

Edward Cantrell is called next, who keeps a public-house a little distance from Wells's, and says, that upon this 8th of January, Knight and Allen came to his house, and said they had been at play, throwing clods at Sarah Howet and Virtue Hall, who were looking out of a casement that day at Wells's: he is very particular to that day, because it happened on a Monday, and the Tuesday following he had a piece of beef, which he intended to roast for his customers, being Christmas-time; and says, that he remembers that Fortune Natus and his wife lodged at Wells's between two and three months. The end of producing this remarkable piece of evidence as to that circumstance of lopping the trees on the 8th of January is, that (if these witnesses swear true) it is impossible that Canning could have been alone, or even at all in the work-shop, or hay-loft, at Wells's, upon the 8th of January, 1753, which she swore she was, upon the trial of Mary Squires and Wells. The next witness is

Israel Whiffin, who is referred to by some of the former witnesses, as being the person who bought Wells's sign-irons; he lives at Enfield-wash, and having occasion for some sign-irons, and hearing that Wells had some to dispose of, he went to her on the 18th of January, 1753, who told him they were in the room called the hay-loft; he went with her there, and looking about for the irons, Wells said, now I recollect, the irons are under the feet of this poor creature's bed (pointing to the bed where Natus's wife then lay). She then took up from under the bed a piece of wood, to which the irons were then fixed; he agreed to buy the irons, which his son took out of the wood, and brought the wood back to her. He gives you a reason for his remembering the day so particularly, because he was on that 18th of January going to a place called Wambly, to borrow five guineas of a man who kept a public-house there, in order to make up a sum he then owed his brewer (for which he had given a note, in which one Levingston joined with him, who had arrested him for it. Then Levingston is called, who confirms Whiffin in that circumstance of the note.

John Whiffin, the son of Israel Whiffin, is called next, who swears that he went with his father to Wells's on the 18th of January; and is positive to his taking the sign-irons out of the wood by his father's orders, and returned the wood to Wells in about three or four days after. The next witness is

Elizabeth Long, who is one of Wells's daughters, and lives only three doors from her mother, and used to go there every day, is very certain that her sister, and Virtue Hall, and Fortune Natus and his wife, lived at her mother's the whole month of January, 1753. She says, she has known the room called the work-shop above twenty-two years, and believes she went into it almost every day during that whole month. She is very positive to the hay-bed, the chimney (in which there was no grate) the pollard, and the rest of the things mentioned by the other witnesses; swears to the pitcher being her mother's, but as to the bed-gown and handkerchief, she never saw them till she saw them at the lord-mayor's. She was in the parlour at her mother's when Canning was brought in, in order to fix on the person who robbed her, and gives the same account of her behaviour there which you have heard from the other witnesses. She says, she was in the Old-Baily yard, together with Larney and Knight, when her Mother and Mary Squires were tried; but they were not suffered to continue there, or give their evidence. The next is

John Howet, who married Wells's daughter, and is very positive that he was in the work-shop on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of January, 1753, having some tools there which he had occasion to make use of; remembers Fortune Natus and his Wife lodging there at that time, but never saw Canning till the trial of Mary Squires. He was at the Old Baily at the time of that trial, but was very near being killed there by the mob.

Robert White is called, who very well remembers Fortune Natus and his wife lodging at Wells's about the time you have heard.

The next piece of evidence laid before you, is the model of this hay-loft, or work-shop, (to shew you that it is not a little square room, as Canning described it before alderman Chitty), which is produced by John Donnavell, who is a surveyor, and it appears to be thirty-five feet three inches long, and nine feet three inches over.

Elizabeth Male, a midwife, is called next, who says, that in the beginning of February (being a few days after Elizabeth Canning came home) she went to make her mother a visit, and seeing Elizabeth Canning lying on her bed there, and to all appearance very ill; and inquiring into the cause of her illness, her mother told her the condition her daughter came home in. Elizabeth Canning then told her the whole which had happened to her; and on the witness's asking her whether she had been debauched, she answered, that she had lost her senses, or was in fits, and could not tell. Upon which she inquired for the shift she came home in, and upon its being produced, she asked if that was the shift she went away in; and upon being told it was, she immediately said, that she supposed it had been washed since it came home; but the mother's saying it had not, she said, she thought it appeared a good deal too clean to have been worn so long; for it was uncommonly clean for so long wearing: that upon looking on the shift, she assured the mother, that her daughter had not been debauched, if she had worn no other shift; but she says, that in her opinion, the shift could not have been worn three weeks; nay, thinks that a week's wear would have made it as dirty as it then appeared; for it was not the least draggled. That there was only three little spots upon it, which appeared to be excrement. She said she made her a few visits after, and ordered her a glyster; and on the last visit she made her, she mentioned the three spots on her shift as having the appearance of excrement: at which her mother was very angry, and told her, that she came to set her friends against her. On being asked the character of Elizabeth Canning, she gave her a very good one. The next witness is

George Brogden, clerk to Mr. Fielding, and he is produced only to prove the information, which she swore to before Mr. Fielding, and to which she set her mark; and by that information it appears, that the water in the pitcher was consumed on the Friday; but in her evidence she swears it was consumed the same day she escaped.

Deputy Mollineux is called next, who swears, that being with Sir Crisp Gascoyne, then lord-mayor, at the mansion-house some time after Mary Squires was convicted; that Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall were there together; and after Sir Crisp Gascoyne had examined Virtue Hall, he asked Elizabeth Canning if she had any thing to say? Who answered, No. And the bed-gown and pitcher being then upon the table, Elizabeth Canning was rolling up the bed-gown, in order to take it away. My lord-mayor then said, she must not take it. Upon which, Elizabeth Canning said, it is my mother's. This surprised the witness very much, because he had heard, that, upon the trial of Mary Squires, she swore, that she had found

found it in the chimney at Wells's. The next and last witness is

Mr. Read, who swears, that he was present at the Mansion-house at the same time which the last witness mentions, and remembers the several circumstances mentioned by him as aforesaid.

Here concludes the Evidence given in support of this indictment.

The council for the defendant have made many observations upon the evidence you have heard, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat; but, upon the whole, insist upon it, that as this matter has undergone a very strict examination by a solemn trial, that therefore any future inquiry is unprecedented, and consequently improper: however, in order to oppose or contradict a good deal of the evidence you have already heard, they have called several witnesses, the first of whom is

Edward Lyon, who says, that Elizabeth Canning was his servant, and continued in his service till the 1st of January, 1753; that he has known Elizabeth Canning above sixteen years, and that she always behaved well; that the first time he missed her was on the 1st of January, 1753, and that she never had been absent before; upon which he went to her mother's, but could hear nothing of her. The first time he saw her after that was upon the 31st of the same month, when she was under examination before alderman Chitty; but being thick of hearing, did not know what had passed. He says, that a warrant being granted, he went to Enfield-wash, with Hague, Nash, and Aldridge. When they arrived there, he was told, that several persons were secured at Wells's; and when he came to Wells's, he saw several women in the parlour there. That some time afterwards Elizabeth Canning arrived there, she was set upon the dresser in the kitchen. He says, he cautioned her very particularly not to charge any one but those she was very sure of. She promised him she would not. She was soon afterwards carried into the parlour, where they all were. She saw Mrs. Wells first, and said, she had nothing to charge her with; but upon seeing Mary Squires, she said, she was the woman who cut her stays off. He believes she saw her face before she charged her (because otherwise he thinks she hardly would have charged her.) Upon this, Mary Squires came up to her, and said, she hoped she would not swear her life away, for she never saw her before; but says, that Elizabeth Canning did not at that time mention the day upon which she was robbed. She said, that Lucy Squires and Virtue Hall were in the room at the same time she was robbed; and that when she saw George Squires, she said, he looked very like the man who robbed her in Moorfields; but she would not swear to him. At this time he had no great-coat on; but when he was with his great-coat on at Mr. Tashmaker's, she was more positive to him, saying, that was the great-coat, under which he put her gown when he robbed her in Moorfields. He said, for his part, he never had any doubt of the Truth of what Canning had sworn at the trial of Mary Squires; and says, that he several times, and with the utmost

seriousness, desired Elizabeth Canning would tell the truth, and not deceive him; and owns that this affair has been the means of his breaking off his acquaintance with Nash, Hague, and Aldridge. He denies his contributing any thing towards the prosecution of Mary Squires. The next witness is

Thomas Colley, who married Elizabeth Canning's aunt; and says, that upon the 1st of January, 1753, Elizabeth Canning dined at his house upon mutton, and drank tea in the afternoon, eat toast and butter, and supped upon cold roast beef. She lived at that time with Mr. Lyon, and that he and his wife went with her at nine o'clock that night, and left her at the end of Houndsditch; and about twelve o'clock at night, her mother's apprentice came to his house, to inquire for Elizabeth Canning, which made him conclude she did not get home.

His wife, Mrs. Colley is called next, who gives the same account that her husband has, with this addition, that she did not see her from the 1st of January till the 30th, when Elizabeth Canning was at her mother's, and complained she was very ill. The next witness is

Elizabeth Canning, the mother of the defendant, who says, that her daughter had been some time in Mr. Lyon's service, and that upon the 1st of January, 1753, she called upon her in her way to her uncle Colley's; and that pretty late that evening Mr. Lyon called upon her, to inquire for her daughter. This surprised her a good deal, upon which she sent to Colley's, who sent her word, that they had parted with her at Houndsditch at nine that night, and says, that she never heard of, or saw her from that time till the night before the 30th of January, when she came to her house about a quarter after ten that night (though she advertised her three several times). She says, that when she came into her house, she was in a most deplorable condition, her hands black and blue, and her face bloated, had on the bedgown now produced, and two ragged handkerchiefs on her head, neither of which she had ever seen before; her ear was bloody; that she sent for Mrs. Woodward, and some other neighbours, who came to her; and on her daughter's being asked where she had been, she answered, she could not tell, but had seen the Hertford coach from the place where she was. She said, that she remembered an old woman and two young women. She gave an account of her being robbed, and carried away, and her confinement; and said, she had nothing at all to support her from the Friday before she made her escape. She gives an account of her daughter's illness, and that she sent for a physician and an apothecary. She remembers that her daughter, on the night she came home, mentioned the name of Wells or Wills. She mentions the money her daughter had in her pocket at the time of her going to Colley, which I think was between twelve and thirteen shillings. She says farther, that during her daughter's absence, she was advised to go to a conjurer, who bid her be easy, for she would certainly come home again, and believes he told her she was in the hands of an old woman; but says that her own apprehensions were, that she was murdered.

dered by the Jews, and thrown into Hound-ditch. She says, that she told her she lay in hay during her confinement; that she has only a very moderate stomach, and has known her frequently to be fourteen days without going to stool. Upon this witness's being asked, whether she did not swear, at the trial of Mary Squires, that her daughter had a cap on her head when she came home, she answered, she did not; but upon the short-hand-writer's being asked that question, his answer was, that she did, at that trial, swear, that her daughter had a cap on her head at that time. At this time some notices were produced, and proved to be signed by the defendant, signifying her intention to take her trial at some of the times mentioned in some or one of their notices, and her name wrote in a very legible hand; tho' in the information before Mr. Fielding, nothing more appears but her mark. After this, a witness is called, who speaks only to the several advertisements in the news-papers. The next witness is

James Lord (who is apprentice to Elizabeth Canning's mother) who agrees as to the time of her being missing, and was sent to several places to inquire for her; but he did not see her from the 1st to the 29th of January, 1753, and on that very night his mistress went upon her knees, to pray that she might see even the apparition of her daughter; and very soon afterwards the latch of the door was lifted up, and Elizabeth Canning came in; when he first saw her, he did not know her, she was in such a miserable condition, much the same as her mother has mentioned, and particularly her ear bleeding fresh (though she had then walked ten miles) and was almost spent; he went for Mrs. Woodward, and others of the neighbours, and she then told them, that she had been at Mrs. Wells's at Enfield-wash, and said, that she had heard people go to and fro in the house, and mention the name of Wells or Wills. Then

Robert Sherrat is called, who says, that hearing, on the 29th of January, 1753, that Elizabeth Canning was come home late that night, he went to her mother's, late as it was, to see her; she had a bed-gown on her, and having heard her asked where she had been, and hearing her answer, that she had been at a place from whence she had seen the Hertford coachman, and about nine or ten miles from London. He immediately said, he would lay a guinea to a farthing that he guessed where she had been, and then said, he was sure she had been at mother Wells's; upon which she said, she was sure she had heard that name mentioned in the house where she was confined. She then described the room to be a longish and darkish room (which does not agree with her description of it before the alderman). She then described the fields through which she passed in her return home, a little brook, and a tanner's yard; said that she met a man, who directed her in her road to London; and described the woman who cut her stays to be a tall, swarthy, black woman, and two young women in the room at the same time. He says, that he went to Enfield-wash the 1st of February, and was present when Elizabeth Canning was brought into the parlour, and saw her point to Mary Squires, saying, that is the woman who cut my stays

off; upon which Mary Squires said, dear madam, take care how you swear my precious life away; to which Elizabeth Canning said, I know you too well to my sorrow; and on being asked whether she knew any other in the parlour, she said, that she did not know George Squires; but that Lucy Squires and Virtue Hall were in the room when her stays were cut off. He says, that she mentioned some of the things which were in the room she was confined in, and pointed to the window out of which she escaped. Upon his cross-examination, he says, he never was in the work-shop at Wells's till this 1st of February; but owns (with some difficulty) that he might have been in the house near ten times, and that he has known Wells's for about three or four years. He says, that he heard Canning give her information before alderman Chitty, and heard her give evidence at the trial of Mary Squires, and thinks that her evidence on the trial did not vary from her information before the alderman; but will not take upon him to give an account of the particulars of her evidence before the alderman. He owns, that when he was in service at Ed-monton, that he rode his master's horses to Wells's; but disowns his having any quarrel with her, or saying that he would be revenged on her. And says, that he believes there was no lock on the door of the room called the work-shop. The next is

Mary Myers, who says, that she has known Mrs. Canning and her daughter some time, and that the daughter is a very sober girl. She gives an account of the time when Elizabeth Canning was missing, and of her return to her mother's between ten and eleven o'clock at night on the 29th of January. She tells you the company she saw there, and the condition she was in, which was very bad; she says, that she gave the same account of her being robbed in Moorfields, and her being carried to Wells's, and of her treatment there, which you have already heard, and is much the same account which she gave at the trial of Mary Squires. That she then gave a particular account of her escape, which you have also heard; and that she tore her ear, and the blood dropped upon her shoulder after she returned to her mother's. This witness says, that she went with Canning to Wells's on the 1st of February, and gives you an account of her fixing on Mary Squires as the person who robbed her; and what Mary Squires then said, as is before mentioned by the other witnesses then present; that she fixed on the work-shop as the place of her confinement; but said, there was at that time more hay in it; and that Adamson put his back against one of the windows there, to try if she could give an account of the prospect, which she did, by describing hills at a distance. She says, that she looked at Canning's shift, and that it was dirty. Cannot tell the reason of Sherrat's being at Mrs. Canning's the night her daughter came home; but says he lived in that neighbourhood. The next witness is

Mrs. Woodward, who says, that she was at Mrs. Canning's the night that Elizabeth Canning came home, and was the first Person that came there. She came home about half an hour past ten, the 29th of January, on Monday at night, and saw Sherrat and Windlebury there;

there; and at Elizabeth Canning's request, she sent for her master and mistress Lyon, and that Elizabeth Canning said to the witness, Oh! Mrs. Woodward, I have been almost starved; I have had only bread and water, and have not had even water since last Friday. She was asked where she had been, and said she had been confined in a room on the Hertford road. She then gave a very particular account of her being robbed, and of the treatment she met with from Mary Squires at Wells's, and of her being confined there. She agrees with the other witnesses in the account they gave of the deplorable condition she was in, and believes her to be as ill as she then appeared to be. That she went with Elizabeth Canning to Enfield-wash on Thursday the 1st of February; and upon Tuesday after that, she was so ill, they were forced to put her in a chair, to carry her to Mr. Fielding's. The next witness is

Thomas Windlebury, who has known Elizabeth Canning's mother about fourteen or fifteen years; she is a very honest woman, and that her daughter Elizabeth lived with him as a servant about eighteen months; that he saw her the night she came home, when she was in a very bad condition, and had nothing on but a bed-gown, and a piece of a handkerchief upon her head; that her ear was bloody; that upon taking her by the hand, she said, Lord! sir, you do not know what I have undergone; that then she gave an account where she had been, by seeing the Hertford stage-coach-man; that he was with her when she gave her information before alderman Chitty, but cannot be particular as to what passed there; that he went on the 1st of February to Wells's at Enfield-wash, and went into the room called the work-shop, and observed a good deal of hay there, which appeared to be fresh tossed up; and says, he arrived there at least an hour before Aldridge, Hague, or Nash; that upon Elizabeth Canning's being carried into the parlour, she fixed upon, and charged Mary Squires as the person who cut her stays off; to which Mary Squires made no answer; but on the contrary, denies that Mary Squires even desired her not to swear her life away (which is a circumstance the other witnesses have very particularly sworn to). That when Elizabeth Canning saw the door of the work-shop opened, she said, this is the room I was confined in. He was present when Adamson set his back to one of the windows of the room, and examined her about the prospect; and says, that the north-window seemed to be fresh boarded up. That when he observed George Squires in the parlour, Elizabeth Canning thought he was very like one of the men who robbed her in Moorfields; and among eight or nine women then in the parlour, she fixed upon Virtue Hall and Lucy Squires as being present when her stays were cut off. He says, he cannot be so particular as to the account she gave before alderman Chitty, as to that which she gave before Mr. Tashmaker; and thinks that the account she gave before Mr. Tashmaker corresponded exactly with the evidence she gave at the trial of Mary Squires. Upon his cross-examination, he owns, he did not give so particular an account at the trial of Mary Squires as he does now; and says, he took little observation of the evidence given by her

before alderman Chitty. The witness called next is

Joseph Adamson, who has known Elizabeth Canning for eleven years; but had not seen her for three months, till he went to meet her going to Enfield-wash. He denies his giving her any information of there being any hay in the room; but that she of her own accord said there was. That when she was taken into the parlour, she fixed upon Mary Squires as the person who cut off her stays; and when she was carried into the work-shop, she said, the east-window was fastened up, and she could not open it; and that he made the experiment by setting his back to the window, to know whether she could give any account of the prospect, and he observed that the wood which covered the north-window seemed to be fresh cracked. The next witness is

Southerland Backnor, apothecary, who says, that he saw Elizabeth Canning on the 30th of January; that she was in bed, and in a very low condition; that he administered some medicines to her, being glysters; and then Dr. Eaton, a physician, was sent for; but before the medicines which the doctor prescribed had any effect, she went to Enfield-wash, which was on the 1st of February. He says, she appeared to be half starved, and she did not make water till after the 6th of February. And then they call

Dr. Eaton, who says, that he attended Elizabeth Canning on the 6th of February; that he found her very weak, and that she complained of a cholic in her stomach and bowels; that he thought her in danger seven or eight days, but upon the 4th of March she was quite recovered; and thought the symptoms of her illness proceeded from hunger, thirst, cold, and great hardships; though he says, that her disorder might have proceeded from other causes, and thinks she had a bad habit of body. The next witness is

Robert Beal, who, upon the 1st of January, 1753, kept the turnpike on Stamford-hill, which leads from Moorfields to Enfield, who says, that he was very ill the Christmas before; and that the February following, his two children, which are very young (not above eight or nine years old) told him, that a woman had been forced away from Moorfields to Enfield-wash, and had been confined there above a month; upon which he said, Lord! I was at the gate when she was carried through; and says, that about ten or eleven o'clock at night, the beginning of January, he heard a sobbing sort of a cry about three hundred yards distant from him; that there appeared to him to be two men and a woman; that they did not come through the gate, but as they were going over the stile, heard one of the men say, come along, you bitch, you are drunk; and the woman seeming very unwilling to go over the stile, one of the men attempting to lift her over, she fell down, and cried bitterly, but never spoke; one of them held her, and the other pushed her along. She appeared to be a woman in great distress, and sobbed and cried bitterly; but, notwithstanding this distress, he never mentioned it for above six weeks; and he says, he durst not venture to stop the two men, because he was alone. He cannot take upon him particularly to say that this was upon New-year's-

year's-day; but says the gown the woman then wore was white, though he says there was no moon that night. The next witness is

Thomas Bennet, who lives at Enfield, opposite to the ten mile stone, and he says, that upon the 29th of January, coming towards London between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, he met a woman, who appeared miserably poor, at a gateway between Wright's and Ginger's, about a quarter of a mile on this side Mrs. Wells's; that she had neither gown, stays, cap, or hat on; that she inquired the way to London, which he directed her: he remembers it by a circumstance of binding an apprentice that day; but says, that he never mentioned this till the March following.

David Dyer is called next, who says, that about the same time he met a poor distressed creature, and asked her, if she wanted a husband? and looking upon the defendant, believes her to be the same person; that he saw her about four of the clock in the afternoon. She did not appear black in the face, or at all bruised; but on the contrary, very pale and thin. Then they call

Mary Cobb, who says, that about three miles on this side Wells's, in a field called Duck's-field, just shutting in of day-light on the 29th of January, she met a woman in a miserable condition, dressed in a poor dirty bed-gown, a black petticoat, and a bit of an handkerchief on her head, who was near falling as she was getting over a stile; that some time afterwards, hearing of this affair, and recollecting the person she had so met, she concluded that she must be Elizabeth Canning; and now, upon looking at her more minutely, believes it was her; for she then observed something particular about the tip of her nose, by which she is more certain of her now; that justice Tashmaker asked her about this affair, to whom she gave the same account she now does. The next witness is

William Howard, who is produced in order to shew, that the witness Aldridge had once a different opinion of Elizabeth Canning to that which he has now disclosed in his evidence; he says, that Aldridge and his brother, a little time after Mary Squires was taken up, brought him the case of Elizabeth Canning, and recommended her as an object of compassion, and proposed a subscription to support her; and that he came to him a second time on the same subject; but when he came the second time, he says, that the girl (meaning Elizabeth Canning) was not so clear in her description of the room where she said she was confined. Then

Mrs. Howard, his wife, is called, and confirms what her husband has said as to Aldridge's desiring him to subscribe. She lives opposite to Wells's, and believes that she saw Mary Squires pass and repass several times in the month of January; and thinks, that she saw Mary Squires and her family at Wells's door the Sunday se'nnight before they were taken up, and believes her to be the same woman now in court. She owns that she is short-sighted, and that Mary Squires and her Family might be fifty yards distance from her, when she first saw them; but she thinks that she has seen them pass by her house within the distance of thirty yards. The next witness is

William Headland, who says, that, to the best of his memory, he was with his father (who lives at Enfield-wash) some time before January was twelve-month, and was there when Wells and the rest were taken up; and says, that he took a piece of lead up, which lay under the window from whence Elizabeth Canning escaped: it was bloody, and he heard that it was the lead which tore her Ear when she escaped. He cannot tell the exact day he took it up, but he gave it to his mother. He says, that he saw Mary Squires the 9th of January at Enfield-wash, telling fortunes; and also saw her there on the 12th, doing of the same, and her two daughters were with her at Wells's; remembers it by its being market-day; he saw her get into the cart when she was taken away, and saw her in court, and believes her to be the same woman he saw there. He says, that he is twenty-one years old; but though he is so particular in his account of Mary Squires, &c, he gives but a very uncertain account of himself: for he can scarce (if at all) give an account with whom he has lived for several months past before he returned to his father; neither can he tell us in what month Christmas is; he says indeed, that he lived with one Allen as an hired servant ten or eleven weeks.

Elizabeth Headland, the last witness's mother, is called, who only proves, that her son gave her the piece of lead at or a little after the time that Mary Squires and the rest were taken up, and the blood on it was dry; but she has now lost or mislaid it. The next witness is

Samuel Story, who (upon looking at Mary Squires) says, that he knows her very well, and has seen her several times, and particularly at an house in Whiteweb's-lane, near Enfield-chase; and that he saw her on the 23d of December, 1752, at Wells's door; and says, that his curiosity led him to see if she was the same woman he had seen before, and therefore he went within ten yards of her, and thinks her the same; and afterwards went to see her in Newgate, and is still of the same opinion; and says, that he has occasionally seen her for three years together, but never spoke to her. He says, that he has seen two young women with her, and that they all used to wear blankets, and travel with two asses and a little horse. Then

William Smith is called, who lives at Enfield, and is a considerable farmer there; he says, that he saw Mary Squires in his Cow-house on the 14th of December, 1752, and has seen her and her family about the country several times. They came at that time to inquire for a lodging. He saw Mary Squires next morning, and there were two young men and two young women with her, whom he cannot remember. They lay in his barn, and were there three nights and two days, and had a little black horse with them, which they lost. He afterwards saw her in Newgate, and is positive to her. He is positive that he saw her the 14th of December, because he sold some corn on the 16th. The witness called next is

Loomworth Dale, who keeps the bull at Enfield-wash, and says, that he never saw Mary Squires till winter was twelve-month, and that upon old Christmas-day, which was the 5th of January, as he was standing on an heap of gravel. He is sure he saw her at Enfield-wash;

wash; for his servant having an holiday that day, he kept shop; and one Norton bought a collar of him for his horse, which he entered in his book (which book is not produced) and that is the reason which he gives of his remembering the time. He saw her when taken up and put into the cart, and also in Newgate, and is sure she is the same woman. She is asked about Mrs. Headland's character (whose evidence you have heard) which, she says, is not a very good one. The next witness is

Samuel Arnot, who is a labourer, and lives on Enfield-chase, and says, that upon a Friday, about nine or ten days before new Christmas, Mary Squires asked him (telling him her name) for a little brown horse, which she had lost; and says, that he saw her the Sunday after, and that a man, two women, and two children were with her, which children were not above four or five years old, and he believes they all lay at William Smith's; that he afterwards saw Mary Squires in Newgate, and is of opinion that she is the same he then saw. Then they call

Elizabeth Arnot, wife to the last witness, who says, that she saw Mary Squires in farmer Smith's cow-house at Enfield, about a week before new Christmas, and that she then inquired about her horse, which she had lost, and that she saw her afterwards in Newgate. The next is

Sarah Starr, who lives next door to Wells's, and says, that she saw Mary Squires at her own house on the 18th of January was twelve-month; but had never seen her before; that she then offered to mend china, and staid at her house three-quarters of an hour, and wanted to tell her and her servants their fortunes, and terrified her very much. She afterwards saw her in the cart when taken up, and in Newgate, and believes her the same person. She believes she saw her on the 18th of January, because she thinks that her husband sold a load of pease that day, and that there was a note given on that account; but that note has not been produced. Then

Daniel Wafs is called, who says, that he saw Mary Squires go by his house near Enfield on old Christmas-day; she went the foot-way, and he was then in his own yard; he looked pretty much at her, and she seemed surprised at his doing so. He did not look at her above a minute, and never saw her before; but he went to her when in Newgate, though in a different dress; yet is sure she is the same person he saw go by his yard. The next is

Jane Dadwell, who keeps a shop at Enfield, who says, that she saw Mary Squires at her house on Thursday the 28th of December, knew her very well, for she had been there several times before; is particular to that day, because she dressed meat on Christmas-day for her customers, and she was then in her back-house washing her dishes. She went to see her in Newgate, when she owned that she had been at her shop. The next called is

Tobias Keller, who lives at Enfield, and says, that he saw Mary Squires at Enfield some time before old Christmas (though he is so ignorant, that he cannot tell on what day of the month old Christmas-day was) but says, he believes he saw her there a month before she was

taken up; he thinks that he saw her three or four times; that she asked him for tobacco, and would have told him his fortune; and that she told one John Rowley his fortune. Then one

John Frail is called, who, in January was twelve-month, lived as a servant with Mr. Parsons in St. James's-square, who had a country-house at Enfield, and being at work in the gardens there on the 11th or 12th of January was twelve-month, Mary Squires spoke to him thro' the palisadoes, and wanted to tell him his fortune, which she told him; he is positive to the time, because his master and mistress went to London on the 9th of that month, and says, that he saw her about a twelve-month before at Enfield, and saw her in Newgate, and thinks her the same person. The next is

Joseph Gould, who lives at Enfield, and says, that he saw Mary Squires on the 8th or 9th of January, 1753, about a quarter of a mile from Wells's, and hearing from Virtue Hall that there were gipsies at Wells's, he took particular notice of her; and he saw her afterwards in Newgate. Then

Mary Gould, his wife, is called, who says, that she saw Mary Squires the 11th or 12th of January was twelve-month, who asked her, if she had any china to mend, and told her she would not live long. She says, she saw her about a week before she was taken up, and saw her when she (the witness) was at work at Mr. Parsons's; and also saw her in Newgate, and believes her the same. The next witness is

Humphrey Holden, who says, that the first time he saw Mary Squires was on the 8th of January, 1753; that he is a gardener, and was at work at Mr. Parsons's, and that the family went to London on the 9th of January; and that he saw Mary Squires the day before, who asked him if the family were at home? who answered, that they were; and says, that he saw her afterwards on the 11th, when he was pruning Dr. Harington's vines, and he set down his day's work in a book, because he was not paid for it. She also inquired if the family had any china to mend. He is desired to produce his book, which he had not about him; and says, that he was examined two or three times, but could not possibly recollect the time of seeing her, because he had not his book wherein he sets down his work. He says, that he saw her at Mr. Tashmaker's, and in Newgate. Then

Sarah Wafs, wife of Daniel Wafs, a former witness, is called, who was a charwoman at Mr. Parsons's, and saw Mary Squires on Thursday the 11th of January, 1753; she fixes on that day, because Mr. Parsons went to London on the 9th, which was on Tuesday; and that she would have told her her fortune. She also saw her passing by the day before she was taken up, she then asked her for a pipe of tobacco, and had then some conversation with her, and afterwards saw her in Newgate, and is certain she is the same person. The next witness (whose evidence is something particular) is

Ann Johnson, who has lived at Enfield some years, and gets her living principally by spinning, she says, that she saw Mary Squires on the 18th of January, 1753, at her door. The reason

reason of her fixing upon that day is, because she spins for one Mr. Smitherham, and swears that she carried her work to him two days before she saw her (which was the 16th). She says, that she saw Mary Squires three several times before that, and in the compass of ten or eleven days; and afterwards saw her in Newgate. This witness has also told you, that when her work was given her to do by Mr. Smitherham, and also when she carried it to him after it was done, that it was entered into a book kept by Mr. Smitherham, or by some of his family for that purpose. It was therefore thought proper to call Mr. Smitherham, and to inquire whether a book was kept for that purpose; and he tells you, that he did employ the witness Ann Johnson in the business she has mentioned, and he produces a book, in which are two columns, in one of which is entered the yarn which he delivers out, and in the other, that which he receives after it is spun; and upon producing that book, it is observable, that it is entered, that on January the 16th, one pound of yarn is delivered to Ann Johnson to be spun; and in the second column in the same book, one pound of yarn is entered to be returned on January the 23d, by the same person, Ann Johnson, who spun it; so that it is impossible (if credit is to be given to this book, to which she herself refers) that she could have seen Mary Squires on the 18th of January; because she did not carry home her work (as appears by the book) till the 23d of that month, which is an observation you will think worthy your notice; and especially as this is the only written evidence referred to by the defendant's witnesses which has been produced. They then call

Wife, the wife of John Basset, who says, that she saw Mary Squires at Enfield-wash on the 21st or 22d of January, 1753, and remembers it by a circumstance of killing an hog, and of a servant's leaving her service at that time; that she saw her in her own house, and gave her a penny to tell her fortune. She saw her afterwards in Newgate, and upon a conversation with Mary Squires there, about seeing her, Mary Squires told her, she wronged her. The next is

James Pratt, who says, that he saw Mary Squires, a man, two women, and some children in farmer Smith's cow-house, about three days before new Christmas, as near as he can remember, where they continued about three days, and that Mary Squires then complained of the loss of her horse. Then they call

Lydia Faraway, who was a servant to Mr. Howard at Enfield-wash, and says, that she saw Mary Squires there upon the Tuesday fortnight before she was taken up, and remembers it by this circumstance, that she was on that day making pies for her young master's birth-day; and saw her afterwards in Newgate, and thinks she can be certain to her. The next is

Margaret Richardson, who says, that she saw Mary Squires at Enfield last January was twelve-month, in a chandler's-shop there, and staid with her a quarter of an hour, and left her in the shop; and she also saw her on old Christmas-day; remembers it, because her dog was going to lay hold on her, which her husband prevented. She appears to be very igno-

rant; for being asked in what month Christmas is, she says, she does not know. Then

George Clements is called, who is servant to Mr. Star, at Enfield, and says, that he saw Mary Squires there a fortnight before she was taken up, and that she wanted to tell his mistress her fortune, which frightened her; and says, that he saw her two or three days after, but no body was with her either of the times. He afterwards saw her and knew her in Newgate, and she asked, what harm had she done him? The next is

Hannah Fincham, who says, that she saw Mary Squires alone at a place near Enfield on the 16th of January, 1753, and saw her several times afterwards passing and repassing; and saw her afterwards in Newgate.

Elizabeth Sherrard is the next, and she says, that she saw Mary Squires at Wells's on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next before new Christmas, and says, that she saw a young man and two women with her, which she believes to be her son and daughters. She appears very ignorant, and can scarce give an account at what season of the year Christmas is. The next witness is

John Ward (who is produced in order to prove a confession made by Susannah Wells, at the time of her confinement in Bridewell, before she and Mary Squires were tried) who says, that he went to see her in Bridewell; upon her shewing some surprize at seeing him, he told her, that he saw her name in the news, and then asked her how she came to keep the girl a fortnight? She, upon that, said, she was there twenty-eight days. He then asked her what room she was in? Her answer was, that he knew the room very well (though he says, that he had not seen it for twelve years before). You will consider in what light this evidence appears; for as it is laid before you by the defendant to prove Wells's confession of the fact charged upon her, the question is, whether it can have that effect? And in order to determine that, you will observe, he tells her, that the reason of his visit was, because he saw her name in the news-papers, and then asked her how she came to keep the girl a fortnight? Upon which she said, it was twenty-eight days; (now it is very notorious that the account which the defendant herself gave of her confinement, as well as the account given of it in the news-papers was twenty-eight days); so that you will take it into your consideration, whether you will believe this to be a confession, or whether she spoke from the news-papers, in order to rectify the witness's mistake in charging her with confining the girl (as he then called the defendant) a fortnight, when it appeared by the news-papers to be twenty-eight days. Then

Richard Jones is called, who was with the last witness to see Wells in Bridewell, and agrees with him as to the conversation which passed relating to the defendant's confinement in the terms you have heard. The next witnesses they call, are

Nathaniel Cramphorn, and Elizabeth his wife, and they are produced to prove a conversation between those witnesses and Judith the wife of Fortune Natus, relating to the present defendant, which seems very extraordinary; for they

they tell you, that upon the 21st of April last, Judith Natus was at their house, and that Nathaniel Cramphorn said to her, that as she knew that Elizabeth Canning was at Wells's, how she could go against her? And that the answer she made was, Indeed, Mr. Cramphorn, I can't say but she really was there when we lodged there. I mention this as a very extraordinary piece of evidence, because if what is sworn by this evidence is true, the consequence must necessarily be, that not only this Judith Natus and her husband, but many witnesses, whose evidence I have already stated to you relating to that fact of her being there, must be absolutely and wilfully perjured. The next is

Daniel Stevens, who is called to prove a confession which he says Mary Squires made in New-prison, and there he says, that Mary Squires owned she had been at Wells's; but at the same time said, that she neither cut the defendant's stays off, or robbed her; but said, that Betty Canning was at Wells's about a fortnight and three days, and that she was there at the same time. Now this, as well as all other confessions, must be taken intire; and if so, it is certain that Mary Squires disowns the robbery, though she owns (if she made this confession) that Betty Canning was at Wells's at the time she was there. This confession also (if she made it) must appear something wonderful when you consider the former evidence. Then, in order to discredit Fortune Natus, they call three witnesses, viz. Joseph Haines, Daniel Chapman, and Thomas Green: The first of them says, that he has in general a bad character; the second says, that both he and his wife have but very indifferent characters, and ought not to be believed upon oath; but it seems that there has been some difference between Chapman and him about a note: And the last witness says, that he believes Fortune Natus would swear any thing for hire. Then, to discredit Israel Whiffin, they have called

William Metcalf, who is a glazier and painter, and he says, that upon the 8th of January, old stile, which is the 19th, new stile, Whiffin having employed him to paint his sign, it was brought home that day, and then the witness told Whiffin, that Mrs. Wells had got her sign-irons to sell, and therefore concludes, that if Whiffin had bought her sign-irons on the 18th, which he swore he did (which was the day before) he would naturally have told him so. Upon his cross-examination, he tells you, that he remembers this circumstance by an entry in a book, a copy of which he produced; but he owns, that the figures 1753 in that copy were wrote so late as last Saturday. Now to establish the characters of Whiffin and Fortune Natus, the council for the king have called some witnesses. The first is

Mr. Smitherham (who has been called before) who says, that he has known Whiffin a year and an half, and that his general character is a very good one, and that he does not believe he would forswear himself. Then

Mr. Barns and Mr. Smart are called, who both have known him between three and four years, and agree in giving him the character of a very honest man. As to Fortune Natus's character,

Thomas Bell is called, who says that he has worked for him about fifteen months, and that he has always behaved honestly and well, and does not believe he would be guilty of perjury; and says further, that he has eight servants, and does not think he has so good a servant, or one he values so much as he does Fortune Natus.

I have now laid before you the evidence given both on one side and the other, with all the exactness I have been able: and as the verdict you are to give is attended with great expectation, you will weigh and consider the evidence you have heard with the utmost care and impartiality, and not suffer yourselves to be influenced either by popular clamour, or by any apprehensions of the consequence of doing the public and yourselves that justice which is expected from you. 'Tis certain that this trial has been carried on by different sets of people, who have interested themselves in it with uncommon zeal, and whose passions have led them into the greatest extremities, as well as the highest extravagancies, according to the part they have supported, which has drawn it into an unusual length, and has given it the appearance of greater intricacy and difficulty than otherwise it could have met with. As you have heard all the witnesses examined with the utmost accuracy, and carefully attended to their evidence; your verdict will, at least it ought, to give a general satisfaction in clearing up those doubts, which this extraordinary affair has occasioned.

I believe there never happened a greater contrariety of evidence (not to give it a worse name) during the course of any trial, than there has in this: however it is generally so ordered by providence, that truth is attended with so strong a connection and such an invincible uniformity, that it seldom, if ever, fails in having its due weight.

It may not be amiss just shortly to recapitulate, and take a view of the evidence as it has been given, and how it has been applied.

The first fact they, who are concerned for the prosecution, undertake to prove, is, that Mary Squires, her son and daughter were, upon the 29th of December, at a place called South Barrot in Dorsetshire; and that she and they traveled from thence through Abbotsbury, (where they staid from Monday the 1st of January to the Tuesday se'nnight following) then arrived at Wells's on Wednesday the 24th of that month, and their whole journey through the several counties they passed, proved by thirty-eight different witnesses, confirmed by many circumstances, who don't appear to have the least correspondence together, or to act in concert on this occasion; but on the contrary, most of them utter strangers to each other.

You will then compare Elizabeth Canning's information before alderman Chitty, with the evidence she gave at the trial of Mary Squires, as to her description of the room, as well as the account she gave of what was in it, and consider how, and in what particulars, she differed. Then the principles upon which Nash, Aldridge, and Hague went upon; first in giving her credit, and then in disbelieving her whole story after they had taken a view of the room, and considered the different accounts she gave, as well as their opinion

opinion how easily she might have escaped, if she had been there. There is another very remarkable circumstance, which you must remember is proved by four witnesses, I mean that of lopping the trees which grew at the window of the room she swears herself confined in, which was done on Monday the 8th of January, at which time she swore herself in that room. There is also something very particular as to the shift she had on, in which she swore she was, at that season of the year dragged to Wells's, and worn twenty-nine days. Besides this, her setting her mark only to the information she gave before Mr. Fielding, and writing her name in a fair legible hand to the notices she gave of taking her trial. And added to all this, her attempting to take away the bed-gown at the time of her being at the then lord-mayor's, insisting upon its being her mother's. When you have laid this evidence together, and weighed it with proper attention, you will then take her defence into your consideration, and determine whether she has answered the crime with which she is charged to your satisfaction. In the first place, you will consider, whether the evidence she gave against Mary Squires can possibly be true; and in the next place, whether you think it probable. As to the first, there is no sort of evidence even to assist you in determining whether it is possible for human nature to subsist for twenty-nine days together upon no more than a *quartern* loaf and a pitcher of water of the size you have seen. If you should think this possible, you will then take the probability of her defence into consideration. Her master Lyon tells you, that he differed from the rest of his companions who went with him to Enfield, and that for his part, he had no doubt of the truth of what she had sworn; and many other witnesses she has called are of the same opinion, for the reasons you have heard them give. Then her mother, and the neighbours whom she sent for upon her daughter's return, have described her dress, and have given you an account of the miserable wretched condition she was then in, as well as the account she then gave of her confinement, and the place where she was. The evidence of Beal, who kept the turnpike at Stamford-hill, is very observable, who says, that he believes Elizabeth Canning was dragged through the turnpike on the 1st of January; yet says, that he never spoke of it till six weeks after; and then closes this part of her defence with the evidence of three witnesses, who swear that they met her on the road (as they believe) on her return from Enfield-wash; and then, to induce you to believe that she was not mistaken in the person of Mary Squires, from whom she swore she met with this severe and cruel treatment, she has called twenty-seven witnesses, who all swear, that they saw Mary Squires in and about Enfield in the months of December and January; which, if true, thirty-eight witnesses, who positively swear to her being in other places, must be wilfully perjured; but you must remember, that some few of those twenty-seven witnesses have appealed to written evidence, such as entries in books, none of which (as I recollect) have been produced, except that of Smitherham's, which was referred to by Ann Johnson, by which it manifestly appears how greatly she was mistaken in her evi-

dence; and it is very remarkable, that there are not two of these twenty-seven witnesses who can swear they saw her at the same time. And last of all, you will consider the confessions of Wells and Mary Squires after they were in custody; and what Judith Natus said a few days ago relating to this affair, on which I made such observations as have occurred to me.

And now, gentlemen, the whole rests for your determination; and as it is very observable that you have attended to the evidence with the greatest application, and your characters being such as will not suffer you to deviate from the paths of truth and justice, I can make no doubt but that you will acquit yourselves as honest men. If therefore you are of opinion that the defendant is guilty of this perjury, you will find her so; if innocent, you will acquit her.

The jury withdrew at twenty minutes after twelve o'clock in the morning, and returned at fifteen minutes after two, and brought in their verdict, Guilty of Perjury, but not Wilful and Corrupt. They were sent out again at twenty-five minutes after two, and returned at forty-one minutes after two, and brought in their verdict, Guilty of Wilful and Corrupt Perjury.

The defendant was thereupon committed by the court to his majesty's gaol of Newgate, and the judgment respited till the next session.

At the session of oyer and terminer holden for the city of London at Justice-hall aforesaid, on Thursday the 30th day of May, 1754, before the Right Hon. Thomas Rawlinson, Esq; lord-mayor of the same city; Sir John Willes, Knt. chief justice of his majesty's court of Common-pleas; Sir Thomas Dennison, Knt. one of his majesty's justices of the court of King's-bench; Edward Clive, Esq; one of the justices of his majesty's court of Common-pleas; Henry Legge, Esq; one of the barons of his majesty's court of Exchequer; Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Knt. one other of the barons of his majesty's court of Exchequer; Sir John Barnard, Knt. William Benn, Esq; Sir Robert Ladbroke, Knt. Francis Cokayne, Esq; Robert Alsop, Esq; aldermen of the said city of London; William Moreton, Esq; recorder of the same city; Stephen Theodore Janssen, Esq; Marthe Dickinson, Esq; Robert Scott, Esq; Sir Richard Glyn, Knt. and William Alexander, Esq; other the aldermen of the same city; the defendant was brought to the bar, to receive judgment.

Mr. RECORDER.

Elizabeth Canning, you now stand convicted (upon the clearest proof) of Wilful and Corrupt Perjury; a crime attended with the most fatal and dangerous consequences to the community, though (as yet) it is not punished with death. Your trial has taken up a great deal of time, and the several witnesses have undergone the strictest examination; and I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not one unprejudiced person, of the great numbers who have attended it, but must be convinced of the justice and impartiality of the jury in the verdict they have given.

It is with horror I look back, and think of the evidence you gave at the trial of Mary Squires, whom you knew to be destitute and friendless, and therefore fixed upon her as a proper

proper object to make a sacrifice of, at the dreadful expence of a false oath; this you preferred to the making a plain discovery to those who had a right to know where you really were those twenty-eight days of your pretended confinement at Wells's; and in this you were encouraged to persist, as well by that misapplied charity, which was bountifully given you in compassion to your supposed sufferings, as by the advice of your mistaken friends, whom you had deluded and deceived into a belief of the truth of what you had falsely sworn.

This audacious attempt, and that calm and deliberate assurance with which you formed a scheme to take away the life of one (though the most abject of the human species) together with your youth, and the character you then had, as well as your seeming inexperience, imposed upon many, and gained you a credit which must have exceeded your highest expectations; and being thus abandoned, and thus encouraged, you not only wickedly persevered, but even triumphed over those who would not suffer their judgments to be misled by so gross an imposition.

But when at last people had a little recovered their surprize, and this almost miraculous tale of yours came to be temperately canvased and tried, by comparing your own original information with the evidence you had given at the trial, and found to vary in so many material and significant circumstances; then that resentment you had raised began to subside, and give way to that most necessary inquiry (which the worthy magistrate who then presided in this court so charitably undertook, and) which in its consequence not only saved that life, which by your false testimony was intended to be taken away, but gave rise to this prosecution, which must both expose the guilty, and convince the doubtful. And as evil actions have sometimes been productive of unforeseen, nay, even good effects; so this iniquity of yours will, I hope,

instruct mankind not to suffer their credulity to get the better of their reason, by giving way to those very early impressions, which the artifice of falshood too often makes.

I shall add but very little more; for I would avoid aggravating your guilt, which is sufficiently manifest by your trial, or saying any thing which may increase the affliction of one whom I must call unfortunate: but as I attended both your trial, as well as that of Mary Squires, it may be expected that I should declare my thoughts as well of one as the other; I therefore, in the most solemn manner, affirm, that I always thought your evidence false, and that the witnesses produced in your defence were most grossly mistaken.

The policy of foreign countries punishes offences of this magnitude with death, and upon this most rational principle, that when a life is attacked by a false oath, maliciously and deliberately taken, the punishment to which such a supposed criminal is thereby exposed, falls upon the person guilty of so horrid an attempt: but it is your particular happiness that you are in a country, where severe and sanguinary laws are not so familiar; and though many may expect, and the court surely could, in this case, justify the most severe and exemplary punishment which the law can inflict; yet you will soon be convinced, that your sentence is in no degree adequate to the greatness of your offence. The judgment therefore of this court is,

That you shall be imprisoned in the gaol of Newgate for one month; and after the expiration of your imprisonment, you shall be transported to some of his majesty's colonies or plantations in America for the term of seven years; and if within that term you return, and are found at large in any of his majesty's dominions of Great-Britain or Ireland, you shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy.



By the Recorder of the City of London.
 Author of the Description of the City of London, &c.
 By Henry Farnon, D. D. late Principal of New College in Oxford.
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ERRATA.

Page i, line 6, for 6th of May, read the 29th of April.—Page xxiv, line 33, read, we traveled about 10 miles a day.
 —Page xxxi, line 30, read, Mr. Davey, did you lie with George Squires at Ridgeway? Clark. No.

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